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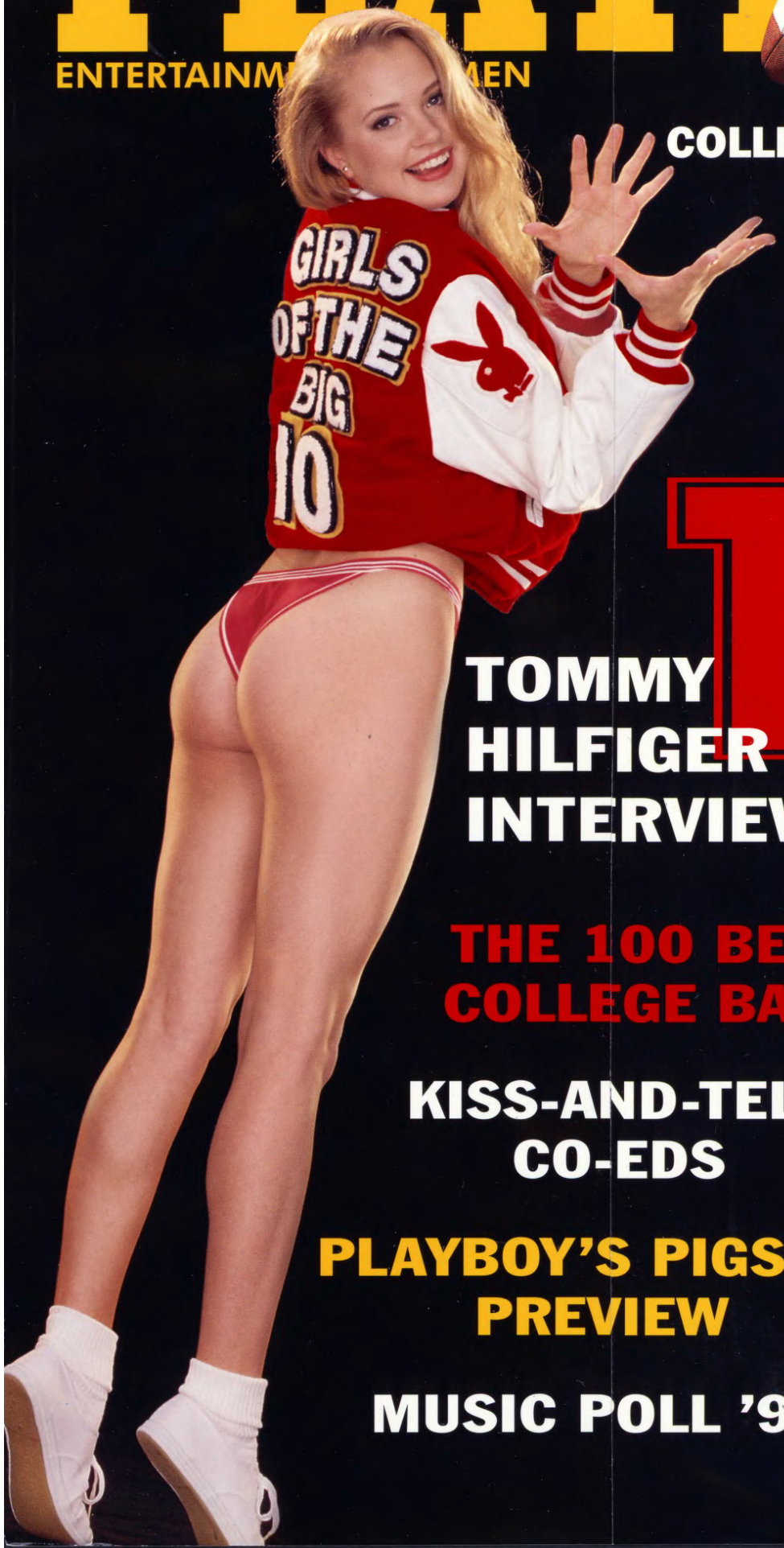

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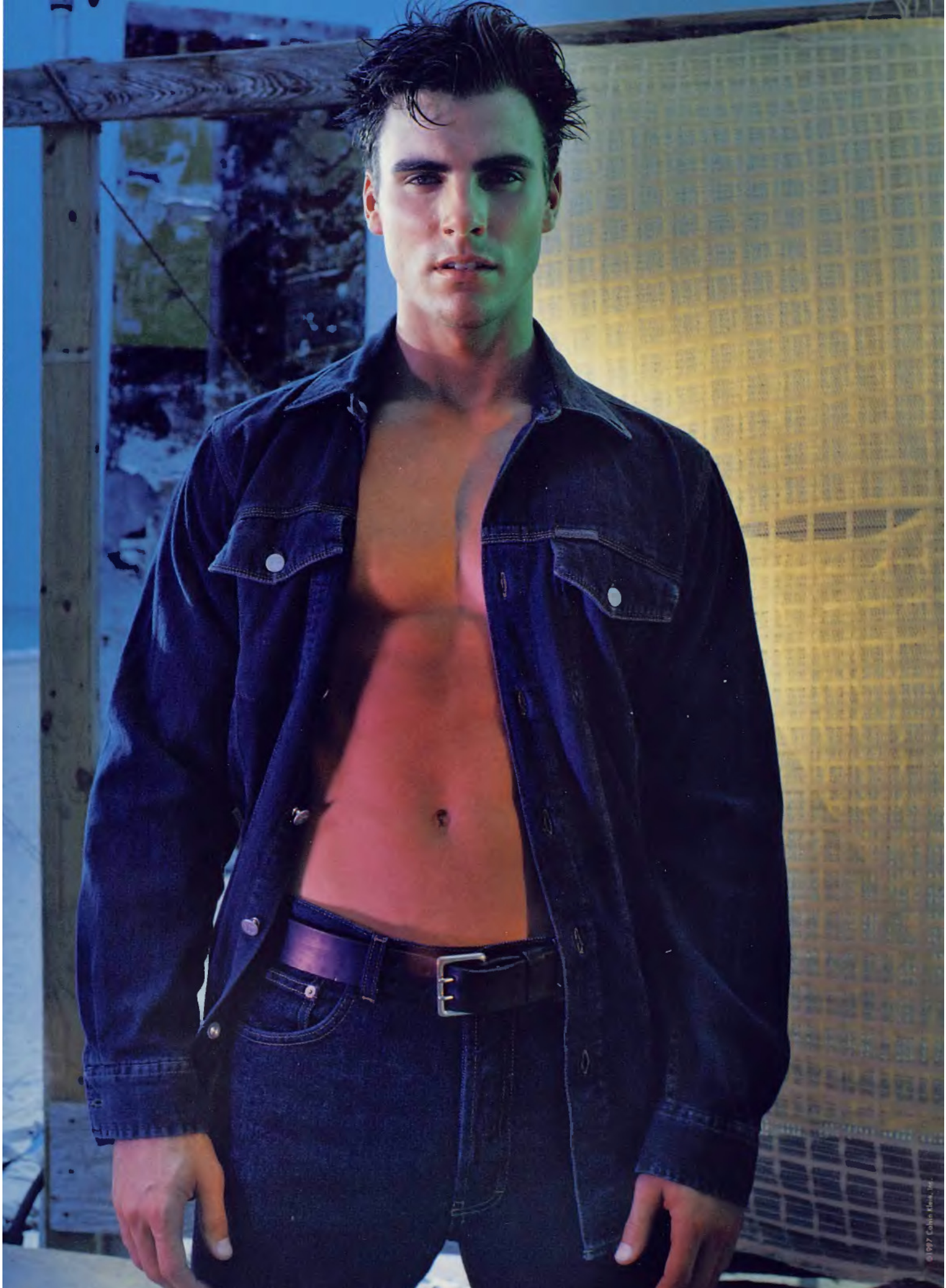
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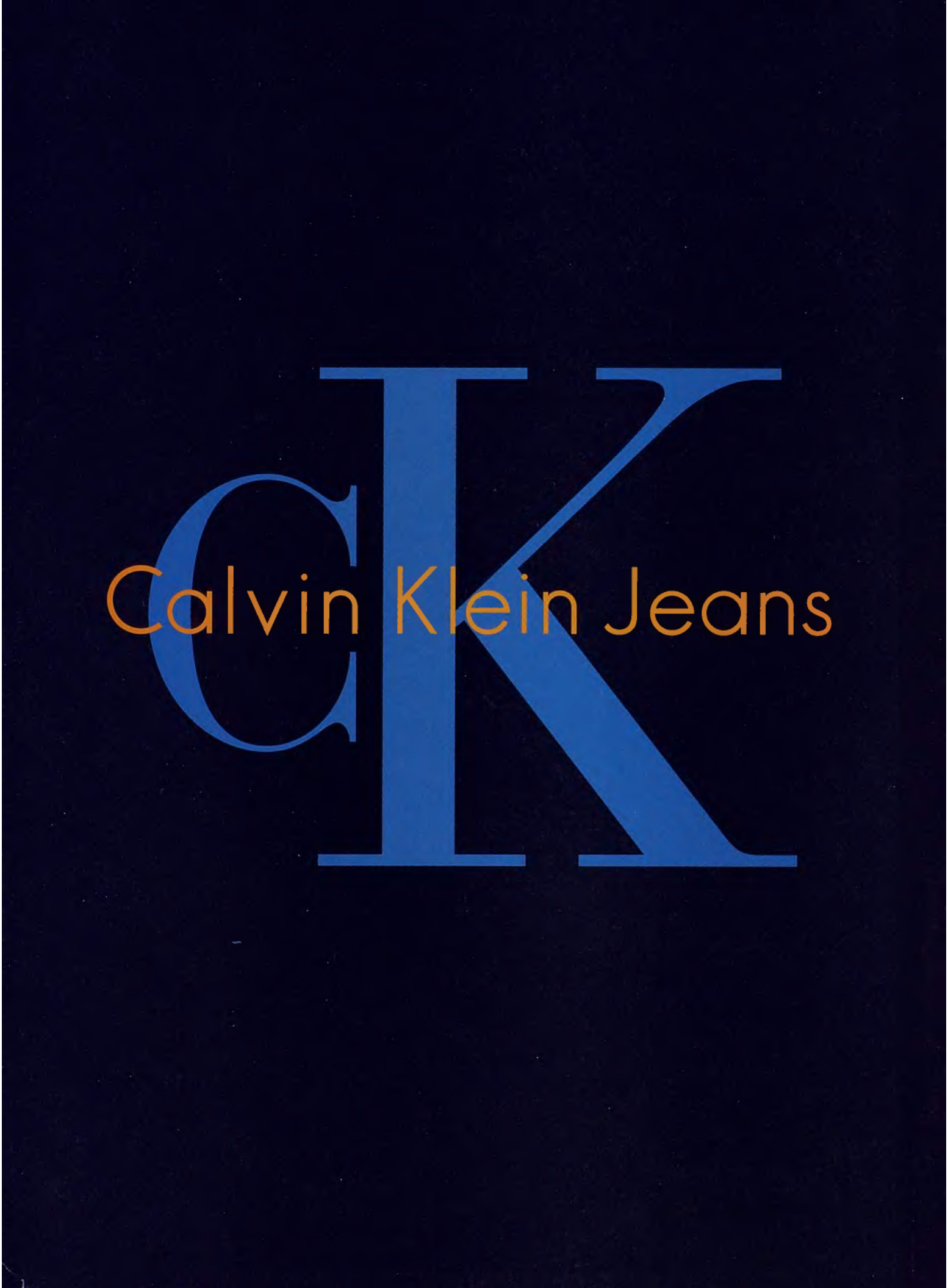
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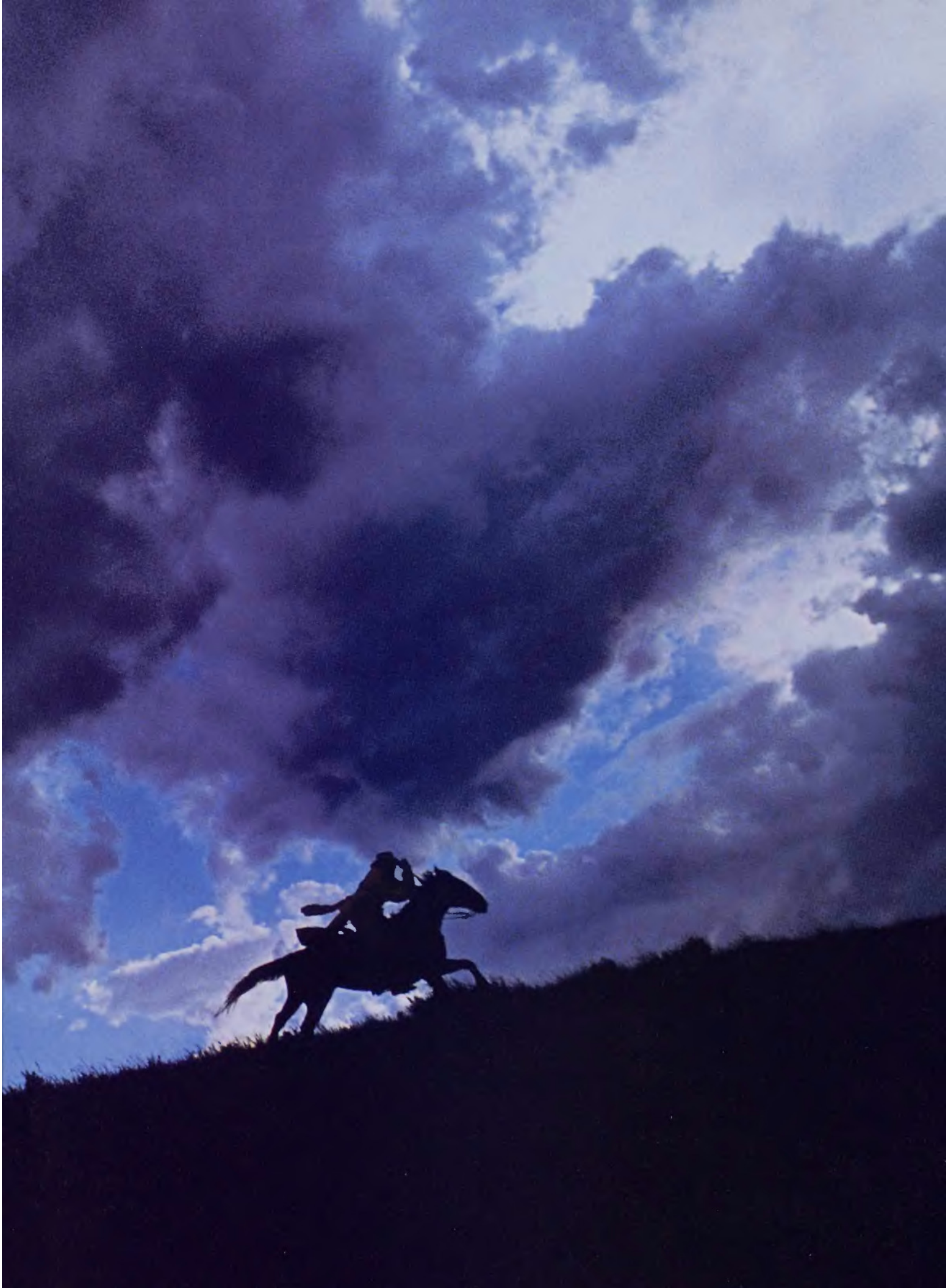

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COLLEGE ISN'T a place, it's an attitude. By the time you're done with this issue, our back-to-school spectacular, you'll be invigorated by collegiate spirit. First an update: These days if a sweater has letters on it, chances are they spell out the name **Tommy Hilfiger,** the designer most likely to succeed in clothing the world. From Harlem to Hollywood, from Greenwich Village to Greenwich, Connecticut, everyone loves Tommy "Hip-Hop" Hilfiger. He's the guy who built a multimillion-dollar company by taking classic American clothes, adding a breakbeat and selling them to rappers and yuppies alike. In this month's *Playboy Interview* by **Alec Foege,** Hilfiger talks about how he turned on to acid and flared out with a chain of bell-bottom stores in the Seventies. Now he counts Mick Jagger and David Bowie among his friends. Our own *Back to Campus Fashion* predicts slick new sweaters and great jackets. Leaving the subject of clothes, the women in our *Girls of the Big Ten* pictorial all rate an 11 (the number of schools in that Midwestern conference). The Big Ten was actually the scene of our first college *Girls of . . .* feature. But who's counting?

Scrum again: One of the most popular club sports on campus, rugby is independent of the Greek system and flies under the radar of the NCAA. Which is to say it's unregulated—leaving plenty of room for eye gouging, ear ripping and a game-within-the-game called dick tag. In *Crude, Dude!* (illustrated by **Mike Benny**), **Shane DuBow** lets it all hang out with the Salukis of Southern Illinois University. While guys talk about sex in bulk—"Did you get laid?" "Yeah." "High five, dude!"—women tend to treat the subject with semiotic intensity. Junior Editor **Alison Lundgren** spent a weekend with eight frisky coeds who are majoring in this most liberal of arts. The resulting article, *Coed Confidential,* is a required read of the female psyche. **Istvan Banyai** did the artwork. Now that you know how to talk the talk, you need a place to walk to. *America's Top 100 College Bars* by **Larry Olmsted** will give you the full pitcher on campus hangouts—including Rulloff's, a cerebral dive near Cornell. It's named after a murderer whose brain resides in the psychology lab.

Great minds coach alike—with style and longevity. Three great coaches—Osborne, Paterno and Bowden—head the teams that will dominate this season. Or so says Photography Director and football savant **Gary Cole** in *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*. He's so good at predictions that around the office we call him the oddsfather. **Richard Izui** took the accompanying photo of PLAYBOY's All-America Team. Another annual rite of fall is our College Fiction Contest. This year's winner, *The Kind of Luxuries We Felt We Deserved,* by University of Iowa student **Jonathan Blum,** is a stud's–eye view of his dad's marriage. For father and son, bachelorhood beats their broken-family values.

Grading on her curves: *The Washington Post* called **Jan Breslauer's** first piece for us (*Stacked Like Me*, July 1997) "mischievously delightful." This month the former teacher of feminist theory at Yale defends the right of female students to seduce their male professors. In her *Forum* article, *Student Affairs*, she discusses her own loves, polls her friends and finds a normal range of experiences. Some relationships are numinous; others can be summed up as pass-fail. Then **Ted C. Fishman** addresses the climate of fear surrounding these couplings on campus in his companion piece, *Professor Lust*. Today, even female professors are being accused of sexual harassment.

Fortunately, sexy women are back on TV, according to **Téa Leoni,** the delicious star of NBC's sitcom *The Naked Truth*. In the movie *Flirting With Disaster*, Leoni perfectly combined physical comedy with a physique to die for. She rounds out our issue in a vibrant *20 Questions* with **David Rensin.** Leoni tears apart O.J.'s golf swing, rates satin sheets (thumbs-down) and likens herself to lobster drenched in butter. As they say in the dining hall, "Pass the bibs."

FOEGE

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LUNDGREN

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OLMSTED

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FISHMAN

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vol. 44, no. 10—october 1997

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COVER STORY

PLAYBOY gives a big ten to the off-the-field stars of the nation's heartland schools: the Big Ten Conference. Our cover was designed by Senior Art Director Len Willis, shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley and produced by Senior Photo Editor Jim Larson. Thanks to Karen Lynn for wardrobe styling and to Pat Tomlinson for styling model Stacy Fuson's hair and makeup. You have to admit, our strong-armed Rabbit makes one hell of a great wide receiver.

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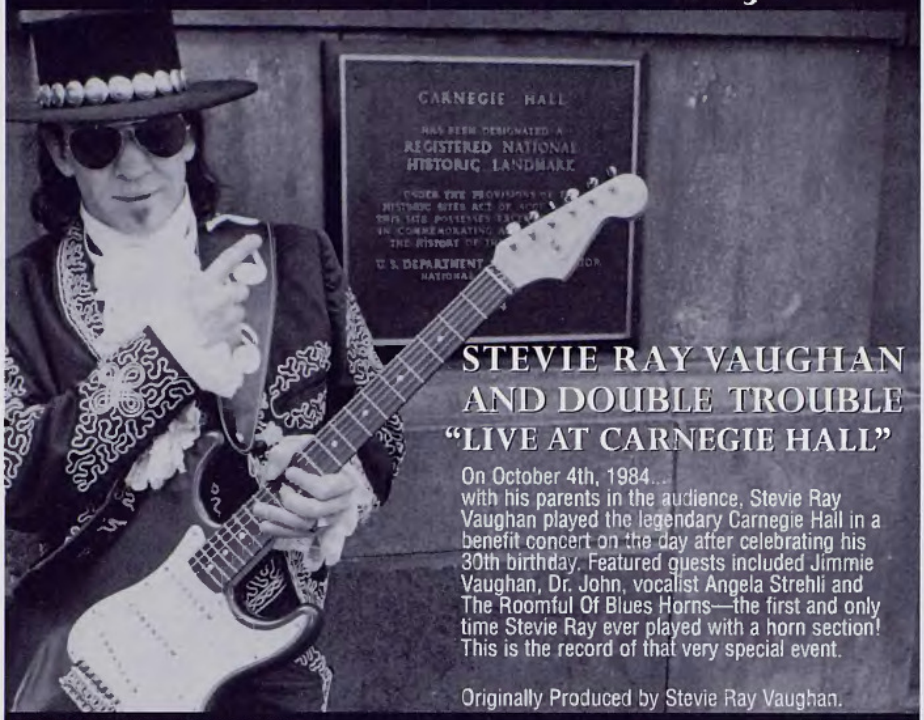

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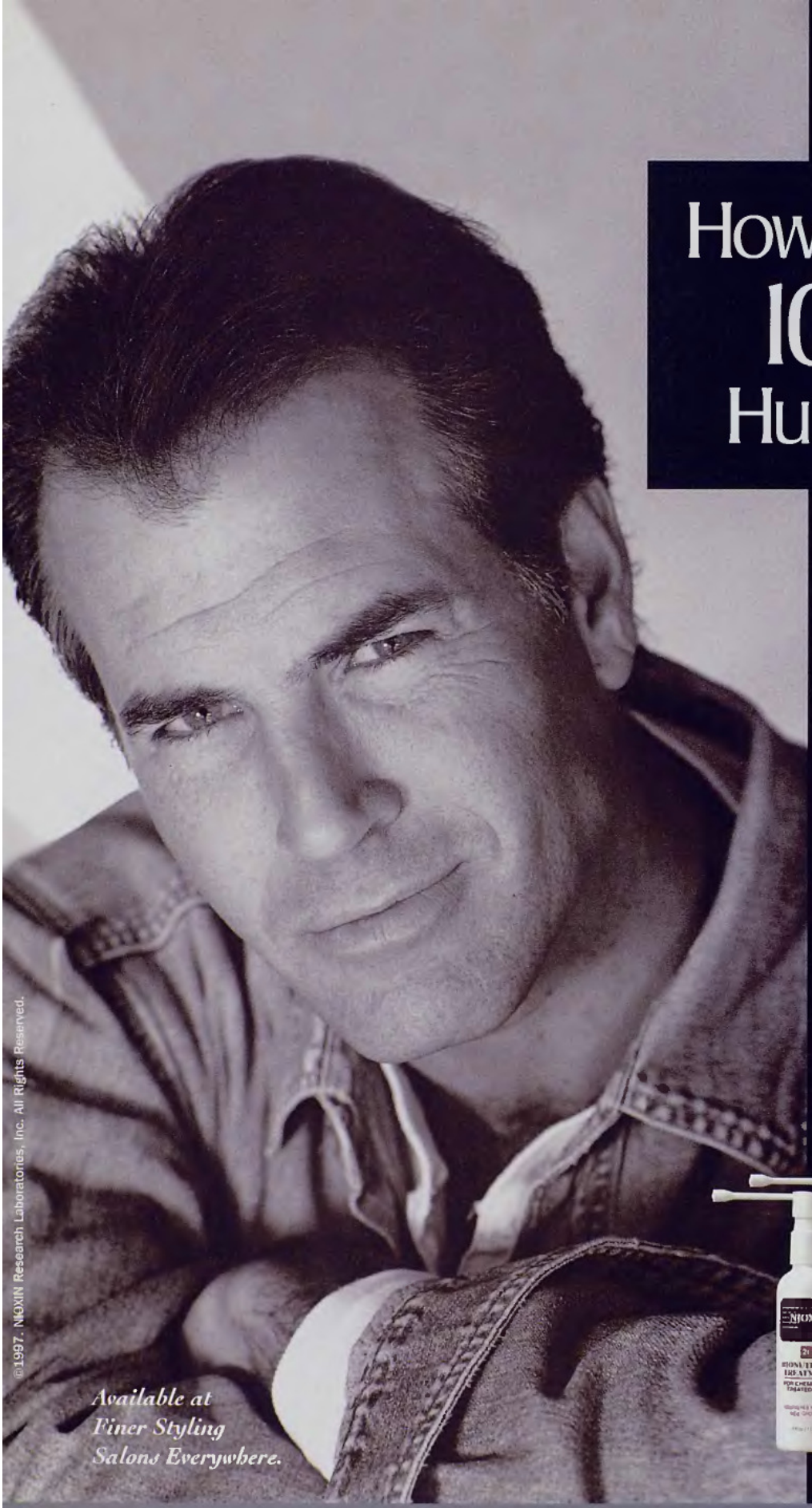

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A WORK OF ART

As a teenager in the late Seventies, I imagined what Farrah Fawcett looked like in the nude. Thanks to *Farrah: All of Me* (July), my adolescent dream has come true.

Michael Veres
laboinque@worldnet.att.net
Strongsville, Ohio

I've never been a big Farrah fan. Her publicity machine portrayed her as little more than a mass of blonde hair over a pretty face. She has certainly come a long way since then. Her pictorial takes my breath away. My compliments to the artist.

Mike Haas
DasHaas@aol.com
Incline Village, Nevada

The Farrah photos are arty, but I like PLAYBOY's signature nudes. Let's leave the art to the galleries.

Woody Williams
dwilliam@junction.net
Vernon, British Columbia

SEX IN THE THIRTIES

As a teenager growing up in Chicago during the Thirties, I witnessed some of the sexual tension and tumult so richly described by James R. Petersen (*Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution Part IV: Hard Times [1930–1939]*, July). I watched Sally Rand do her fan dance at the 1933 Chicago World's Fair. I saw Hedy Lamarr prance across the screen in the movie *Ecstasy*. On occasion I went to the Rialto Theater on South State Street to applaud burlesque queen Ada Leonard doing a striptease. And I stubbornly refused to take a pledge not to see the movies disapproved of by the Legion of Decency. What Petersen describes and interprets in his brilliant decade-by-decade series of articles is supported in my and Suzanne Frayser's book *Studies in Human Sexuality*, which describes the contents of the best books on human sexuality ever written. Petersen has truly captured the spirit of the sexual revolution. I look forward to his treatment of the Forties and the rest of the 20th century.

Thomas Whitby
Littleton, Colorado

I was interested in the connection Petersen made between sexuality and the economy. The Depression changed the way men and women interacted. So much of sexuality is determined by your image of yourself.

John Hernandez
Miami, Florida

As I read "Your Hit Parade: Tunes From the Thirties" (July) in the *History of the Sexual Revolution* article, a list of the incomparable great songs of that decade, wonderful memories and heart-tugging nostalgia swept over me. Tears streamed down my face. Some were tears of joy because I was fortunate to have lived during that time and enjoyed those tunes; some were tears of sorrow because millions of people will never hear them as their ears are assaulted with cacophonous crap.

Lanny Middings
San Ramon, California

I've long enjoyed Petersen's work as the Playboy Advisor, but I'm even more impressed by his extraordinary history of sex in the U.S. I eagerly look forward to future installments and hope someone has the wisdom to put this material in a book or produce a documentary. Paging Ken Burns. . . .

Chip Keyes
Los Angeles, California

What's fabulous about "Tunes From the Thirties" is how many of them I can bring to mind with just a mention of the title.

Ned Caro
Brooklyn, New York

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Petersen makes selective use of history to report the sex revolution of the Thirties. He misreads and draws the wrong conclusions from Pope Pius' encyclical. He quotes the racist Charles Coughlin but doesn't mention the pro-Nazi writings of the founder of Planned Parenthood, Margaret Sanger. He assails the practice of "zealous priests" in blessing miscarried embryos but doesn't contend with the findings of world-renowned geneticist Jerome Lejeune.

Tzarno@aol.com

Petersen responds: "I plead guilty to the sin of omission. Jerome Lejeune, the French geneticist who identified the chromosome responsible for Down's syndrome, became a staunch opponent of abortion. He did not want his discovery to be used as a rationale for taking life (and indeed, testified before a Senate committee that life begins at conception). His discovery—made in 1959—and his subsequent crusade belong in the Sixties, not the Thirties. Lejeune wasn't making a scientific judgment—he was expressing a deeply held religious belief in scientific terms. Personal belief is one thing; mandating that belief for the rest of the nation is another. As for Margaret Sanger's supposed pro-Nazi statements: In recent years, anti-abortion forces have exhumed Sanger's remarks about reproductive fitness and family planning—and misattributed or even fabricated others—as a means of attacking Planned Parenthood, the organization she founded. If you read the article you will see that Sanger was not a Nazi darling—her books were tossed on that bonfire in front of the University of Berlin."

MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU

We are living in strange times when the hippest thing at the movies is 20 years old. But I'm hooked. Bernard Weinraub's article *Luke Skywalker Goes Home* (July) whetted my appetite for the prequels to come.

Linda Smith
Cleveland, Ohio

Will the hype never end? I've overdosed on high tech. Is there a movie about regular people in George Lucas' future?

Nancy James
Birmingham, Alabama

All the flash-and-burn Hollywood-action junk just goes to prove that explosions need human drama to make a great film. Thank you, Bernard Weinraub, for reminding us that George Lucas is the man.

George Rodman
Cincinnati, Ohio

NEWS AND NOTES

Working from your "Playmate Trivia" (*Playmate News*, June), I project that 2040 will be the year of the Mile-High Playmate. I can't wait.

Mick Malkemus
Kauai, Hawaii

June's *Playmate News* "Gossip" section includes an item about Julie Cialini's fan club. Within weeks of writing to Miss February 1994, I received a personal letter. Upon joining her fan club, I received a T-shirt, video, photo and another personal note as promised. Most guys dream of having contact with a Playmate. Julie delivered with flying colors.

Keith Knudson
Bartlett, Illinois

FINE BRANDI

The first time I saw Brandi Brandt (*Playmate Revisited*, July) in her 1987 centerfold shot, I knew she was as precious as gold. Thanks for revisiting PLAYBOY's most beautiful Playmate.

Barry Morgan
Dallas, Texas

Farrah Fawcett is a fox and July Playmate Daphnee Lynn Duplaix is divine,

but Brandi Brandt beats them both. She's sexier and more vibrant than ever.

Daniel Dudych
Des Plaines, Illinois

How do the bad boys of hard rock do it? Tommy Lee has Pamela, Vince Neil has Heidi Mark, and Nikki Sixx was married to Brandi Brandt and has now wedded Donna D'Errico. Please tell us their secret.

Julian Neil
Jules1999@aol.com
Westlake, Ohio

I'm captivated by Brandi's looks, but why would she deface her beautiful body with those garish tattoos? The text accompanying her pictorial answered my question. She was married to a member of Motley Crue, and as everyone knows, a Playmate who marries a member of a band invariably ends up with a tattoo.

Brian Rodgers
Grove City, Ohio

AGE DEFYING

To all the younger women who think age is their advantage, my response is: not a chance. I'd like to see Miss July, Daphnee Lynn Duplaix (*Daphnee's Free Spirit*), in ten years and again when she's 50. On second thought, I'd like to see her again next month.

Josh Martin
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Sunnyvale, California

HER CUPS RUNNETH OVER

Jan Breslauer's bursting enthusiasm for her new breasts (*Stacked Like Me*, July) is proportionate to the decrease in her journalistic IQ. Anyone who aspires to the ghastly plastic looks of Cher is not a feminist. It's true that Breslauer's cup size is bigger, but she hasn't transformed herself into anything but a boob.

Bronwyn Elko
Seattle, Washington

Jan Breslauer is a babe. One look at her picture in *Playbill* has me begging for a sexy pictorial.

Darrell Hagelberg
BuildNM@aol.com
Vallejo, California

BY LAND AND BY SEA

Many thanks from the Marines serving aboard the *USS Boxer*. Your fabulous pictorials and articles brighten our days. We'd also love to see a few Marines in *What Sort of Man Reads Playboy?*

J.L. Gibbs Jr.
USS Boxer

We are the VAQ-136 avionics shop on board the *USS Independence*. At sea for eight months of the year, our group eagerly awaits each new issue of PLAYBOY. Your magazine connects us to the quality women in America.

Eric Payne
Brett Bastian
Jay Pecore
Keith Anderson
USS Independence

THE DOCTOR'S IN THE HOUSE

I've been a fan of Anthony Edwards' work for years and it is a treat to see him as the subject of July's *Playboy Interview*. Of course, this just confirms my belief that Edwards is a first-rate actor and *ER* is a classy TV series.

Denny Jackson
dejackso@seidata.com
Milton, Kentucky

I can't believe the liberal drivel Edwards spouts in the interview, especially the crap about police and gun control.

C. Chabot
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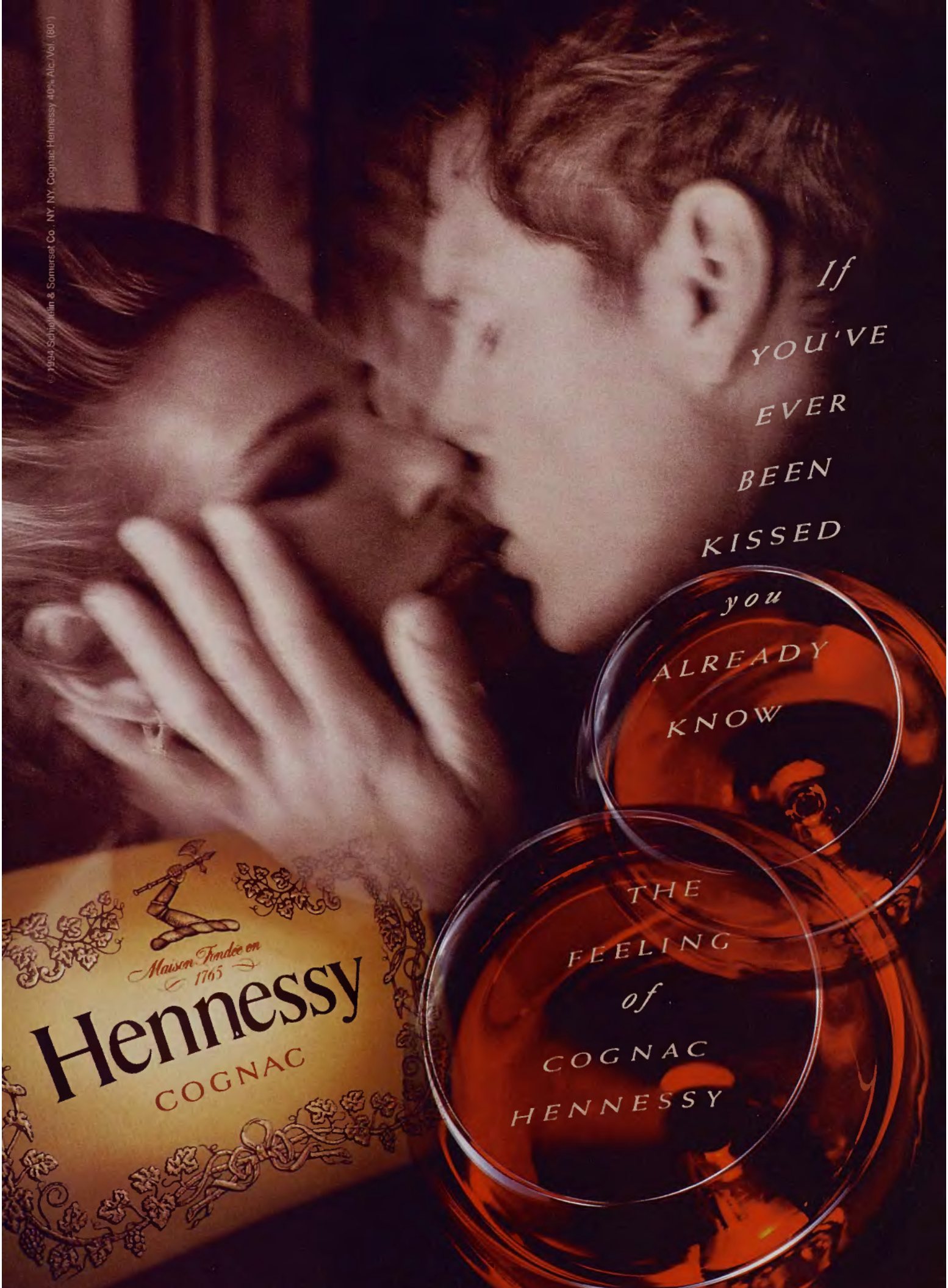
Hooksett, New Hampshire



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

THE KRAMER VOTE

Among everyone else who's running for mayor of New York City, there's Kenny Kramer. He's the inspiration behind *Seinfeld*'s Cosmo Kramer: He has the hair (Kenny's mullet is long in back, not on top), he has the credentials (he really did live across the hall from Larry David, *Seinfeld*'s co-creator) and he has wacky ideas (Kramer *verité* scored big when he thought of hawking electronic disco jewelry). In the run for mayor, he's relying on his record as a karate coach and as a manager of a reggae band. He also knows New York—he runs a day trip to *Seinfeld* locales and calls it Kramer's Reality Tour. "The field of candidates is so dull," he says. "As a Democrat, I'm embarrassed. As a media slut, I'm inspired." He thinks his campaign will appeal to "dysfunctional, attractive, single people who like to party." And in a style that would do his TV alter ego proud, he smacked his lips and told a female reporter, "We can use you on the campaign. Can I call you?"

ARTERIES ARE RED, VEINS ARE BLUE

Earlier this year *The Lancet* reported increased interest in poetry among physicians. There is a long tradition of physician poets—Friedrich von Schiller, John Keats, Oliver Wendell Holmes and William Carlos Williams were equally versed in colon and couplet—and doctors are again considering poetry's therapeutic value. *The Lancet* recently published a poem by Dr. Ron Charach of Toronto, editor of the anthology *The Naked Physician*. A sampling: "In silence after heavy rain/you can hear prostates growing." We know that noise—it's the sound of one gland clapping.

THE SECRETARY SPREAD

Who knew? In a recent survey conducted by the Sprint Group, more than half of the secretaries polled said they got more work done when the boss was out of the office. Mornings, apparently, were the most productive times for three quarters of those asked. Almost half of the respondents likened their bosses to the Lou Grant character on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. And when asked which piece of office equipment was most like their boss' personality, half said the laptop computer, while 18 percent cited the shredder.

CADAVER PALAVER

The American Academy of Forensic Sciences convention in New York wasn't just for stiffs. By the sound of the lecture titles, coroners are real cutups. Included among the seminars were: "Dandruff as a Potential Source of DNA in Forensic Science," "Methods for Positive Identification in a Bus Accident With 28 Burn Victims" and "Body Recovery From 55-Gallon Drums: Two Case Studies."

LOST GENERATION

Maryland's Lieutenant Governor Kathleen Kennedy Townsend is considered one of the more outstanding of Robert Kennedy's troubled brood. In a recent interview she gave some advice that could well help her siblings—especially the guys. "I definitely read the speeches before I give them. That's very helpful. I try to think about what I'm going to say before I say it. That also is useful." This marks, we think, the final light going out on the New Frontier.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

SHOT PUTZ

An advertisement in the first global magazine for law enforcers, *The International Police Review*, touts an "anatomically correct training target" that shows "all major internal organs and skeletal features, to enhance recognition of shot placement." The targets go for about 80 cents apiece when you order more than 2000. We understand Hillary Clinton has some on order if the Paula Jones case goes to discovery.

CONTRACT FRA DIABLO

Rodney Dangerfield has a great joke about going to a Mob restaurant and being served broken leg of lamb. Soon we may have the recipe. Mafia daughter turned author Victoria Gotti, whose Sidney Sheldonesque first novel (*The Senator's Daughter*) earned respectful reviews, has inked a $1 million, three-book contract for two more novels and a combination cookbook–Gotti family history. "It'll be something like Fanny Flagg's *Fried Green Tomatoes* in the way it weaves together stories and recipes," her editor at Crown said. We're looking forward to her tips on what to do when the Teflon wears off and how to prepare such family specialties as stool pigeon *en* concrete, horse-head stew, sliced tongue, blood sausage, Death by Chocolate and her brother John Jr.'s favorite, beef jerky.

HOSTEL MANNER

The speaker of the Yemeni parliament calls it "hospitality in Yemen—part of tourism, an adventure." He's talking about being kidnapped in his country, which happens routinely to foreigners. Tourists are seized and held by local clans as bargaining chips to wring schools, land and other concessions from the central government. In terms of travel perks, you could do worse. Abductors have bought cookies for hostages, loaned them satellite phones to make

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

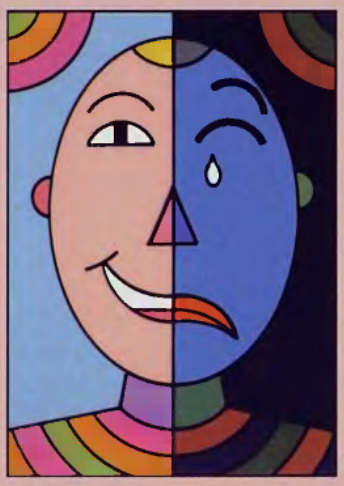
"The trouble with the rat race is that even if you win, you're still a rat."—LILY TOMLIN

END OF SUMMER

The percentage of swimsuits sold in the U.S. that never get wet: 60.

E.T. THE EXTRA PENSIONER

The percentage of young adults who believe that Social Security will be in existence when they retire: 28. Percentage of young adults who believe in extraterrestrial life: 46.



STEVE TURI

FACT OF THE MONTH

Jagged little pills: During the past five years, the number of antidepressant prescriptions has increased by 102 percent.

PEPE LE PEW

According to the newsletter *European Cosmetic Markets*, percentage of French men who don't use body deodorant: 60. Percentage of French women who forgo deodorant: 50.

I DO, I DO, I DO

According to the U.S. National Center for Health Statistics, number of weddings in which a bride or groom is walking down the aisle for at least the third time: 1 in 7. Current annual ratio between number of marriages and number of divorces: 2 to 1.

MALL RAT RACE

Amount of time the average American male spends in a retail store: 10 minutes. Amount of time the average female spends: 13 minutes. Percentage of mall revenue spent by female shoppers: 70.

NOIDING OUT

According to *The Paranoid's Pocket Guide* (Chronicle), by Cameron Tuttle, number of people per year electrocuted by hair driers: 17.

SQUARES PEGGED

Cost of a Boyfriend-in-a-Box set, which includes color photos of an imaginary beau, such as Corporate Craig, and phony love letters from him: $15.

BEST RERUNS OF OUR LIVES

Number of years the average 65-year-old American has spent watching television: 9.

DIAL 711

In 1996, number of people who called an Illinois support hotline for compulsive gamblers: 1700. Number of the 1700 who called the hotline to ask for directions to the nearest riverboat casino: 1403.

THE REAL BARKING SPIDER

According to *The Compleat Cockroach*, by David George Gordon, interval at which a cockroach breaks wind: every 15 minutes. Percentage by volume of methane emissions on earth that are attributed to insect flatulence: 20.

UPWARD SPIRAL

The face value of a Super Bowl ticket in 1966: $8; in 1997: $275. Average National Football League salary: $714,000. Annual earnings of the tax-exempt portion of the NFL: $47.5 million. Annual earnings of NFL commissioner Paul Tagliabue: $3,231,924.

BIG NET

According to *The Internet Index*, estimated total ad revenues brought in by all companies on the Net in 1996: $267 million. Percentage of dollars spent that came from ads for computer products: 38.

PLUGGED UP

According to an America Online survey, percentage of men who would sacrifice five years of their life for a full head of hair: 25. —LAURA BILLINGS

calls, killed goats in their honor, treated them to khat (a plant chewed for its pleasant rush) and given them ceremonial weapons as parting gifts upon release. Let's see Club Med beat that.

PISSED

According to *The Austin Daily Herald*, last winter police in Austin, Minnesota questioned a man who appeared intoxicated and was urinating on a car. After the man convinced the cops that it was his own vehicle, they let him off with a warning. Shortly thereafter, though, the cops arrested the man for driving under the influence. They figured out that he was urinating on the frozen door lock so he could drive the car away.

TRICKLE UP

Some guys learn to fight or laugh early in life thanks largely to their names. Dick Butkus and Rip Torn come to mind, and now there's Dick Trickle, the Nascar driver who recently won his first Grand National event at the age of 55. Best of all was his postvictory declaration: "Watch out—here I come."

ELECTRONIC MALE

Sometimes the best way to communicate with a woman is to have somebody else do it for you—preferably anonymously over the Internet. It comes as no surprise that a popular bit of chain e-mail is called *43 Rules for Women*. There is even some wheat among the chaffing. The list starts with the basics: "Rule 2: If you are cooking a special dinner for a man, be sure to include something from each of the four male food groups: Meat, Fried, Beer and Red." Rules on sex include: "6: When he asks for a threesome with you and your best friend, he is only joking. 7: Unless the answer is yes. 8: In which case, can he videotape it?" Number 35 is even more direct: "Two words: blow job. Learn it. Live it. Love it." The most important tip is practical. "36: Laundry comes in several categories: looks fine/smells fine, looks fine/smells bad, looks dirty/smells fine. Unless you intend to wash it, do not disrupt piles organized in this manner."

CHILE RECEPTION

In Santiago, Chile, cell phones are as much of a status symbol as they are in the States. In fact, police who cited motorists for chatting while driving found one third of the phones to be mock-ups purely for display. Of course, this has no bearing on the U.S., where those of us who talk to ourselves tend to take public transportation.

ALOHA AND GOODBYE

In an obituary column, *West Hawaii Today* noted the untimely passing of 41-year-old Waimea resident Hy Hoe Silva.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

IT'S THANKSGIVING in Maine, and writer-director Bart Freundlich brings mom, dad, brothers, sisters and significant others home for the holiday in ***The Myth of Fingerprints*** (Sony Classics). Practically everyone on the premises makes love a lot, but there's little joy in the air in this absorbing drama about a handsome, upscale, screwed-up family that looks unnervingly average. Blythe Danner and Roy Scheider play the parents, gentle Lena and remote, hypercritical Hal. Julianne Moore, Laurel Holloman, Noah Wyle and Michael Vartan are the siblings, with Hope Davis and Arija Bareikis as the brothers' love interests. Wondering aloud why he's not fonder of his live-in girlfriend (Davis), brother Jake (Vartan) asks his sophisticated sister Mia (Moore): "Do you think you have to have had a healthy family life to have a successful relationship?" To which Mia replies wryly: "I hope not." That pretty well sums up the tone and theme of *Fingerprints* (the title refers to everyone's constantly changing identity), which never fully explains whether the underlying cause of the discontent is early emotional abuse or just New England reserve. Regardless of the reason, the film limns a fascinating portrait of modern American Gothic angst. ¥¥¥

•

As a couple of Korean war veterans facing life in 1954 Indianapolis, Jeremy Davies and Ben Affleck reflect vintage male chauvinism in ***Going All the Way*** (Gramercy Pictures). Dan Wakefield's screenplay, based on his novel, is a comprehensive look at Fifties attitudes regarding sex, race and style. The movie mainly concerns girls seeking commitments and guys trying to get laid. Nothing new there, but Affleck as Gunner charges the atmosphere as a swinger who finds meaning in fooling around with a bright Jewish girl (Rachel Weisz) despite the objections of his mother (Lesley Ann Warren). His shy pal, the would-be photographer Sonny (Davies), has problems of his own, between his steady sex partner (Amy Locane) and a dream girl (Rose McGowan) whose perfection seems to inhibit Sonny's performance in bed. Anyone who is old enough to remember this particular time and place should find *Going All the Way* pleasantly nostalgic. ¥¥½

•

Crime busting, police corruption and show business make Los Angeles in the Fifties look like one hell of a place in ***L.A. Confidential*** (Warner Bros.). Working from a dandy, tough-talking adaptation

Weisz: Nice going.

Families in crisis and Los Angeles cops out of control.

of James Ellroy's novel, director Curtis Hanson steers his stellar cast through a sizzling drama that seldom lets up. Kevin Spacey heads the list as a publicity-driven cop who specializes in busting the rich and famous, helped along by the editor (Danny DeVito) of a celebrity tell-all rag called *Hush-Hush*. Add to this mixture a decadent socialite (David Straithairn) with drug connections and a gorgeous top-of-the-line hooker (Kim Basinger) who's gussied up to look like Veronica Lake, and you have a pop saga with plenty of momentum. Among those dubiously motivated members of the LAPD are Guy Pearce, Russell Crowe and James Cromwell, with Ron Rifkin as a venal D.A. with secrets to die for.

Double- and triple-crossing one another, they all connive to make *L.A. Confidential* a high-stepping slice of low life that ranks with the best. ¥¥¥¥

•

Radha and Sita (Shabana Azmi and Nandita Das) are two unhappy New Delhi wives whose mates give them ample reason to turn to each other. Radha's husband is a celibate mystic, while Sita's spends all his quality time with his Chinese mistress. The result is ***Fire*** (Zeitgeist Films), the first movie from India to confront lesbianism. Low-key and never remotely salacious, the film still stirred controversy at home for writer-director Deepa Mehta. Slow-paced, perhaps even dull by Western standards, *Fire* is nonetheless erotic, delicate and an honest effort to remind us that middle-class Indian women may have more on their minds than choosing fabrics for saris. ¥¥

•

Writer-director and sometime actress Kasi Lemmons makes her feature filmmaking debut with ***Eve's Bayou*** (Trimark), an exotic if theatrical drama juiced up with hints of infidelity, incest and voodoo. The story begins with a narrator confiding: "The summer I killed my father I was ten years old." What follows concerns the family of an affluent doctor named Louis (Samuel L. Jackson), who lives on a grassy Louisiana spread with his wife (Lynn Whitfield) and children, including two daughters (Jurnee Smollett as the titular Eve, Meagan Good as nubile Cicely). Unfortunately, the doctor's practice seems to call for lots of late-night calls on his female patients. His philandering is just one pressing reason for Eve to wish daddy were dead. Debbi Morgan adds a touch of mystery as the doctor's bedeviled sister, whose husbands seldom survive. Diahann Carroll further hexes the situation as a local voodoo woman, Elzora. The sultry, snaky Southern atmosphere weaves a spell, even when the melodrama is less than convincing. ¥¥

•

Plenty of sniggering jokes about sperm donations in a masturbatorium set the tone of ***A Smile Like Yours*** (Paramount). Lauren Holly and Greg Kinnear make an attractive twosome trying to conceive and going through the usual hell at a fertility clinic. Joan Cusack plays the wife's wry friend, with Jill Hennessy and Christopher McDonald as the outsiders who present the temptation of infidelity when all that obligatory coupling starts to pull the young marrieds apart. Writer-director Keith Samples' dialogue has snap, but this soapy romantic comedy is all but dripping with déjà vu. ¥¥

•

Russian terrorists of the old red-or-dead school seize ***Air Force One*** (Columbia) in the skyborne thriller starring Harrison Ford. Everything a Ford fan could hope for is here, with Harrison as a U.S. president held hostage with his first lady (Wendy Crewson, see *Off Camera*) and their young daughter. Gary Oldman, in the main villain's role, chews all the scenery that isn't blown up or away by director Wolfgang Petersen. Petersen proves he's a peerless creator of breath-stopping suspense, as he did with *Das Boot* and *In the Line of Fire*. Handling the crisis, one way or another, are William H. Macy, Dean Stockwell and

Crewson: Ford's first lady.

OFF CAMERA

She's been seen all over the nation as America's first lady, married to President Harrison Ford in *Air Force One*. But the political angle isn't new to beautiful **Wendy Crewson.** She met her husband, actor Michael Murphy, on the set of *Tanner '88*, the Robert Altman cable TV series in which Murphy had the title role as a presidential candidate. They now have two small children and live "far out of the loop," in the San Francisco Bay Area. The Canadian-born Crewson relishes getting away to the family's vacation retreat in Kennebunkport, Maine, but notes: "This used to be a fine little fishing village, but when George Bush was elected, there went the neighborhood. We now have 101 T-shirt shops and it'll never be the same.

"With *Air Force One*," says Wendy, "I feel I've reached the pinnacle of my roles as a worried wife and mother." She was Tim Allen's ex-wife in the 1994 hit *The Santa Clause* and does another "worried wife" bit in the forthcoming *The Eighteenth Angel*. For a change of pace, she prefers her part in *Gang Related* with Jim Belushi and Tupac Shakur. "I play the district attorney, a loud, foulmouthed broad. It was great to get to lace into these two powerful characters."

While Crewson calls herself "a suburban wife," she says, "It is dawning on me now that there are projects I ought to do, maybe produce. I'm ready to get something big going—before I'm too old. Yes, I think it's time."

Xander Berkeley, with Glenn Close on the phone as the harried vice president. They all get my vote. ¥¥¥½

•

Martin Scorsese produced ***Kicked in the Head*** (October Films), which means coauthor and director Matthew Harrison certainly has talent. With his co-writer and star Kevin Corrigan on deck as a screwed-up New Yorker named Redmond, Harrison tracks the guy's misadventures with his amoral uncle (James Woods), a loudmouthed friend (Michael Rapaport) and a flight attendant (Linda Fiorentino) with scads of attitude. There's also a former favorite girl (Lili Taylor) he's trying to dump. Redmond is supposedly searching for "truth" and thinks he has it "written down somewhere." Why the movie keeps cutting away to old newsreel shots of the *Hindenburg* disaster is either anyone's guess or Harrison's secret. Even so, there's flair and originality here without recourse to those frequent shots of an exploding blimp. ¥¥½

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A lighthearted approach to homophobia makes ***Kiss Me, Guido*** (Paramount) a highly likable comedy. Only a curmudgeon would find anything politically incorrect about the plight of Frankie Zito (played with amusingly manly zest by Nick Scotti), a pizza maker and would-be actor who yearns to leave the Bronx and test his talent in Manhattan. Answering an ad for a roommate, Zito takes GWM to mean "guy with money" rather than "gay white male." After his disconcerting first encounter with Warren (Anthony Barrile), an actor-choreographer, Frankie is introduced to the gay world and ultimately—with his Italian family looking on—makes his stage debut in a gay Off Broadway play. In this broadly drawn first feature, director Tony Vitale depicts the collision of cultures as both convincing and droll. ¥¥

•

Fooling around with DNA, a scientific genius (Mira Sorvino) and her husband (Jeremy Northam) wipe out a mysterious disease by creating a new species called the Judas breed. Years later, the cure turns into a curse—with the appearance of mutated buglike creatures that prey on everything in sight. That's the premise of ***Mimic*** (Dimension Films), which begins as a genuinely scary shocker but drops off disappointingly. Director Guillermo del Toro's subterranean thriller ends with the principals (plus Josh Brolin, Giancarlo Giannini, Charles S. Dutton—and young Alexander Goodwin as an autistic boy sure to win audience sympathy) pursued by the creatures through spectacular New York tunnels. Sorvino's performance almost makes *Mimic* as harrowing as it was intended to be. ¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Air Force One (See review) Ford in fine form as a hijacked president. ¥¥¥½
Box of Moonlight (8/97) Wake-up-and-live lessons for tightly wrapped John Turturro. ¥¥
Brilliant Lies (9/97) Down under, a case of sexual harassment goes to court. ¥¥½
Career Girls (9/97) Both reminiscing about swinging London way back when. ¥¥¥
Different for Girls (9/97) Dating an old school pal who's undergone a sex change. ¥¥½
Dream With the Fishes (8/97) A suicidal guy decides to opt for life in the fast lane first. ¥¥
Eve's Bayou (See review) The domestic life of a philandering Louisiana doctor. ¥¥
Fire (See review) Lovelorn wives find each other in New Delhi. ¥¥
The Full Monty (9/97) Body English by amateur male strippers. ¥¥¥
Going All the Way (See review) Boy-meets-girl games, Fifties style. ¥¥½
In the Company of Men (9/97) A pair of macho guys making trouble. ¥¥¥
Kicked in the Head (See review) The trials of being a young NYC nerd about town. ¥¥½
Kiss Me, Guido (See review) Antics of a macho pizza maker and his gay roommate. ¥¥
L.A. Confidential (See review) Corrupt cops on the Hollywood scene. ¥¥¥¥
Late Bloomers (8/97) A small-town high school is disrupted by a lesbian affair. ¥¥¥½
Men in Black (9/97) Their search for aliens on earth is hilarious. ¥¥¥¥
Mimic (See review) Mira Sorvino is the damsel distressed by monsters. ¥¥½
Mrs. Brown (8/97) Widowed Queen Victoria finds a new man after Albert kicks the can. ¥¥¥
The Myth of Fingerprints (See review) Everyone home for the holidays and not enjoying it much. ¥¥¥
187 (9/97) Unteachable kids make a teacher's life unbearable. ¥¥¥½
A Smile Like Yours (See review) How to get pregnant and stay happy. ¥¥
Star Maps (8/97) Hollywood studs point out celebrity homes and hustle on the side. ¥¥½
Sunday (9/97) Lonely woman meets homeless man for mutually satisfying case of mistaken identity. ¥¥
Talk of Angels (9/97) Beautiful people in love in vain in pre–Civil War Spain. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Comedian **Milton Berle** recently launched the luxury gaming quarterly *Milton* ("We Drink, We Smoke, We Gamble"), but that hasn't kept him away from his VCR. Berle says he likes to revisit the all-star comedy romp *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. "It's funny, it's clean and it's one of the greatest films around—and not just because I'm in it." Berle also enjoys the vid biography of director John Huston, *The Man, the Movies, the Maverick*. "I love all Huston's films. He was a brilliant director and a terrific guy." But here's a little surprise: Although Uncle Miltie was notorious for doing his stand-up shtick in women's clothing, he isn't partial to contemporary cross-dressing cinema, such as *Tootsie* and *Mrs. Doubtfire*. "I did drag for fun and comedy," he says, "not just to make a point." So there. —DONNA COE

VIDBITS

Fifteen years ago, National Public Radio journalist and political activist Mumia Abu-Jamal was convicted of the murder of a Philadelphia police officer. Debate about his guilt has persisted ever since, with many maintaining Abu-Jamal is the victim of politics and a capricious judicial system. When it first aired on HBO in 1996, ***Mumia Abu-Jamal: A Case for Reasonable Doubt?*** (Fox Lorber, $60) raised eyebrows with its exclusive interviews and previously unreleased eyewitness accounts. You make the call.

CLASSIC CAMEOS

They're called bit parts when you're nobody, and cameos when you're famous. Careful now, don't blink.

Young Frankenstein (1974): Hot off *The French Connection*, "serious actor" Gene Hackman is barely recognizable as a clumsy, blind hermit. He's also a hoot.

The Lodger (1926): Everyone knows Hitchcock was the cameo king. Here are his first and second appearances: early on as a news photographer, and in a crowd scene at the end.

Staying Alive (1983): Hey, watch where you're going. Director Sly Stallone does his own Hitch bit, bumping shoulders on the street with jive-walking John Travolta.

Shakes the Clown (1991): Robin Williams teaches a mime class in a dizzying cameo; Florence Henderson is Bobcat Goldthwait's hungover one-night stand.

Love Happy (1949): Marilyn Monroe does a walk-on—and what a walk—as the sexy client of private eye Groucho Marx.

Enter the Dragon (1973): Bruce Lee met—and killed—Jackie Chan long before Chan became a star. Look for Brucie snapping Jackie's neck in the cave scene.

Cabin Boy (1994): Crusty sailor David Letterman sends "nancy boy" Chris Elliott to the wrong boat in this C-movie classic.

Psycho (1960): When Norman Bates is locked in the padded room at the end, check out the uniformed guard outside. Ten years later Ted Knight would be Ted Baxter on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*.

Planes, Trains and Automobiles (1987): The Six Degrees kid strikes again: Speedy Kevin Bacon snatches a cab from Steve Martin on a New York street. Does that boy ever take a day off?

The Player (1992): With 65 actors playing themselves, who doesn't cameo in this film? At least two: Patrick Swayze and Jeff Daniels—their walk-ons were ultimately cut out. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

LASER FARE

The DVD Age has arrived, but which of the miniplatters are better than the rest? According to *The Laser Disc Newsletter* (800-551-4914), the following is a collector's dream starter kit:

In the Line of Fire (Columbia Tristar): The best DVD-picture transfer to date.

Blade Runner: The Director's Cut (Warner Bros.): Precise transfer shows off special effects in exceptional detail.

The Wizard of Oz (MGM/UA): Top color transfer; includes French and Spanish audio tracks.

The Wild Bunch (Warner Bros.): Longer edition includes Oscar-nominated short *The Wild Bunch: An Album in Montage*.

Raging Bull (MGM/UA): Razor-sharp black-and-white picture in both letterboxed and full-screen versions.

A Boy and His Dog (Lumivision): Includes director's commentary, deleted scenes and publicity photos.

Blazing Saddles (Warner Bros.): Mel Brooks interview, along with letterboxed and full-screen versions.

X-Rated Video of the Month:

He jolted the adult industry in the early Nineties with his trademark scorchers, which feature MTV-style vignettes, beautiful actors, lavish sets and jaw-dropping sex. Now Andrew Blake is back with the ***Sleepless Night Collection*** (Studio A Entertainment). Our favorite entry: ***Unleashed***, starring Selena and Laura Palmer, who explore their erotic boundaries after receiving a mysterious crystal phallus. That'll do it every time.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
COMEDY	***Liar Liar*** (son's wish turns pathological liar–lawyer dad into truth machine; amusing, semicantrolled spin by Jim Carrey), ***Jungle2Jungle*** (dumb fun as Tim Allen brings long-lost Tarzan son home to Manhattan; Disney on autopilot).
DRAMA	***Crash*** (fetishists James Spader and Holly Hunter give new meaning to autaerotism in Cronenberg's twisted ride), ***Underworld*** (ex-con Denis Leary hunts dad's killers, drags along Joe Mantegna for banter; a sleeper).
ROMANCE	***Chasing Amy*** (urban übercouple has one little problem: she's gay; smart silliness from *Clerks'* Kevin Smith), ***Inventing the Abbotts*** (Fifties brothers fixate on hot rich-girl sisters; Liv Tyler is fine, but Jennifer Connelly smolders).
STAR TURN	***Private Parts*** (Howard Stern's nice-as-I-wanna-be biopic; more yuks than shocks from the ubiquitous jock), ***The Devil's Own*** (cop Ford unwittingly welcomes IRA killer Pitt into his home; fine thriller that deserved better box office).
EROTIC	***Kama Sutra: A Tale of Love*** (newlywed king lusts for comely servant; dreamy and rich), ***The Buddha of Suburbia*** (*The English Patient*'s Naveen Andrews checks out Seventies London punk scene; BBC pic deemed too sexy for U.S.).

TRAVEL

STAY FLEXIBLE, FLIERS

If you have a few hours' layover between flights, skip the nachos and extra-shot-for-a-buck cocktails and hit the gym instead. A surprising number of hotels in or near airports offer bargain fitness options. Nine dollars at Chicago's O'Hare Hilton, for example, allows the use of its Nautilus equipment, cardiovascular machines, sauna, steam room and Jacuzzi. Golfers can play a round at Pinehurst Club #2 (or another top course) with a virtual reality simulator for $15 an hour. For the real thing in Texas, take a five-minute shuttle to the Hyatt Regency Dallas–Fort Worth and enjoy a round of golf at the Bear Creek Golf & Racquet Club for $65. Five dollars buys admission to the health club in the hotel's west tower, where there's aerobic equipment and a heated pool. Miami's International Airport Hotel, which is in the terminal, also charges only $5 for a daily pass that includes the use of all amenities plus a running track. Marriott offers workouts at Orlando and Baltimore–Washington International airports. Sheraton Gateway expands your options with its Daybreak program: At a cost of at least 50 percent off an overnight rate, a room for several hours between eight A.M. and six P.M. offers full use of the hotel facilities plus access to the health club, business center and express laundry service. Travelers can alight at a Sheraton Gateway near Toronto, Chicago O'Hare, Atlanta Hartsfield, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Miami airports. All offer free shuttle service. The O'Hare Sheraton Gateway, for example, costs about $110.

A.J. GARCES

NIGHT MOVES: SAIGON

Saigon (or Ho Chi Minh City, its name since 1975, in honor of President Ho Chi Minh) is a southern Vietnamese city with equal parts old and new. During the day, women in traditional chiffon dresses and farmers in rice-picking hats swarm the markets and streets. When night falls, Saigon pulses with Soho-style bars, clubs and restaurants. Begin your evening at Bia Hoi Thanh Nha (6 Hai Ba Trung Street), a beer hall where the locals hang out, or Bar Catinat (4 Nguyen Thiep), known for its potent cocktails. Next, hire a trishaw and head to the seafood restaurant–lined Thi Sach Street (pick an eatery with a balcony for people-watching) to indulge in boiled, barbecued or salted crab. Or try Lemon Grass (4 Nguyen Thiep) for excellent Vietnamese fare. Prefer a romantic setting? Head to the Majestic Hotel's elegant open-air restaurant (1 Dong Khoi Street, D1). There's also Carmargue (116 Cao Ba Quat Street), a French restaurant in a lovely villa. Its quiet bar is great for conversation. As an alternative to the bustling city, rent a $5-an-hour boat and cruise the Saigon River. The currency is the dong, but dollars are widely accepted. Later, there's the Marine Club (17A4 Le Thanh Ton Street, D1) for live piano music, Buffalo Blues (72A Nguyen Du Street) for jazz or the Downunder Disco (Saigon Floating Hotel) for—you guessed it. After midnight, try Apocalypse Now (2C Thi Sach Street, D1), a jungle-themed dance-and-billiards bar where trendy Vietnamese congregate before heading to the Q Bar (under the Municipal Theater), one of Saigon's first Western bars. It's a classy place to meet single women and a great way to end the night.

GREAT ESCAPE

SIPADAN ISLAND

Borneo for Christmas? Why not? Sipadan Island, off the coast, is about as far from slushy streets, jingling bells and endless choruses of *The Little Drummer Boy* as you can get. Charlie Gibbs of the Creative Adventure Club in Costa Mesa, California, describes Sipadan and its native-style beach huts as being right out of *Tom Sawyer* and *Swiss Family Robinson*. With a 2000-foot drop 30 feet from

shore and a 90-acre reef, the island is perfect for scuba diving, with lazing a close second activity of choice. But CAC goes one step further by combining seven days of diving (up to three boat dives a day) with a five-day jungle adventure back on Borneo. The 15-day excursion from December 21 to January 4 costs $3550 to $3750 (air included), double occupancy. Call CAC at 714-545-5888 for more information about this and other exotic trips.

ROAD STUFF

Eximious of London's leather travel tray (pictured below) snaps at the four corners to become a catchall for coins, keys and the other pocket pickings that accumulate when you travel. Snapped, it's six inches square, and the $44.50 price includes monogramming (up to three initials). Also pictured is the company's leather U.S. passport case that's fitted with plastic sleeves. Price: $45. • To keep it together on the road, tote a spiral-bound Traveler's Expense Log and Organizer that contains 12 envelopes for storing travel receipts. Price: $15. • If you're long on power suits but short on packing skills, Rowenta's new Steambrush has a 90-second heat-up time that will have you vaporizing wrinkles faster than you can ask, "What time is the meeting?" The $50 price also includes a crease attachment and travel case. • Panasonic has developed a Plus Alkaline battery great for flights to Hong Kong or Tokyo. The AAs last up to 26 percent longer in portable CD players than comparable brands. D, C, AAA and nine-volt sizes are also available. Price for four AAs: about $6.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.

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MUSIC

BLUES

IMAGINE IF Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf had never left sleepy Mississippi for the bright lights of Chicago and Memphis. Their music would probably sound a lot like that of Junior Kimbrough, now in his late 60s. Kimbrough has been playing his haunting version of electric blues in his own Mississippi juke joint for decades, and it's a revelation. His barbed-wire guitar runs are mesmerizing. Kimbrough's intense songs don't charge toward some climax, like urban blues—they hang suspended in the sensuality of a Southern night. His latest album, ***Most Things Haven't Worked Out*** (Fat Possum/Capricorn), is easily his best. This is blues as trance music, sharing the same hypnotic quality as African and Sufi music. —VIC GARBARINI

FRED MARVER

Junior Kimbrough works things out.

Celebrate the Philly sound, Sufi music, the blues and gospel.

R&B

Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff are two of the most underappreciated figures in R&B. As label heads, songwriters and producers, Gamble and Huff were the architects of the Philly sound. ***The Philly Sound: Kenny Gamble, Leon Huff & the Story of Brotherly Love*** (Epic/Legacy) is a three-disc celebration of the men and their musical movement.

Although producer Thom Bell is mostly absent (so there are no cuts by the Spinners or the Stylistics), the 48 songs by the likes of the O'Jays, Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes, Laura Nyro, Dusty Springfield, MFSB, the Jacksons and Wilson Pickett (singing *Don't Let the Green Grass Fool You*) are still a feast. Motown is rightly celebrated, but the Philly sound deserves its day in the sun.

The Family Stand has worked in pop's margins. The band had a hit with *Ghetto Heaven*, and its new CD, ***Butter*** (East/West), continues in a nonconformist direction. You can hear Stevie Wonder in *When Heaven Calls* and *Keepin' You Satisfied*—and *Don't Ask Why* soars.

—NELSON GEORGE

ROCK

Most English progressive rock from the Seventies sounded pretentious. King Crimson was the exception. The first version of the band, which produced the epic *In the Court of the Crimson King* (featuring Greg Lake, Ian McDonald and Robert Fripp), lasted only a year. ***Epitaph*** (Discipline Global Mobile) presents four live sets from the band's original lineup that prove they weren't just full of classical gas. The performances are as ferocious and daring as punk at its height, but with a sound like a mix of Ornette Coleman, Jimi Hendrix and Igor Stravinsky. (DGM, P.O. Box 5282, Beverly Hills, CA 90209). —VIC GARBARINI

Luna is Dean Wareham's attempt to make genuine pop music out of the Velvet Underground tributes of his Eighties band, Galaxie 500. And on 1995's *Penthouse* and on ***Pup Tent*** (Elektra), Wareham's enjoyable melodies have filled out, with crucial support from the kind of cushy guitar drones the Velvets pioneered 30 years ago. Wareham drawls his casually literate lyrics untainted by cocktail retro. This is dinner music for the rock-and-roll age. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

WORLD

With hundreds of albums to his credit, Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan is widely regarded as the finest singer of *Qawwali*, or Sufi devotional music. So the selection of four songs ranging in length from 12 minutes to 25 on ***The Greatest Hits of Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan*** (Shanachie) is arbitrary and vaguely out of context. It's odd that Khan's collaborations with Peter Gabriel, Massive Attack and Eddie Vedder (which are his greatest hits in the West) are missing. So just forget the album title, sit cross-legged on the floor and groove. Along with a small ensemble singing backup and playing percussion, accordion and the occasional stringed instrument, Khan takes you deep into the unconscious. You don't have to be Sufi to appreciate it.

Spicing up the relentless dance beat of disco with West African rhythms, Bahamian junkanoo music is crafted as the purest sort of party music, far more extroverted than its cousin reggae. From the Bahamas, Baha Men play junkanoo on ***I Like What I Like*** (Mercury) with an infectious joy useful for getting your day started in the right mood and indispensable for throwing the perfect island-themed party. If you can't dance to Baha Men's K.C. and the Sunshine Band medley, *That's the Way I Get Down*, you can't dance, period. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Arto Lindsay, the Brazilian-raised New York mainstay, long ago invented the guitar-noise music known as skronk. With the Ambitious Lovers and now solo, Lindsay moved on to something sweeter and sexier—Brazil's airy, rhythmically intricate bossa nova. Last year's *O Corpo Sutil/The Subtle Body* bridged the barrier between English and Portuguese while playing the style relatively straight. The new ***Mundo Civilizado*** (Bar/None, P.O. Box 1704, Hoboken, NJ 07030) mixes in drum-and-bass, Brazilian percussion and covers of Prince and Al Green. The results are more accessible.

Less consistent is the work of the honor roll of rockers, headed by David Byrne and the Beastie Boys' Money Mark, who experiment with Brazilian pop on the AIDS benefit ***Red Hot + Rio*** (Antilles). Those who want to sample the south-of-the-equator originals should check out *Nova Bossa: Red Hot on Verve*.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

GOSPEL

Most of ***God's Property From Kirk Franklin's Nu Nation*** (B-Rite) is conventional gospel. At his best, as on *Sweet Spirit*, Franklin sounds like great gospelers Professor Alex Bradford and Archie Brownlee. But Franklin isn't much of a preacher, and the choir isn't ingenious. Nevertheless, Franklin has made a breakthrough. Avoiding the banalities of Christian rappers, *Stomp* and *You Are the Only One* incorporate the vocabulary of hip-hop and dancehall. *Stomp* is built around George Clinton's *One Nation Under a Groove*, which is about as audacious as claiming a cloven hoof for a Christian symbol. I doubt Franklin has the imagination to push this merger—but that doesn't mean someone else won't.

—DAVE MARSH

COUNTRY

On ***Under the Covers*** (Reprise) Dwight Yoakam recalls his days spent listening to the AM radio in Columbus, Ohio. This

collection of 11 cover songs (and one Jimmie Rodgers surprise track) includes a honky-tonk remake of Wynn Stewart's *Playboy*, Sonny and Cher's *Baby Don't Go* and a Sammy Davis Jr.–style send-up of the Kinks' *Tired of Waiting for You*.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

The **Cicadas** (Warner) suggests that Nashville vet Rodney Crowell really yearns to be Nick Lowe. That's the impression you get from tracks such as *When Losers Rule the World* and *We Want Everything*. But then the red-dirt roots of Crowell, guitarist Steuart Smith and the rest of the band assert themselves. No one has ever sung such a convincing version of *Tobacco Road*. And *Our Little Town*, a songwriting collaboration between Crowell and mentor Guy Clark, brings it all back home. Though their ambitions are modest, I think the Cicadas' songs are far more successful than John Fogerty's current bombast.

Singer-songwriter R.B. Morris has recorded ***Take That Ride*** (Oh Boy) on John Prine's record label. His songs range from a quasi-Irish ballad, *Ridin' With O'Hanlon*, to the Tom Petty–like *Hell on a Poor Boy* to a cover of Robert Mitchum's bootlegging epic, *Ballad of Thunder Road*. All are lyrically sophisticated, as befits Morris' background as poet and playwright. The real drawing card is the music, sparked by Kenny Vaughan's ringing guitars and (on *Dog Days*) an Al Kooper organ riff that seems to have drifted off a vintage Dylan album. Maybe best of all is *Roy*, about a wino who grew up with songwriter Don Gibson, done as a duet with Prine. The story Morris gets out of this wreck is evocative, unsparing and effortless in its sad detail. This debut album makes you lust for the follow-up. —DAVE MARSH

JAZZ

Traveling through Vietnam while listening to Miles Davis' *Sketches of Spain* inspired Michael Blake to create his own musical travelog. On ***Kingdom of Champa*** (Intuition) Blake—best known for playing tenor in the Lounge Lizards—blends East with West and ancient with modern. Leading a group that includes the avant-garde guitarist David Tronzo, Blake's vision bristles with color, textures and mystery. —NEIL TESSER

CLASSICAL

The world's greatest living cellist, Mstislav Rostropovich, has dramatically expanded the range of his instrument. With ***Rostropovich: The Russian Years***, EMI Classics compiles a definitive account of his work from 1950 to 1974. This 13-CD set (mostly from Soviet radio archives) is remarkable, and is essential for any lover of serious music. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

FAST TRACKS

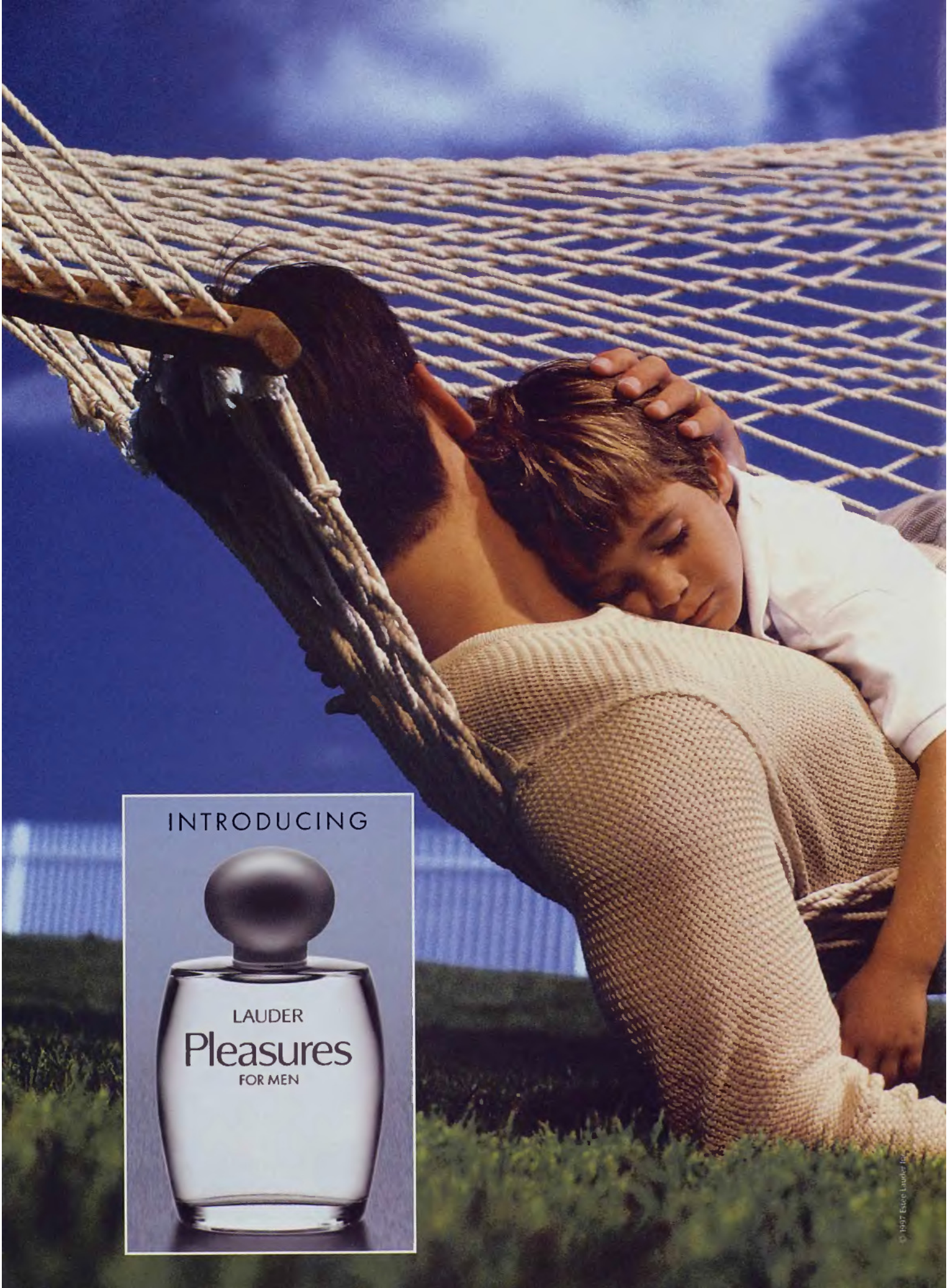
ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Kirk Franklin *Nu Nation*	8	6	8	6	6
Junior Kimbrough *Most Things Haven't Worked Out*	7	10	9	7	7
Luna *Pup Tent*	9	5	7	6	7
Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan *The Greatest Hits*	8	6	7	7	9
Various artists *The Philly Sound*	8	7	10	10	9

ELWOOD BLUES RETURNS DEPARTMENT: James Brown, Aretha and members of the original **Blues Brothers** band join **Dan Aykroyd** in *Blues Brothers 2000* to help Sister Mary Stigmata once again. Praise the Lord and pass the popcorn.

REELING AND ROCKING: Queen Latifah is shooting a movie with **Danny DeVito**, having wrapped *Sphere* with **Dustin Hoffman, Sharon Stone** and **Samuel L. Jackson.** She's also writing a book on self-esteem and getting ready to release her next album. . . . **Bret Michaels** of **Poison** wrote and directed *The Last Child* and co-starred in the film with his production company partner **Charlie Sheen**, Sheen's father **Martin, Cary Elwes** and **Luke Perry.** . . . **Mike Myers** isn't worried about playing Studio 54 co-owner **Steve Rubell.** Journalists may call it leaving comedy for drama, but we refuse to call those disco years serious.

NEWSBREAKS: Ringo is recording again. . . . So is **Dylan.** . . . PBS has a new music series, *Sessions at West 54th*. The title comes from the studio where it is taped. **k.d. lang, Brian Wilson, David Byrne, Ben Folds Five, Rickie Lee Jones** and **Philip Glass** are among the first artists appearing on the shows. . . . The great **Al Kooper** is teaching songwriting and production this fall at Boston's Berklee College of Music. . . . **Ani DiFranco,** wearing her hat as the head of Righteous Babe Records, told those at the National Association of Independent Record Distributors convention to think small, be nice to your fans and creditors, deal with local merchants and, oh yes, make great records. . . . NARAS added three new Grammy categories: best dance recording, best remixer and best Latin rock/alternative album. . . . When **Paul McCartney** went online this past May, he was able to answer only 29 of the 3 million questions submitted. Someone from McCartney's crew calculated it would take six years to answer them all. . . . **Luscious Jackson,** which took its name from former NBA star Lucious Jackson, has written and performed the theme song for the Women's National Basketball Association. . . . **Oasis** is cracking down on unofficial Web sites and will take legal action against those that use copyrighted material without permission. The Gallagher brothers said, "We have always encouraged fan pages, but there are a number of sites that have taken advantage of the situation." There is speculation that Oasis has taken this action to avoid **U2's** problem of last year, when poor-quality recordings of *Pop* were leaked on the Internet. . . . The **Black Crowes** recorded an album before the Furthur Festival this past summer. They went into the studio to record some demos and before they knew it, they had 11 new songs. . . . **Soul Asylum** played a postponed prom for two schools this past June in Grand Forks, North Dakota. The Minneapolis band wanted to do something for the kids along the flooded Red River. . . . **Camara Kambon,** the youngest person ever to win an Emmy, has also won a BMI music award. Kambon won the prizes for scoring the documentary *Sonny Liston: The Mysterious Life and Death of a Champion* and is now working with **Dr. Dre** on a new album. . . . The great **Kiss**-off: Fans can now purchase a Kiss Visa card. One has the band in full makeup; the other sports the logo. Credit card holders will get a monthly message from the band, frequent-flier miles, buyer protection plans and car rental discounts. —BARBARA NELLIS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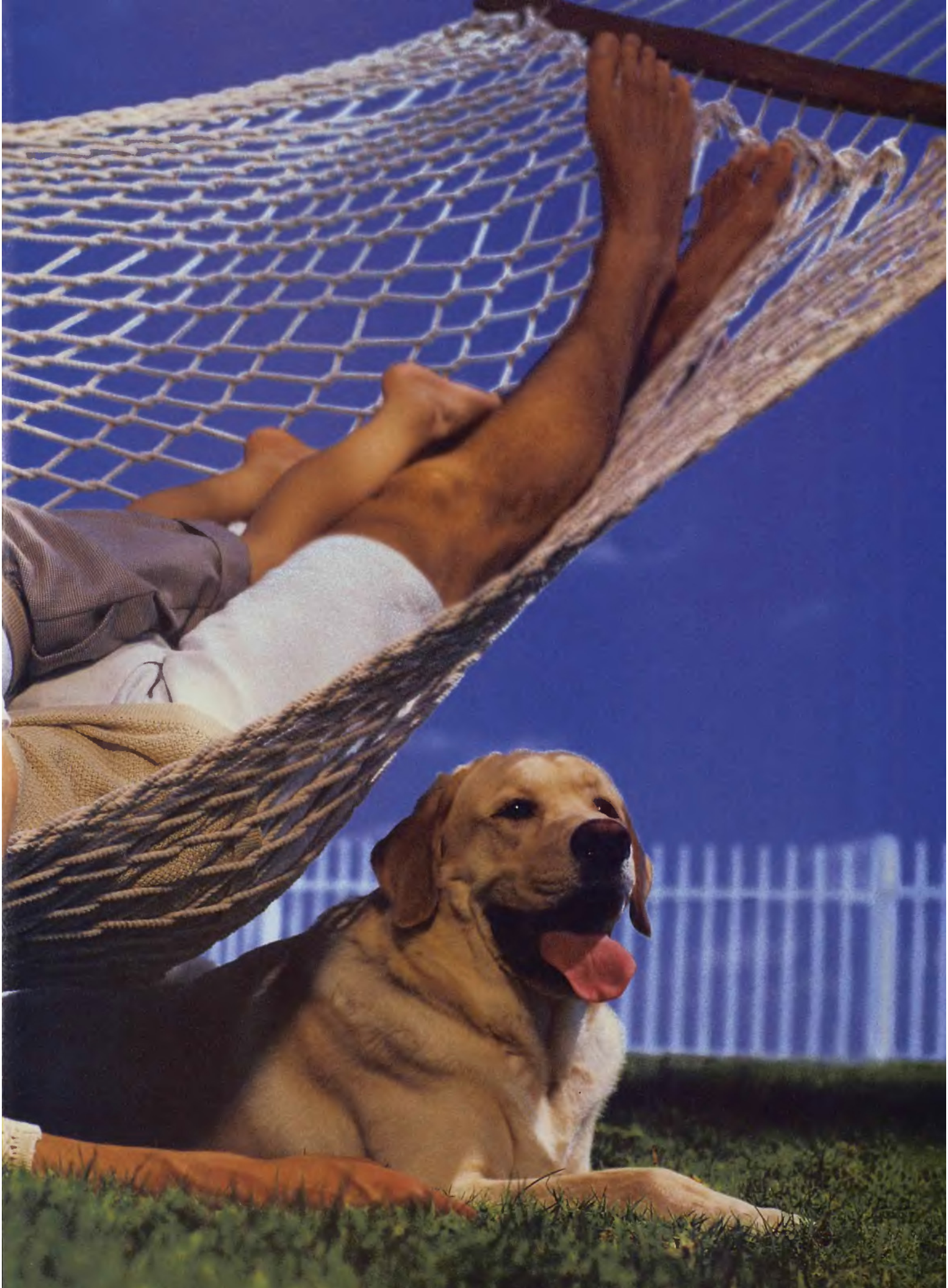

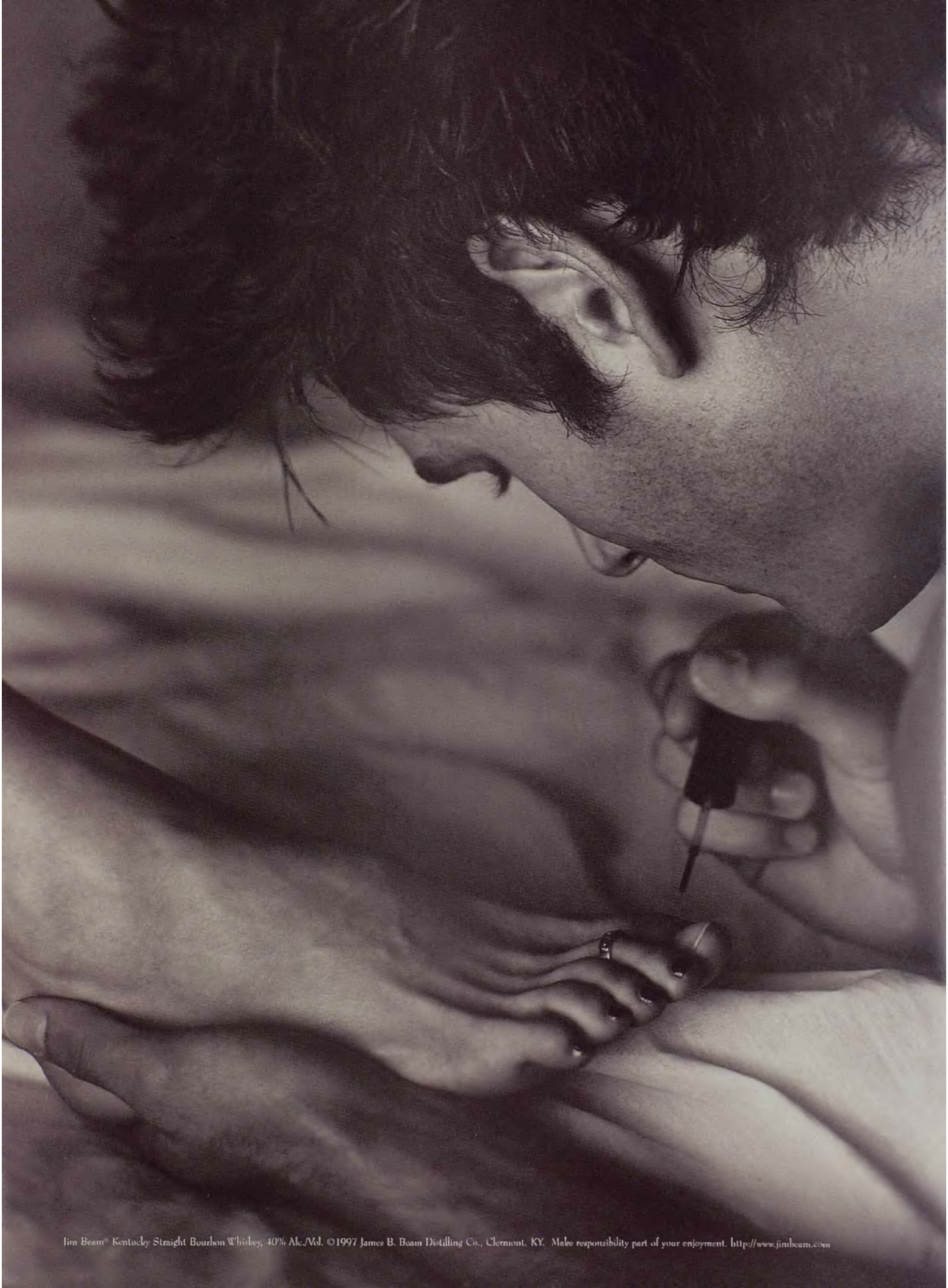

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Get in touch with your masculine side.

NEW WAVE RADIOS

Next time you bail on your ski buddies to grab a burger and beer at the lodge, you can plan where to hook up later using the Family Radio Service. This reclassified band of radio frequencies, set aside by the FCC exclusively for families and outdoor recreational use, offers clear, FM-quality voicecasting over a one- to two-mile range. To use the service, you'll need to invest in a pair of FRS two-way radios. Motorola's sporty Talk About ($149 each) has tough, weatherproof construction, making it the perfect choice for skiers, hikers, mountain bikers and other active types. Cobra's FRS-200 ($160) looks enough like a cell phone to fool people, but

STEVE DIMENO

there's no fee to call home from, say, the neighborhood video store or carryout joint. Radio Shack offers a variety of models (starting around $100), and Motorola's top-of-the-line Talk About Plus ($179, pictured in *On the Scene* on page 179) combines the standard 14 channels with an additional 32 "interference eliminator" subchannels for fine-tuning.

NO-BRAINER SURROUND

It's tough enough to get the sales clerks at appliance stores to direct you to the AA batteries, much less offer advice on home theater audio gear. Fortunately, electronics manufacturers are making it easier on you with all-inclusive setups that sound great and are simple to assemble. One of the best is Bose's Acoustimass 10, a $1300 sound package that includes a complete set of front and surround speakers and a subwoofer with specially prepped cables for fast hookup. We also like Cerwin-Vega's six-speaker Home Theater 100 ($1100). For a more streamlined solution, Sony's Maximum Television SA-VA57 hides amps and a surround decoder inside twin tower speakers. Priced at $1000, the slick-looking setup also includes two wireless (infrared) rear speakers. JBL offers a similar home theater audio system called the esc300 ($1100), with a Dolby Pro Logic processor and amplifier built into the subwoofer. And if you're starting from scratch without a lot of it, consider a bookshelf-style home theater audio setup. Variations by Aiwa, Denon, Harman Kardon, Onkyo, Pioneer, Sansui and Sharp are available for $400 and up.

STEVE BOSWICK

SCAN ARTISTS

Although the paperless office may still be a tree-hugger's fantasy, a computer scanner is a great tool for preserving pulp. One of the most affordable models is Visioneer's Paperport Strobe. This speedy sheet-fed scanner (priced at $300 for PCs and $330 for Macs) allows you to import color photographs, magazine pages or anything else that can fit on a piece of paper into e-mail and other computer documents. The software that makes this melding of mediums possible, Visioneer's Paperport Deluxe 5.0 ($100), is sold with Hewlett Packard's Laser Jet Companion ($250). When connected to HP's printer, this color scanner doubles as a copy machine. Imaging for Windows from Eastman Software ($80) tops Paperport Deluxe with one feature: It sends documents where you want them. Scan in a résumé that has the word résumé on it and the software can forward it online to any human resources department. Business card scanners have also come of age. The Card Scan Plus 300 is a palm-sized device that can decipher the info on a business card and then plug it into an organizer file on your PC.

WILD THINGS

At first we passed off the Megahertz Allpoints Wireless PC Cord ($500, pictured here) as just another expensive toy for sending e-mail and faxes from the road. But now you can use the PCMCIA modem to surf the Web. Wynd Communications, one of the Allpoints' e-mail service providers, offers an option called Web Valet, which allows you to review the text contents of any page on the World Wide Web. Service plans range from $30 to $150 per month. Yes, that sounds steep. But because the wireless service operates via a nationwide network, there are no extra long-distance phone charges. • If you own one of those jazzy new Advanced Photo System cameras—the ones that let you shoot standard, wide-angle and panoramic pictures and promise perfect prints every time—you can now download an entire roll of 25-exposure film into your PC in less than a minute with Fujifilm's AS-1 Filmscan-it. Priced at $600, Filmscan-it comes with Adobe Photo Deluxe (a software program that allows you to retouch, correct color or manipulate images prior to printing).

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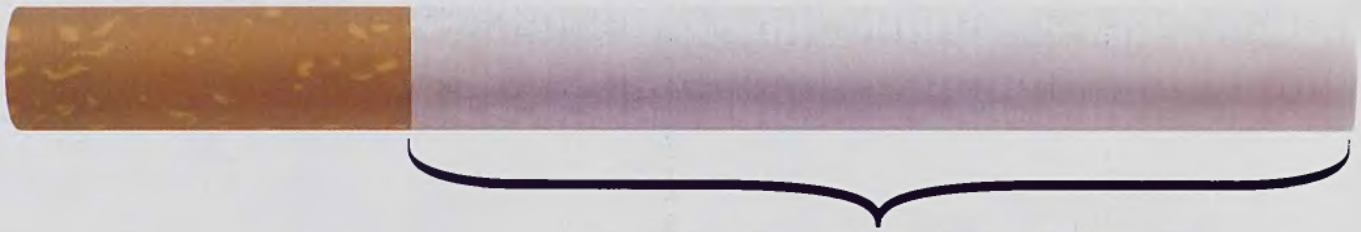

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MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

When asked to name their primary use of the Internet, some undergrads we know said "research." Yeah. And they attend frat parties to study human behavior. The Net can be a valuable tool for school projects, but even surfers with the best intentions admit it's also a great way to kill time. So here's a list of Web sites geared toward the college frame of mind. There's music, entertainment, total nonsense and even a couple of useful URLs, just in case a professor is nearby.

FOR COLLEGIANS ONLY

Student Net (www.student.net): Articles, personals and newsgroups specifically for college students. We especially like the Reject-o-matic, which creates and sends fake rejection e-mail to those braggart classmates who've received dozens of job offers. ***Loci*** (www.loci.com): More of the above, plus a shopping center that sells university clothing, dorm decor and magazine subscriptions. ***Finaid*** (www.finaid.com), ***College Board Online*** (www.collegeboard.org/index.html) and ***Fastweb*** (www.fastweb.com): Cash-poor collegians can use these sites to track down loans and scholarship money.

CYBER SCOOP

Keeping up with the latest techno and corporate lingo is no longer a chore, thanks to ***Jargon Watch***. This pocket dictionary by Hard Wired includes hundreds of definitions for the digital age. If your co-worker says he's been "Dilberted," for example, then he's "been exploited, oppressed and screwed over by his boss"—just like the working-stiff comic strip character. Price: $9.

Scream fans should pick up a copy of ***Principles of Fear,*** the first CD-ROM from horror film master Wes Craven. It's due out this month from Cyberdreams.

FOR THE FUN OF IT

Soapdish: All My Episodes (www.tvguide.com): If you can't plan your classes around *All My Kids*, tune in to this site for the best daytime-soap synopses. ***The Oracle of Bacon at Virginia*** (www.cs.virginia.edu/~bct7m/bacon.html): You've heard of the Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon game. This is where it all started. ***FBI Home Page*** (www.fbi.gov): It's worth a stop, if only to make sure your new roommate isn't on the feds' most-wanted list. ***Driveways of the Rich & Famous*** (www.driveways.com): The public access TV show of the same name is a cult favorite, and now it's online, with pictures of celebrity driveways and hilarious commentary from neighbors, deliverymen, postal workers and other insignificants. ***Charged*** (www.charged.com): The sports site for those who get off on extreme leisure—surfing, snowboarding, mountain biking, etc.

GOOD READS

Bust (www.bust.com): Browse this online version of the hip, chic zine for the grrls' perspective on life. ***Feed*** (www.feedmag.com): In this self-described "journal of thought and wisdom," top-notch writers comment on everything from slacker backlash to high-definition TV. ***Stim*** (www.stim.com): This funky e-zine is written for the college crowd. (A special collegiate money issue, for example, featured an article on how to fund an extended summer vacation and another on creative ways to spend student loans.)

TUNELAND

Internet Underground Music Archive (www.iuma.com): Enter this "pad for hi-fi living" to access the best coverage on the Net of indie and unsigned bands—complete with sound files and a Band of the Week game show. (You vote for a different group each week. The 52 winners vie for Band of the Year and a chance to press a CD.) ***CMJ*** (www.cmj.com): The *CMJ New Music Report* online is as thorough as its paper counterpart. Too bad there's no free sample CD. ***Wilma: The Internet Guide to Live Music*** (www.wilma.com) and ***Pollstar*** (www.pollstar.com): Two great guides to nationwide concert tours. ***Stadiums and Arenas*** (www.wwcd.com/stadiums.html): Point your browser here to avoid getting stiffed for nosebleed seats by a ticket broker. ***Bargain Finder Agent*** (bf.cstar.ac.com/bf): Use this search tool to scan online music stores for the best deals on cassettes and CDs.

Tunes from the underground

THE REAL WORLD

Career Path (www.careerpath.com): Find a job through this roundup of classifieds from major newspapers nationwide, including *The New York Times*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Washington Post* and *Chicago Tribune*. ***The Monster Board*** (www.monster.com), ***Career Site*** (www.careersite.com) and ***Career Builder*** (www.careerbuilder.com): Fill out their surveys (with the career you're interested in, salary levels, cities in which you'd like to live), and these search sites hunt for job matches instantly—even when you're offline. (Prospects are sent to special e-mail boxes, which you can access at each site.) The ***STD Home Page*** (med-www.bu.edu/people/sycamore/std/std.htm): Not to bum you out, but sexually transmitted diseases happen. This page gives you the info you need to avoid them, or to seek treatment. ***Virtual Relocation*** (www.virtualrelocation.com): A great resource for grads who plan to blanket the States with résumés. Calculators at this site, for example, figure what you'd need to make in various cities to achieve a certain standard of living (e.g., that $28,000 offer in Chicago would have to be $41,000 to provide an equally lush life in New York City). ***Map Quest*** (www.mapquest.com) and the ***Speedtrap Registry*** (www.speedtrap.com/speedtrap): Whether you're road-tripping for the weekend or heading cross-country to begin your future, you can start planning the drive at these two Web stops. The former will print you a map and directions to your destination. The latter offers info on avoiding tickets, plus speed traps.

The little gray book of geekspeak

DIGITAL DUDS

Nihilist: This futuristic combat shooter gives a whole new meaning to the term 3-D—dull, dim-witted and derivative.

Encyclopaedia Britannica CD '97: The entire text of the famed reference library has been crammed onto a poorly designed CD-ROM that uses an old Netscape Navigator Web browser as its interfoce. This may be the first digital encyclopedia that will require a door-to-door sales force.

See what's happening on Playboy's Home Page at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.

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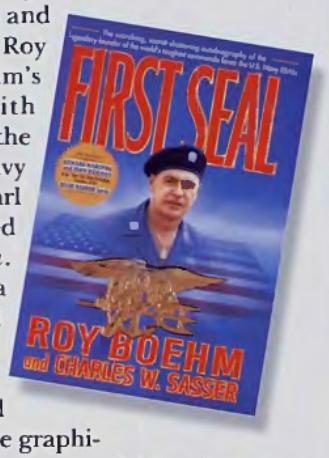
BOOKS

THE REAL ROGUE WARRIORS

Are you tired of fiction? Check out real action heroes the Navy Seals. Writers Richard Marcinko and John Weisman were the first to call them Rogue Warriors and make a buck off their exploits. But Roy Boehm was their muse. In Boehm's memoir, ***First Seal*** (Pocket), with Charles Sasser, he tells his story in the kick-ass style that made him a Navy legend. After the 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor, he dove for corpses trapped aboard the sunken *USS Arizona*. Then he fought in the Pacific, Cuba and Vietnam. In 1961 he was asked to select the first team of Seals and train them in his own image. The Seal myth grew in Vietnam, and their encounters with the enemy are graphically described by Barry Enoch with Gregory Walker in ***Teammates: Seals at War*** (Pocket). ***Good to Go*** (Morrow), by Harry Constance and Randall Fuerst, describes the special-ops adventures of Seal Team Two in Vietnam. But it's the story of those who volunteered for the secret force code-named Studies and Observations Group—told for the first time in ***SOG: The Secret Wars of America's Commandos in Vietnam*** (Simon & Schuster), by John Plaster—that is the kicker no Sylvester Stallone movie can rival.



—DIGBY DIEHL

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Cruising the booths at Book Expo America this year, we noticed thot comics have moved beyond the Sundoy paper and onto best-seller lists (think *Dilbert*). New collections celebrating the genre include ***Tijuana Bibles: Art and Wit in America's Forbidden Funnies, 1930s–1950s*** (Simon & Schuster), by Bob Adelman, in which Moe West and Popeye's pol Wimpy get it on. R. Crumb is bock with o new edition of ***Carload o' Comics*** (Kitchen Sink Press/Bélier Press), a selection of strips from 196B to 1976. Grophic novels such as those in Neil Gaiman's Sandman series (Vertigo) and ***Kingdom Come*** (DC Comics), by Mork Woid and Alex Ross with Todd Klein, featuring an imoginotive superhero Armageddon, are ovailable at comic-book stores. ***The X-Files Collection*** (Topps), by Stefan Petrucha ond Charles Adlard, is even more bizarre than the television show. The future may belong to Art (Maus) Spiegelmon's successors: Both ***Fax From Sarajevo*** (Dark Horse), by Joe Kubert, ond ***A Jew in Communist Prague*** (Nantier Beall Minoustchine), by Vittorio Giardino, ore riding the recent wove of socially conscious comics.

—DIGBY DIEHL

HIGH TECH TRAVEL

Don't hit the road until you have hit your computer keyboard. Fodor's Web site at www.fodors.com replays its weekly two-hour radio show, which covers everything from airfare bargains to tips on tipping. Fielding's guides, in book form, can be somewhat stuffy, but the Web site at www.fieldingtravel.com is downright wild. Check out the Black Flag Adventure Forum or the Danger Finder. A library of *Rough Guides* is available at www.hotwired.com/rough. You can obtain directions to any destination at www.mapquest.com. But the best full-service travel site on the Internet is www.travelocity.com. Remember: Boot up before you pack up.

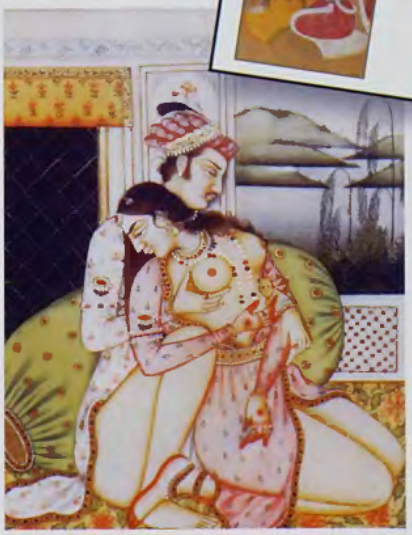
PARKER'S NEW GUMSHOE

Spenser and Hawk have company. The first book in a new detective series by Robert B. Parker, ***Night Passage*** (Putnam), introduces Police Chief Jesse Stone, a former LAPD homicide detective who escaped the rat race for a small town in Massachusetts. The pace is slower, but Parker proves he can still write airtight plots with patches of realistic, perfectly pitched dialogue. New cases appear for familiar gumshoes: Edna Buchanan's ***Margin of Error*** (Hyperion) sticks with her alter ego, Miami crime reporter Britt Montero. In this fifth outing, Montero protects a movie star from a dangerous and clever stalker and finds herself romantically involved with him—against her better judgment. Country singer turned fictional private eye Kinky Friedman meanders through his latest investigation with a bottle of Jameson in hand. In ***Road Kill*** (Simon & Schuster), the Kinkster, with his usual carefree panache, travels to Texas to help out old pal Willie Nelson.

ALEX WALD

—DIGBY DIEHL

SEX IN THE 12TH CENTURY: Hoving mined contemporary sex for oll its joy, Dr. Alex Comfort has now turned to the Middle Ages. ***The Illustrated Koka Shastra: Medieval Indian Writings on Love Based on the Kama Sutra*** (Simon & Schuster), translated by Dr. Comfort, explores all motters sexual, from setting the mood to explicit technique. Accompanied by 120 sensual images, this manual for lovers is hotter thon curry.



—HELEN FRANGOULIS

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HEALTH & FITNESS

JUST THE FLAX, MA'AM

You've most likely heard about the healing powers of omega-3 fatty acids. They reduce inflammation for everything from sports injuries to arthritis, help prevent cancer, protect cells and tissues from degeneration and rejuvenate your bodily organs. For several years fish-oil capsules were considered the best source for omega-3. Now there's a better way, according to Dr. Andrew Weil in *Eight Weeks to Optimum Health*. Eat at least one cold-water fish course per week—salmon, sardines or mackerel. And eat flax or hemp. In oil form, they both are rich in omega-3. Even better, buy the seeds in bulk at a health food store and grind them in a blender or coffee grinder. Sprinkle generously on salads or cereal, or add them to casseroles, breads and cookies. Figure a daily dose of two tablespoons. In the oil form, one tablespoon is plenty.

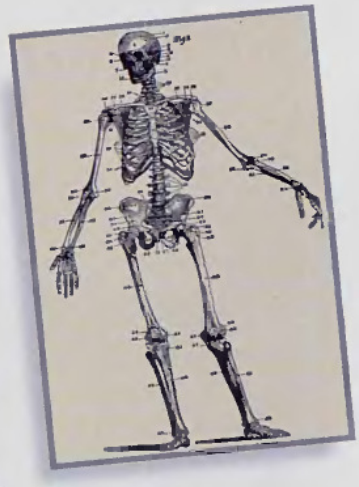
AVOIDING INJURY

It's the season for fall sports—and injuries. Being in shape helps lower risk—and so does tailoring your conditioning to a specific sport. For basketball, with its quick cutting and shifting, you should exercise in powerful bursts. For football and soccer, train for agility and balance. "Try walking on a balance beam, playing hopscotch or leaping over the cracks in the sidewalk," advises Nancy Costello, a Chicago physical therapist. "Balance on one foot and throw a medicine ball. Walk on planks in a parking lot." What goes into your body can also lessen the risk of injury. Drink fluids every 20 to 30 minutes, even if you're not thirsty. "For events over two hours try a sports bar, gel or drink to replenish carbohydrates," says Dr. Mitchell Goldflies, a Chicago sports doctor. You can add support to your knees or ankles with a variety of ready-made braces or with do-it-yourself taping. Contrary to popular belief, bracing and taping rarely impede performance, according to a recent study in *The American Journal of Sports Medicine*. Finally, funky high-tops not only look cool but can also provide excellent ankle support. And, oh yes—don't forget to stretch.

HOME HIV TESTS

If you're asking yourself the question then you probably know the answer: Get an HIV test. The good news, according to the FDA, is that the new home tests provide confidential and reliable results. For about $35 you can buy the HIV-1 Home Access kit in pharmacies, or by mail. (Call 800-HIV-TEST or check www.homeaccess.com.) After pricking your finger with an enclosed lancet, you put several blood marks on blotter paper and mail the paper to the company. Its labs retest positive results several times. Each kit comes with an identification number, which callers use to obtain results over the phone within ten days (three-day express service costs extra). Users with positive results are offered anonymous counseling—the test requires no names, no addresses, no insurance cards, no pictures. That's why we like it. Oral HIV tests, which use saliva, not blood, were approved by the FDA in May 1996. Look for them to be available in clinics.

SICK AND THIN

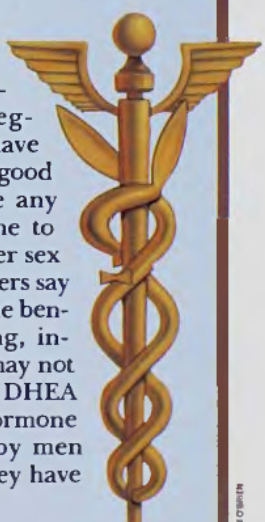


Men beware: Bane appétit.

Anorexia and bulimia are no longer strictly for girls. The number of male victims is growing fast, and the medical community suspects far more are unwilling to seek help because of the stigma attached to these maladies. According to the Harvard Eating Disorders Center, five percent to ten percent of anorexics and bulimics are men—as are 30 percent to 40 percent of those with a binge-eating syndrome. Sixty-one percent of the men in a study by Dr. Devra Braun suffered from serious depression or other mood disorders, believing their best was never good enough. This was particularly true for fitness buffs—or actors, models, certain athletes—whose disorders featured excessive exercise as well as fasting and purging. The good news is that treatment for eating disorders has proved successful. For free information and nationwide support groups, contact the National Association of Anorexia Nervosa and Associated Disorders, Box 7, Highland Park, IL 60035 (847-831-3438).

DR. PLAYBOY

Q: I hear there's a safe steroid on the market. True?
A: You're most likely talking about pregnenolone. This is a natural steroid hormone—like testosterone and DHEA—that decreases as the body ages. Steroid hormones are vital for regulating mood, mental functioning and virility, so it's no wonder there's a huge demand for over-the-counter supplements. The bad news about pregnenolone is that few clinical studies have established its safety or efficacy. The good news is that if you're going to take any steroidal supplement, this is the one to take. Pregnenolone converts into other sex hormones and is relatively benign. Users say it takes several weeks for you to feel the benefits (a general feeling of well-being, increased energy), and pregnenolone may not cause excessive hair growth or acne as DHEA can. Remember, though: We think hormone replacement should be used only by men over the age of 40, and only after they have consulted a physician.



MEN

By ASA BABER

It is the year 2007, and a top secret meeting is going on at the White House. "What do you have for us?" President John Celibate asks Admiral Jane Innocence, chairperson of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

"It is not good news, Mr. President," Admiral Innocence reports. "One hour ago, India and Pakistan exchanged nuclear warheads. Delhi and Karachi have been obliterated."

"Anything else?" President Celibate asks while stifling a yawn.

"Forty-five minutes ago, Israel was attacked by Scud missiles carrying deadly concentrations of VX nerve gas. The damage is extensive. And 30 minutes ago, China took out the island of Oahu, including the city of Honolulu, with nuclear-armed cruise missiles launched from one of its newest submarines."

"Do you know aloha means hello and goodbye?" President Celibate says, smiling. "I learned that yesterday."

Admiral Innocence clears her throat. "Fifteen minutes ago, Germany moved huge numbers of its troops into Poland, the Czech Republic and Austria. Russia is responding as we speak with chemical, biological and nuclear attacks on all our NATO allies. The alliance is in tatters."

"Finally, we get to do things our own way," the president says.

"Mr. President," interjects Ned Truth, director of the FBI, "domestic terrorism continues at a high rate. Last night some powerful bombs exploded in downtown shopping districts in Chicago, New York and Los Angeles."

"Speaking of terrorism," says Regina Sweetness, director of the CIA, "we lost track of ten tons of plutonium that were being shipped to the U.S. from the Black Sea area, and the Burrito Gang, known to be hoarding 16 hydrogen bombs and an Aurora II aircraft-delivery system, is on the loose again somewhere in Latin America."

There is silence in the room as the news is considered. Then President Celibate speaks up: "Is that it? Don't we have any problems besides this boring stuff?"

Army General Jack Purity raises his hand. "I thought you would never ask," he says. "First of all, God bless you, Mr. President."

"And God bless you, General."

"Mr. President, I am handing you files on the Army's top leadership—excluding myself—with the suggestion that these people be relieved of command immediately."

DAVE CALVER

A FEW GOOD LEADERS

"For what cause, General Purity?"

"Sir, all of these men and women, though good warriors, have committed some kind of sexual indiscretion."

"Consider it done, Jack," says President Celibate. "We can't have bad people leading us." He pauses. "Well, we'll have to rely on the Navy. What is your readiness status, Admiral Innocence?

The admiral blushes. "Mr. President, the Navy is pregnant."

"What?" the President exclaims.

"The Navy is unavailable."

President Celibate turns to Air Force General Michael Chastity. "What about you and your troops, Mike?"

"Mr. President," General Chastity says with sincerity, "before I answer that, I have just been handed the news that Istanbul, Turkey has been destroyed by a space-based weapons system."

"I understand," says the president, "but what is the Air Force's *moral* status, General Chastity?"

"I guess you don't remember, sir. Executive Order 6969. Otherwise known as the 'Flyboys Can't Be Pie Boys and Flychicks Can't Be Quick-Fixed' decision."

"I signed that document," the president says. "Executive Order 6969 says that any personnel who stray sexually are to be grounded until further notice."

"Yes, sir," General Chastity says, "but there was also Subparagraph Four of that order, which wiped us out."

"The 'No-Peter-Beater' clause? The 'No-Clit-Twit' priority?" President Celibate asks. "That section grounded everybody in the Air Force?"

"The 'No Masturbation in the Military Nation' proviso? Yes, sir."

President Celibate glowers in frustration. "All right, where is the commandant of the Marine Corps? General Kindness will take care of our problems immediately, if not sooner."

"Sir, there are no more Marines," Reginald Integrity, the National Security Advisor, discloses. "We had to disband them."

"The leathernecks? Disbanded?"

"Yes, sir. Remember the Schroeder-Steinem-MacKinnon Report? It said all Marines are bad people, by definition. The USMC was classified as our horniest military service, bar none. So you said it had to go."

President Celibate stares out the window at the Rose Garden for a moment. "Ladies and gentlemen," he says, "we need a highly moral military leadership. So let me show you my role model for the ideal commander."

There is a gasp in the room as the president holds up a large photograph of a well-known historical figure. "This man was as pure as the driven snow in all the ways that matter," the president says. "He was a vegetarian. He was basically nonsexual. And this is the key: *He was totally faithful to his wife during their marriage*. This man should be our symbol of moral military command."

Reginald Integrity frowns. "Mr. President, that man didn't marry his mistress until World War Two was ending. The wedding was held in an underground bunker in Berlin. The next day, he and his bride committed suicide before the Russians could get to them. He never even had time to cheat on his wife."

"Well, Reggie, you may have me on a technicality, but you'll have to admit that for whatever reason, this guy never committed adultery," President Celibate says, smiling. "And when it comes to the highest standards of military leadership, that is the only thing that counts."

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My husband and I enjoy reading erotic stories together in bed. The women in these tales always seem to have wet panties the moment a man walks into the room. When my husband and I make love, it usually takes at least ten to 15 minutes of touching before I'm wet enough for intercourse. Is this normal?—R.T., Buffalo, New York

Not every woman produces the same amount of vaginal lubrication, just like not every woman is the same height or has the same eye color. The amount may decrease as you get older. Other factors include stress, fatigue, illness and some prescription drugs. The solution is simple but often overlooked: artificial lubricants, and plenty of them. Even if you're naturally slippery, "lubes can be the missing ingredient for great sex," says Michael Castleman, author of "The Slippery Secret of Sensational Sex," a booklet he wrote for the Xandria Collection. "Most lubricants have a texture that's more slippery than saliva. That makes sensual touch feel even more erotic." To order the booklet, which comes with a sample pack of lubes, phone 800-242-2823. A word of caution: Never use petroleum-based products such as Vaseline, hand cream or baby oil with condoms or inside the vagina.

I'm sure you've answered this question many times, but what exactly do women want from men? I haven't had a girlfriend for quite a while, and I'm starting to feel desperate. I've read several books about dating and tried to take the recommendations to heart. They always suggest that you "be yourself," "listen" and "be polite." One book even said, "Don't smell bad," as if I needed to be told women aren't attracted to guys who smell bad. Does the Advisor have any tips? I'm sure you're doing well surrounded by all those Playmates.—P.R., Tacoma, Washington

We get by. If you were to read all the awful books about dating that cross our desk, you'd think there was a science to it—hordes of researchers in lab coats asking women, "Do you like a man who listens to you?" "Do you like a man who is sincere?" "Do you like a man who exists solely to pleasure and serve you?" Those are no-brainers. We get a steady stream of letters from guys asking how to find and date women, as if they were looking for pets. You don't find women—they find you. For his book "Sexpectations" (800-203-4028), Ron Louis interviewed women about their sexual and dating experiences. One bit of advice they offered that rang true was the idea that men shouldn't act desperate. Louis asked sexual wonder Annie Sprinkle for her thoughts on the topic, and she was right on target, as usual: "The worst taboo is to be needy. When you are approaching someone you don't know, don't project your

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

sexual energy and desires out there, but keep moving that energy. Circulate it within your own body and use it to charge yourself. Fulfill your own needs. That way, whatever a woman wants to give you is enough." You don't build confidence in yourself by asking women out and working through the rejection. You build confidence by doing your own thing. Louis suggests that you "do the things you would normally do if you weren't trying to meet women. Go to any place that truly interests you, and women with similar interests will follow."

Every part of my stereo system has been upgraded except the speaker cables. They're the thin white wires that came with my original components. The system sounds fine to me, but I wonder if I should get new cables since everything else has been replaced. If so, what should I look for?—S.D., Providence, Rhode Island

Don't underestimate the power of your cables to enhance the sound of your system. You can do much better than stranded-wire freebies. Shop carefully and don't buy cables without hearing them on your system (reputable shops will provide loaners). Art Dudley of "Listener" magazine recommends Litz or solid-core cables. In Litz cables, each wire strand is individually insulated. The idea is that the cable provides better sound by reducing cross talk between the strands. Solid-core cables include a single, heavier-gauge wire. The brand names to look for include Kimber, Nordost and Audioquest. Expect to pay $3 to $10 a foot.

My girlfriend likes wax. We have found that some candles burn hotter than others. Do you know of any candles that burn cooler? I've asked at a few shops around town, but no luck.—C.P., New York, New York

Been to church lately? The inexpensive, unscented candles you often see there are your best bet for sex play. They're sold at craft stores. Avoid beeswax candles, which burn at higher temperatures. When you use a candle with your girlfriend, hold it high enough to allow the wax to cool slightly before it makes contact with her skin, and rotate it to prevent large drops of wax from forming. Never let the wax pool in one area on her body, which can cause burns. Most important, you should test the wax on yourself first.

I'm having a dinner party for eight friends. How much wine should I buy?—J.J., New Orleans, Louisiana

You should always have enough wine on hand, rather than buying on the fly before each party, so stock up. If you love wine as we do, you can never have enough vintages or bottles for your own enjoyment. You cheat yourself by not buying the best wines when they're ready for you, rather than when you're ready for them. People drink less these days, and of your eight guests, two may not partake, so open two reds and a white and go from there. As you know, the traditional service is champagne with hors d'oeuvres, dry white with fish, Bordeaux with the main course, burgundy with the cheese and port or cognac with dessert.

Why is it that when women want to end a relationship, they say they want to be friends when they actually want nothing to do with you? In most situations, I would like to be friends.—S.Y., Boulder, Colorado

They're being polite. It's difficult to maintain a friendship after a serious relationship, largely because most people don't have the energy for the charade. What usually happens is that the dumper feels guilty. It's not that she dislikes you. If you win the lottery, she'll be happy for you. If you become a huge success, she'll boast about how she dated you (or trash you to Jerry Springer). Meanwhile, the dumpee is thinking, This is just a phase before we get back together. That's why most post-breakup friendships are shams. They are also extremely annoying to the friends you haven't slept with. The Advisor hereby calls for a worldwide ban on any couple saying they are going to be friends after a relationship dissolves. Get it over with, already. You may be friends someday, after you both find new lovers. But not now.

A buddy of mine was telling me about a theory that says if you strengthen your left arm and left leg, your right arm and right leg will grow equally strong.

Sounds like bunk to me, but maybe I'm working with only one side of my brain.—B.N., Venice, California

You're talking about the concept of bilateral transfer, also known as cross-education. Studies have shown that when you train one side of your body, there can be improvements in the other side as well. But these changes are minor at best. Still, some research suggests that exercising one side of the body one day and the other side the next can lead to quicker strength gains (and allow you to hit the gym daily). It also can be helpful for athletes who continue light training after injuring an arm or a leg. As a regular routine, however, it ignores muscles that bridge the two sides and does nothing to develop balance or coordination. Generally, total-body conditioning with 48 hours' rest between sessions is the most efficient way to go.

I am in a serious relationship with a woman I care for deeply. She tells me I'm the best lover she has ever had. She also brags about me to all of her friends. Yet when we go out for drinks or with friends, she flirts with other men and sometimes even with women. How can I deal with this without looking like a jealous boyfriend?—J.L., Victoria, British Columbia

You're not a jealous boyfriend; you're a guy who needs to have more confidence in his ability to hold a woman's attention. Relax. If your girlfriend says you're the one, why doubt her? You don't give examples of what you consider inappropriate behavior, but we assume she's not whispering "Wanna fuck me?" into anyone's ear. Her being friendly and outgoing or flaunting her sex appeal in subtle ways (a wink, a touch)—that's harmless fun, and an art form. Remind yourself that at the end of the evening, this gorgeous woman will again choose to go home with you. The other guys (and gals) at the table are left to imagine.

While my husband and I were window-shopping at a mall, he whispered to me that he had an erection. He said, "My silk boxers are rubbing me the right way." He put his hand in his pocket to disguise his excitement, but I quickly slipped my hand in his other pocket and began rubbing his balls as we walked. I was so aroused I didn't care if other people noticed our antics. Thank God we had driven the minivan so we could lie down in the back, where I sucked him off. Is it natural for a man to get an erection from the way his clothes rub him?—T.S., Jackson, Michigan

You bet. If only it were natural to have a woman stick her hand into his pants every time it happened.

I'm one of the few college guys I know who enjoys going down on women, or at least who will admit to it. Every woman I've been with has told me I do an amazing job. I even got a bloody lip once because a girl bucked so hard during orgasm. I've found that right when a woman seems to reach the peak of her arousal, I always lose track of her clitoris. It just disappears. What's going on?—R.T., Tallahassee, Florida

Concentrate, man! Actually, the clitoris often does appear to retreat at the height of arousal. In its "Guide to Getting It On" (800-310-7529), the staff of Goofy Foot Press notes that clitoris is Latin for "darned thing that was here just a second ago." As a woman becomes aroused, her clitoris swells. As she reaches the plateau phase just before climax, it may disappear beneath its hood of skin. Some researchers now believe this is an optical illusion: The clit stays put but the labia swell, hiding it. Whichever the case, the retreating clit is nature's way of reminding you to stay focused. If you lose track of her clitoris, you have two options. Dig deeper (get your nose in there), or gently explore her vulva and labia until she becomes just slightly less aroused. This will give the clitoris a false sense of security, and it will peek out to be captured by your tongue or finger. Have you noticed how teasing someone into oblivion is often the same thing as bumbling around? Just keep it moving.

I was complimented on my tie by a friend, who then flipped it over to take a closer look. He said tie quality is determined by horizontal lines enmeshed in the fabric. Is that true?—G.B., Orlando, Florida

That scene says more about your boorish friend than about your tie. Did he check the tag on your shirt, too? The bars he mentioned don't indicate quality. They are used by manufacturers to denote the weight of the lining. You can't grade neckwear while it's around your neck. Instead, suspend the tie by the narrow blade—it shouldn't twist. Stretch it slightly to see if it maintains its shape. The finest ties come in three sections instead of two, with both ends of the loop on the larger blade held securely under the center seam. The most important ways to judge a tie are the fit and feel. If it looks good on you, it's a good tie.

One night my girlfriend and I were making out. After a long kiss I brushed her lips with my finger. She opened her mouth and started to suck on it. This was a huge turn-on. I asked a female friend about this and she said all the guys she has dated have had the same reaction. Why does that feel so good?—H.C., Madison, Wisconsin

You know how the American flag makes you think of America? Your fingers (and toes) have an abundance of nerve endings, but that's not the half of it.

Last year my husband of two years persuaded me to confess my most intimate desire. I told him I fantasized about how another man would feel inside me. A few weeks later when we were making love, he pulled his cock out and gave me a passionate kiss. He eased me over onto my back and I sensed another person kneeling between my legs. My husband held my head firmly between his hands and continued our kiss while an unfamiliar penis pushed against my vagina. Reaching down, I helped the stranger into me. His erection was much larger than my husband's. For a few minutes he worked it in and out, pushing deeper inside me with each stroke. This continued for a few minutes. I had the most incredible orgasm of my life, then stayed on the edge of sexual excitement, ready for another. A moment later the stranger ejaculated. I had another orgasm and thrashed about in ecstasy. I had three more orgasms, all as intense as the first. Now I have three problems: First, I have suggested that my husband invite his friend back. But he says "more than once becomes a habit." Why has he turned cold to the idea? Second, I have considered calling the friend for a private performance. I have no feelings for him; he's a dork. But I can't get over how good he felt inside me. Third, I'm pregnant. My husband and I have never used birth control; we decided to let nature take its course. Is there any way of learning who the father is before the baby is born?—R.T., Des Moines, Iowa

Have a minute? Let's reorder your priorities. First, you can find out who fathered the baby, but not without risk to the fetus and not without DNA samples. Once the baby is born, it's easier. We'll classify that as problem 1a (deferred). Second, your husband is insecure about repeating your fantasy because he feels threatened by his friend's prowess (and rightfully so). Perhaps he would consider a different friend, or you could add an extra-large dildo to your sex-toy collection. If you manage a repeat performance, insist that the guy wear a condom. It won't make his penis any smaller. Finally, calling this guy for sex wouldn't be wise. It turns a sexual fantasy you shared with your husband into a sexual lie you share with a dork.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

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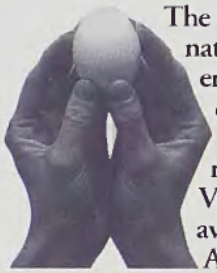

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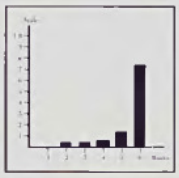

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STUDENT AFFAIRS

who says sex isn't educational?

By Jan Breslauer

I majored in political science in college and minored, you might say, in a few select gentlemen of the faculty. These academic pursuits weren't about grade-digging, nor was I trolling for a Mrs. degree. But bedding a limited number of upstanding scholars turned out to be one of the ace moves of my early educational career. Certainly it was a more enlightening extracurricular activity than, say, the science fiction film series or the volleyball league.

There was the one I'll call Orlando, a European artiste with more than his share of endearing quirks. He used to leave the door of his beach atelier unlocked, so that I'd happen upon him in the midst of whatever—cooking or ranting on the phone in a language I didn't understand—usually buck naked. I thought it lent a certain Continental flair to our assignations. It felt like the height of bohemian chic, watching a handsome gourmand with funny vowels, an uncircumcised penis and an imported cigarette putter in his kitchen.

WILSON MCLEAN

Lounging in his rumpled bed postromp, we'd talk about Mitterrand, Malraux or Mao. Eventually, he'd nod off and I'd slip out from beneath the sheets, pull on my cutoffs and head home to crack the books. I never left, though, without a door prize—a volume of essays by Antonio Gramsci, a Milan Kundera novel, a dog-eared issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Even back then, I was smitten with guys I could learn from—something about the combination of pedagogy and, um, priapic studies. Orlando, bless his classically educated buns, more than fit the bill. He wasn't just another lover; he was my intellectual mentor.

Don't think, though, that what you're going to read about next is a call to the sexual harassment hotline. Nothing could have been further from my mind. I bring up Orlando in order to set the record straight on a few matters. First, I was the one who hit on him, not vice versa. Second, I knew full well what I was doing (college-age women generally do). And third, it was a positive experience. I learned a lot from Orlando, about matters ranging from Marxist aesthetics to the pleasures of a smart man's company. *Veni, vidi, vici.*

Now, I know my experience isn't universal, but neither is it singular. It's time to reconsider the professor-student affair. Certainly, some liaisons are exploitative. But many are not. And banning them all—as a nationwide movement has been trying to do—is the worst idea since those dead white males were bounced off the syllabus. It's based in thinking that calls itself feminist even as it serves to infantilize women: the it's-for-your-own-good-honey school. Thanks, Mom, but no thanks.

Those who oppose the prohibition of professor-student affairs have their work cut out for them. The demonization of these relationships is our culture at its puritan worst. And underlying that is a sexism that's still as American as cutting class to go to the beach.

The debate hinges on the question of consent. Those who want to ban prof-student flings say they're out to protect the female students' interests. Those who oppose such regulations think that a college-age woman is perfectly capable of choosing her sexual partners. They also recognize that the profs, male or female, often aren't the initiators. Looming large is the stereotype of the predatory older man who pressures the young damsel into the sack, leaving her scarred for life. But it's mainly a myth, and a dangerous one at that.

The current hysteria started in the early Nineties with a rising tide of identity politics, political correctness and victim culture. Censorship movements in academe, such as the rash of speech codes, were brought to national attention. At its worst, sexual correctness has attempted to regulate not only private relationships but the discussion of them as well.

Prompted in part by the 1991 Clarence Thomas confirmation hearings, campus administrations began falling over themselves to accommodate students who brought charges of sexual harassment, some of them valid but a number trivial or unfounded. Even before the school hearing concluded, the faculty member resigned (as in the 1995 case of University of Pennsylvania professor Malcolm Woodfield). Most sexual harassment cases have been and still are handled behind closed doors. Together, they amount to a largely invisible inquisition.

At times, university administrators have launched preemptive strikes against faculty-student relationships even when no complaint has been lodged. University of Pennsylvania economics professor David Cass and graduate student Claudia Stachel had had a public relationship for nearly five years when one administrator decided to hold up Cass' appointment as chair of the grad economics program. Even though Stachel would have received her doctorate before Cass had assumed the chair, the administration continued to object on the grounds that the relationship itself was problematic (even though Stachel had not had Cass as a professor or advisor at any point during that time). Cass eventually decided to accept an academic appointment in Italy.

Playwright David Mamet was quick to make theater out of this nasty practice. His play *Oleanna*—which pits a male college professor against a female undergrad who accuses him of sexual harassment—premiered in 1992 and was instantly controversial. It also brought academe into the public discussion of sexual harassment.

But neither the Hill–Thomas conflict nor Mamet's play addressed consenting affairs between two adults. That wasn't what was meant by sexual harassment—at least not at the time. The definition was broadened later by feminist fundamentalists drawing in part from Billie Wright Dziech's *The Lecherous Professor*. Dziech's thesis is that when there's a difference of power based on position, such as that between professor and student, "there can be no 'mutual consent.'" By this logic, even the students who wind up marrying their professors are involved in nonconsensual relationships. Poor dear things.

The movement to ban student-faculty sex hit its stride in 1993, when University of Virginia history professor Ann Lane led a drive to forbid professor–undergraduate student relationships on her campus. Ultimately, she didn't get her way, but campuses across the country adopted copycat regulations. The toughest of the new rules simply forbid liaisons; others advise strongly against them, intimating there will be hell to pay for those who don't heed the warning. From Yale (which is considering a ban on all faculty-student sexual relationships) to the University of Texas at Austin (which says professors should avoid entering into such relationships with students in their classes or under their supervision) to Cal State–Los Angeles (which has a similar ban and frowns upon such relationships even when classes are done), the word from on high is: Don't go there.

I was smitten with guys I could learn from. Orlando, bless his classically educated buns, more than fit the bill.

REVENGE OF THE NERDS

It wasn't long before somebody summoned the moxie to fight back. Barry Dank, a sociology professor at Cal State–Long Beach, had been fighting sexual discrimination movements for more than 25 years. He took the campaign against student-professor sex both professionally and personally. Dank was involved at the time in a relationship with a former student, and he also knew many other couples who didn't deserve the insinuations and charges being thrown their way. "The student-professor relationships I knew of had nothing to do with what I was reading about, that consensual affairs were by definition a form of exploitation," he says. "Hardly anybody was speaking against the banning movement. Male professors weren't coming forward."

Soon he decided to throw his mortar board into the ring. "In early 1994, a big thing happened to me," says Dank. "I was involved in a national conference on ethics and developed a session with four panelists, all of whom were women who had had relationships with their professors, a couple of whom had married their profs. All of them were adamant about their ability to grant consent. They didn't want to be pushed back into the category of children."

In 1994 Dank took his views to the Internet, launching a bulletin board about an organization called the Conference of Academics for Sexual Equity (case@csulb.edu). He also has an Academic Sexual Corrections site (at csulb.edu~asc/asc.htm).

A mission statement on the Web site defines CASE as "committed to the principle of consent regarding intimate relationships. CASE rejects the principle advocated by some academics that academics in asymmetrically related positions be banned from having intimate relationships. Specifically, we regard it as an inappropriate intrusion. CASE rejects the concept that consenting-adult sexual relationships can fall under the rubric of sexual harassment. Sexual harassment cannot occur unless there is unwanted sexual attention."

"During the Nineties, I've seen things get much worse," Dank says. "There's a lot of repression, sexual hysteria, tremendous fear and paranoia. My goal is that in time more people will see the abuse that is going on, and that sexual harassment rules will have nothing to do with consenting couples."

David Pichaske, a professor of English at Southwest State University in Minnesota, wrote in the February 1995 issue of *The Chronicle of Higher Education*: "One of the many things about sex that the neo-Puritans don't understand is that many sexual encounters are initiated by female students. My own experience has been that sexual interaction is more often student-initiated than professor-initiated."

When I started this piece, I assumed I'd have to scrounge for students (current or former) who would talk about

their supine seminars. Hardly. Here are a couple of my favorites:

A premed student at a prestigious northeastern university had a fling with a graduate student teaching assistant in her sophomore year and is now seeing a professor. "I met the prof when I was hanging out at this bar that a lot of graduate students go to," she explains. "I decided to sign up for his class. I didn't need it for my requirements, but I figured that way I could get him to know me. I guess I'm not that interested in guys my age."

A New York–based artist whose paintings were in exhibitions in the U.S. and Austria last year hit on a prof back in her student days. "I did fall in love with a professor, an artist," she recalls. "I asked to do an independent study with him. His work wasn't like mine at all, so he said, 'Why would you want to work with me?' I said, 'Because I want to be near you.' I totally went after him. It was the most wonderful experience I've ever had. Every week we would get together and have dinner, talk about my work. He was my teacher, so he had more of interest to say. It was wonderful, period. A terrific relationship. I don't regret it."

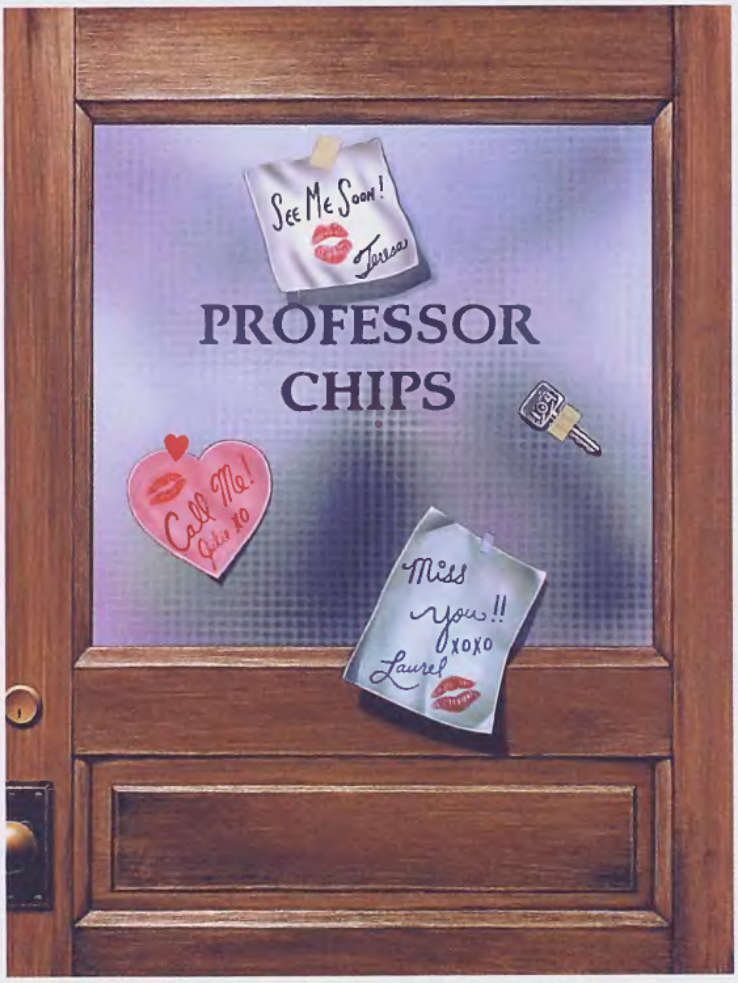
In fact, for a certain stripe of woman, going after a prof is about as common as taking the GRE. "I suppose you have heard how common it is for young women to chase their professors," says Daphne Patai, a professor of Spanish and Portuguese at the University of Massachusetts who married her former professor. "In my experience, it's often the very bright students who do it."

As anyone who has cruised the self-help aisle knows, even smart women make boneheaded choices. But they're still choices. The New York artist, for instance, had one professorial affair that was as crummy as the other was great. Yet she doesn't disclaim it, as today's accusers often do. "This guy was a jerk," she recalls. "I'm sure he was a jerk to all the women he was with. He treated the female faculty he was having relationships with equally badly. But I didn't think of my experience as sexual harassment, nor do I today."

The banning squad says women aren't capable of making judgment calls. But the Supreme Court says teenagers have the right to opt for an abortion without meddling from the government or their parents. The banners argue effectively that women who opt for college should have an even higher age of consent than the standard, which the states variously peg between 14 and 18 years.

Why are these crusaders so hot to clamp down on hanky-panky? "In order to hold the professor to blame students have to be represented as incompetent and unable to give meaningful consent," says Patai, co-author of the 1994 book *Professing Feminism: Cautionary Tales From the Strange World of Women's Studies* and of a forthcoming volume on sexual harassment on campus. "The language of power is being used to reinforce the notion of women as children. It's a bizarre argument to be coming out of feminists' mouths. There's such gross dishonesty about everything having to do with sex, such as the pretense that young adults have no ability to think.

"I'm against attempting to regulate relationships," she continues. "There are principles involved, like free association between adults. I find it astonishing, in a society that professes to uphold certain values—democracy, freedom of speech—to see people throwing that freedom away. The absence of any experience with real totalitarian regimes makes the zealots not see the danger of regulation. In the utopian and dystopian literatures, this is a constant theme: the difficulty people have coping with freedom, and their desire to relinquish it because that will make their lives cleaner and neater. The truly 'pleasant' life is found in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, in which everything is controlled."



JOHN O'BRIEN

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS

I didn't keep in touch with Orlando when I went back East for grad school. My fault, not his. But when I returned to the West Coast in the late Eighties, I decided to track him down. He was living in Los Angeles, where I'd just landed, and we picked up the friendship, if not the sex, where we'd left it a decade or so earlier.

A few years down the line I married a man who seemed to be, at least at first, quite unlike my former college flame. But when I got the two of them together, I realized how wrong I was. Both are political men—socialists, actually—with interest and expertise in the arts. Their appeal has a great deal to do with the intellectual rapport I have with them. Orlando, it seems, had been the prototype.

That epiphany reinforced what I already knew: that those dalliances with didacts had been an important part of my college curriculum. Too bad it's not a class you can repeat for credit.

"The professors were the most interesting men around, and therefore they were the ones I was interested in," says a friend as we reminisce about the good old days. "Who knows? Maybe we learned more because we were playing with men who knew more."

PROFESSOR L*U*S*T

By Ted C. Fishman

Emotions ran high on a Friday in 1991 at an academic conference in Milwaukee. A distinguished professor of English and comparative literature at the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee declared to all that "graduate students are my sexual preference." It was a joke.

That evening, the same professor held court in a hotel bar. A female graduate student who would deliver a scholarly paper on love letters between women joined the group. During an evening filled with sexual banter, the professor complimented the student on her breasts.

Before leaving, the student gave her professor, who was also her advisor, a hug. Here's the professor's description of what happened next:

"We didn't say anything to each other, but somehow the usual goodbye peck suddenly became a real kiss." The professor didn't know who started it. "It seemed to occur simultaneously to both of us, as if spontaneously generated out of the moment." Both teacher and student were into it. "The kiss was brazen and public—and thus particularly appropriate for a conference distinguished by its intellectual and academic daring."

A year and a half later, the student charged the professor with sexual harassment. She described the kiss in her official complaint: Reacting to the feel of lips "mashed against mine, a tongue shoved in my mouth," she returned the kiss. This, she said, was "more a vindictive act than a reciprocally sexual one. I was angry and hurt and saw kissing as a form of revenge, a way to manipulate the professor's desire, knowing I would never go any further."

The school newspaper broke the news: PROFESSOR ACCUSED OF KISSING STUDENTS. A second student had materialized, charging that the professor had made sexual advances toward her which included using a bare foot to rock a chair in which she was sitting.

Both students said the professor seemed to pressure them for sex and graded them poorly or refused to write letters of recommendation when they declined. The case appeared to be one of attempted quid pro quo—the "put out or get out" extortion targeted by sexual harassment law: "Sleep with me or lose your job," or the more subtle "Sleep with me and get a better grade."

The law also prohibits behavior that creates a hostile sexual environment. Most Americans know that repeated unwanted advances are grounds for complaint. Was the kiss unwanted? Such is the state of harassment hysteria that it no longer matters. The university's student handbook forbids such license: "Consenting amorous or sexual relationships between instructor and student are unacceptable." A paralegal working at the university opined that kissing could be considered sexual contact, and "if the students did not consent, the situations might be considered fourth-degree sexual assault."

Would it surprise you to learn that the accused professor is a woman, named Jane Gallop? The conference, site of the kiss heard round the world, was the First Annual Graduate Student Gay and Lesbian Conference, subtitled, appropriately, Flaunting It. Sorry for the gender bending, but it's not every day we run into such a clear example of the new double standard. When it comes to sex, feminists have made a bed in which no one, not even they, can sleep.

Gallop, fully understanding the irony of the charge, has written a 101-page defense of her actions called *Feminist Accused of Sexual Harassment*. It is more than a case of man bites dog. She charges that feminism has gone too far, that the link between sex and power is not the same when a woman is in the position of authority.

She notes that "feminism invented sexual harassment." The label covered male behavior that discriminated against women in the workplace, that made women feel uncomfortable or unwelcome, that made it harder for them to earn a living. It was part of a larger pattern of sex discrimination. After decades of feminist propaganda, most people get it—dirty jokes and sexually charged remarks are weapons of the male hierarchy. They are to sex what the burning cross is to racism—prima facie acts of discrimination.

After reviewing the case, the university found that Gallop had not discriminated against anyone, and that the quid pro quo allegations were without merit. Gallop had never demanded sex, and the evaluations received by the students were deserved.

The investigation did find Gallop guilty of violating the college's policy on consensual relations. The language was broad enough to indict a relation that was "sexual but did not involve sex acts." Gallop says she was found "slightly guilty of sexual harassment."

As she sees it, she "was construed a sexual harasser because I sexualize the atmosphere in which I work. When sexual harassment is defined as the introduction of sex into professional relations, it becomes quite possible to be both a feminist and a sexual harasser."

We read *Feminist Accused* with some amusement. Gallop tries to distance herself from the pillars of "victim feminism"—those who believe women are at such an economic disadvantage that they can never really consent to sex. She tries to distinguish between what she calls "socially coerced heterosexuality and women's actual desires for men. The crucial question," she writes, "is whether women are treated as mere sex objects or whether we are recognized as desiring subjects."

She builds a curious defense, one that seeks a special exemption for women's desire, as if it is somehow more pure than that of men. She asks us to consider "the more exotic possibility of a feminist sexualizer" who realizes that "sexualizing is not necessarily to women's disadvantage." Duh.

She argues that for true feminists, the life of the mind and the life of the loins have always been inseparable. In the early Seventies, she was lured to feminism in part by its ideas but also by the promise of sex. "Thanks to feminism," Gallop writes, "I learned that women could masturbate, and I had my first orgasm. For me, that sea change will always be a central part of what women's liberation means."

Imagine a male professor writing about the liberating effect of masturba-

tion. In today's climate, he would be labeled a sex addict, or worse. Gallop describes her sexual awakening, saying she "had the hots" for the women at campus get-togethers. "When I thought about the women at the meetings, I burned to touch their bodies. I walked around that year constantly in heat." Gallop "learned that desire, even desire unacted upon, can make you feel very powerful."

True enough. But that power, when experienced by a man, is labeled predatory or exploitative by most feminists. Gallop describes a bacchanalia that followed a women-only dance, where budding feminists barricaded the door against a group of male party crashers.

At this party Gallop discovered the power of anatomy. She reveals a breast fetish that in a man would be labeled juvenile. "I remember Becca that night," the professor writes, "a gorgeous young woman a year or so older than me." Gallop says Becca "was the first to take off her shirt and start dancing, revealing the most beautiful breasts I had ever seen. We all danced together in a heap, intoxicated with the joy and energy of our young feminism. The bacchanalian frenzy did not in the least cloud my focus on Becca's breasts. I was dancing with those beautiful breasts, dancing all the harder because I so wanted to touch those breasts."

Can you say sex object? What is vilified as the male gaze is here elevated to worship.

In graduate school at Cornell, the professor-to-be slept with two members of her dissertation committee.

"Screwing these guys definitely did not keep me from taking myself seriously as a student. In fact, it seemed to make it somewhat easier for me to write. Seducing them made me feel kind of cocky, and that allowed me to presume I had something to say worth saying."

If a man said that, he would be accused of enjoying sex as conquest, of scoring, of strutting. But Gallop is right in believing that sex can energize. A sexualized workplace has a creative charge that one doesn't find in a convent. Sexual harassment law may have made the workplace safe for women, but it has also made it antiseptic.

"Sexual harassment creates an environment that is hostile to a student's education," writes Gallop. "My experience was the opposite. I was in an environment extremely conducive to my education, a heady atmosphere where close personal contact intensified my desire to learn and my desire to excel. I learned and excelled. I desired and I fucked my teachers." Which is probably why the student chose to become a teacher, one who occasionally slept with students until she met her current life partner in 1982. "Although I no longer actually have sex with students, I embrace such relations in principle. I resist the idea that what I did was wrong and persist in seeing these liaisons as part of the wide range of sexual opportunities that I sampled as fully as possible in my younger days."

Gallop has become the target of other women: To some of her academic peers, writing in the usually genteel *Chronicle of Higher Education*, Gallop's grad school behavior looks like classic quid pro quo sex. One letter writer complained that "she must have had serious doubts about her own intellectual ability and competence in order to fall back on the oldest profession in the world with two members of her dissertation committee. This admission brings into question the legitimacy of her academic credentials and should be a source of serious concern to her students, potential students and colleagues."

Feminists are supposed to challenge gender stereotypes, but evidently, some of the old labels still apply. Men do not pretend to be Madonnas, nor do they become whores after engaging in sex.

Sometimes Gallop slept with people for fun, sometimes out of sympathy or passion. Some relationships were successful, others disappointing. She claims that in each, it was the student who seduced the teacher. Maybe so, but if a man tried to make that case, he would be cited for blaming the victim.

"I do not respect the line between the intellectual and the sexual," Gallop writes. "Central to my commitment as a feminist teacher is the wish to transmit the experience that brought me out of romantic paralysis and into the power of desire and knowledge, to bring the women I teach to their own power, to ignite them as feminism ignited me when I was a student." Gallop laments: "The chill winds of the current climate threaten to extinguish what feminism lit for me." Yet Gallop has flamboyantly explored sex with teachers and students. She also helped form the gantlet she got caught in.

Feminists have long argued that sexual harassment charges ought to apply only to men. That belief is based on the same perverted logic which holds that only white Americans can be racist. The feminist version goes like this: Only oppressors can harass, and men oppress women. Therefore, men are the only possible villains and women the only possible victims. Gallop seems to believe the argument offers a theoretical shield to women professors who like having sex with their students. Yet when she makes her case for sexual license, she sounds as self-deluded, or horny, as any man would pleading for the same understanding.

If men and women sound the same, why not treat them the same?

READER

MEDICINAL SMOKE

Readers of Dr. Lester Grinspoon and James Bakalar's excellent article on medicinal marijuana ("Smoke Screen," *The Playboy Forum*, June) should be happy to learn of a major legal victory. California's new medicinal marijuana law will continue to function as the voters intended, thanks to a ruling by a federal judge this past spring.

When the federal government threatened to punish doctors who recommend marijuana to their patients, a group of doctors and patients filed a class action lawsuit, arguing that such recommendations are First Amendment–protected free speech. The government's defense claimed that doctors are free to discuss marijuana but not to recommend it. Interestingly, the gullible mainstream media bought this line and widely reported that the government was softening its position—missing the point that a recommendation is necessary to enable patients to use marijuana legally in California.

Fortunately, Judge Fern Smith scrutinized the government's position and recognized that it would indeed infringe upon free speech and punish compassionate doctors. The judge declared that physicians may not be punished for recommending marijuana to their patients.

The federal warriors are showing their true colors: They don't care about people, just about power.

Chuck Thomas
Marijuana Policy Project
Washington, D.C.

This year, the federal government admitted that the war on drugs has achieved nothing. In the past 11 years, after spending more than $300 billion, diverting at least that amount into international organized crime, arresting more than 10 million Americans, overburdening police, courts and prisons, alienating minorities, and creating a rise in crime and a disrespect for the law unseen since Prohibition, the availability, street price and use of illegal drugs remain virtually unchanged.

More than 50 federal judges refuse to hear drug cases. There are more people in federal prisons today for drug charges than the total federal prison population of 15 years ago. Drug czar Barry McCaffrey, Attorney General Janet Reno and other knowledgeable observers state frankly that what we're doing isn't working. But, because Americans dislike admitting defeat and bureaucracies abhor being dismantled, it will be a long time before the war on drugs is officially declared over. Truth, fairness, accuracy and all the qualities we worship in our freedom of the press were abandoned by the mainstream media as soon as the government campaign began. The least we can do is put an end to the wartime rhetoric.

Peter McWilliams
Los Angeles, California

It's difficult for me to find a solid argument against the use of medicinal marijuana, or against its recreational use, for that matter. It's also bullshit that some growers get more jail time than child molesters do. The government needs to pull its head out of its ass and realize that decriminalizing marijuana would not only benefit ailing patients but would also provide much-needed revenue. Hey, FDA, don't fear the reefer.

John Sisko
Salt Lake City, Utah

Regardless of the results of the medical testing of marijuana, a far larger problem has surfaced. The U.S. government was established by the people, for the people. Our representatives are elected to serve the people. The people have spoken, and the government has shown by its actions that it does not represent us. If we buy into the arguments of William Bennett and company that we have been duped, why accept the remainder of the election results as the voice of the people? All results should be considered void by reason of stupidity, and a new, informed election process should begin. When you talk out of both sides of your mouth, eventually you will run out of breath.

B.G. Read
Chandler, Arizona

Thank you for printing "Smoke Screen"—and especially for posting the Web addresses of our resources. The drug war was built on ignorance, and the one thing that will topple it is education. The information in the online libraries will eventually make it impossible for the supporters of the drug war to continue the same old nonsense. Your publication of the Web addresses will help us bring that information to the world.

Clifford Schaffer
Co-founder and Director
Drug Reform Coordination Network Online Library of Drug Policy
Canyon Country, California

I have the highest regard for Grinspoon and Bakalar. I must admit, however, that my recently published book, *Marijuana: Not Guilty As Charged*, is not so polite to those who have caused agony, imprisonment or death to millions of marijuana users. This relatively harmless drug should never have been

HOLY BIBLE
PLAZA
JERRY MCDONALD
FOR THE RECORD
PEEPER KEEPERS
"They take a towel, stick it over the television and put their Bible on top so as to keep sexual desires out of there."
—JOHN MENTUS, HEAD OF THE RHODE ISLAND CHAPTER OF THE PROMISE KEEPERS, ON HOW MEMBERS OF HIS CHRISTIAN MEN'S GROUP AVOID THE TEMPTATION OF X-RATED MOVIES IN THEIR HOTEL ROOMS

RESPONSE

declared illegal.

My credentials as an investigative reporter for more than 50 years include practical experience—I inhaled. Marijuana prohibition was created through misrepresentation and outright perjury by former drug czar Harry Anslinger, who stated: "Marijuana is the most violence-causing drug in the history of mankind. It turns people into criminals, and many marijuana users go insane!"

Barry McCaffrey, a retired general and our present drug czar, dismissed the successful use of medical marijuana as a "cruel hoax." Rather than likening it to something out of a Cheech and Chong routine, the general should read up and then look in the mirror at who is perpetuating a cruel hoax on the ill and dying. As stated in my book, I offer $50,000 to anyone who can scientifically prove that marijuana is not medicine.

David Ford
Sonoma, California

As we argue over the advantages and disadvantages of marijuana use, the pros and cons of prostitution, the rights and wrongs of abortion and the blessings and harms of "obscenity," we are glossing over the fact that all of these issues are matters of individual consent. Those who support restrictions on personal liberty argue that such bans are necessary to ensure the health and financial prosperity of our society. Yet those same politicians claim that they treasure the concept of freedom. You cannot restrict personal choice and still have a free society.

Brian Rodgers
Grove City, Ohio

"Smoke Screen" accurately depicts the promising uses of marijuana as a medicine for cancer, AIDS, multiple sclerosis and other serious ailments as well as the difficulty of getting marijuana approved by a government obsessed with the war on drugs.

Whether marijuana should be legally allowed as a medicine is a separate issue from the question of whether marijuana should be legalized for recreational users. Each issue must be judged on its own merits. NORML understands this distinction, but the drug warriors want to confuse the issues.

According to recent surveys, 79 percent to 85 percent of Americans believe a seriously ill person should be permitted to use marijuana as a medicine prescribed by a physician. The voters in California and Arizona recently approved medical use in statewide initiatives. Millions of seriously ill Americans already use marijuana to alleviate their pain and suffering, but they risk arrest and jail to obtain it. Of all the negative consequences of the war on drugs, none is as tragic as the denial of effective medication to those who need it.

A new bill that would allow physicians to prescribe marijuana to seriously ill patients has been introduced in Congress by Representative Barney Frank (D–Mass.). Those who favor this proposal should urge their elected representatives to support it. Whatever one's view of the war on drugs, denying medication to the sick and dying should never be part of it.

R. Keith Stroup
Executive Director, NORML
Washington, D.C.

In California we now have access to authentic research data. People may safely come forward to discuss medicinal uses of marijuana with their physicians and with researchers. We can finally answer the nagging question "Is medical marijuana a myth?" I look forward to the truth. I hope that our government deals with it before more harm comes to patients and to our communities.

Alan Silverman
Santa Rosa, California

The history of marijuana prohibition is an example of government stewardship at its worst. Never have we come closer to the tactics and mind-set that brought history its most frightening examples of nations in bondage and civil rights in abrogation.

Thanks for promoting the truth in this important fight for justice.

Bruce Alexander
Tualatin, Oregon

ADAM LACK

I read in *Reader Response* that Adam Lack, who was punished by Brown University for a supposed rape, has filed lawsuits for libel, gender bias and negligence ("Brown Update," *The Playboy Forum*, July). I'm proud that some men aren't afraid to stop feminists from taking over men's rights in their effort to control things. Men should also have rights, such as the right not to carry a Breathalyzer to fraternity parties or nightclubs. Sara Klein should have been able to make her own decisions. And if she was stupid enough to get too drunk for that responsibility, she should accept the consequences.

Andrew Coutermarsh
Springfield, Vermont

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

FORUM F.Y.I.

HIV RISKS AND ROUTES OF EXPOSURE

The approximate probabilities of HIV transmission per contact, from lowest to highest, based on a review of many studies in different populations are:

Sexual Intercourse	
Female-to-male transmission	1 in 700 to 1 in 3000
Male-to-female transmission	1 in 200 to 1 in 2000
Male-to-male transmission	1 in 10 to 1 in 1600
Needle stick	1 in 200
Needle sharing	1 in 150
Transmission from mother to infant	
Without AZT treatment	1 in 4
With AZT treatment	Fewer than 1 in 10
Transfusion of infected blood	95 in 100

Source: *The New England Journal of Medicine*

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

MOUNT JOY, IOWA—*When state legislators prohibited nude dancing in businesses that serve alcohol, Iowa strip clubs became juice bars. When lawmakers extended the*

ban to include juice bars, Iowa strip clubs became supporters of the arts. The Southern Comfort Lounge (now the Southern Comfort Theater of Performing Arts) began offering nude figure drawing for $10 a session. "They have art pads and pencils. They have art contests," said the outraged local prosecutor. "They're not going to get away with that." The Iowa Civil Liberties Union has challenged the law.

BLESSING IN DISGUISE

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA—*Why are we not surprised? Two pilots told "The Virginian-Pilot" that medical relief planes owned by Pat Robertson's tax-exempt organization Operation Blessing often shuttled workers and equipment for the televangelist's diamond mining business. After first denying the allegations, Robertson said that the African Development Co. (he's the president and sole shareholder) had reimbursed Operation Blessing for the flights. Robertson says he wants to make a profit from his private business ventures in Africa only so he can help its suffering people.*

PERV'S-EYE VIEW

WHITEWATER, WISCONSIN—*Police arrested the manager of an apartment complex near the University of Wisconsin–Whitewater after they found hidden cameras in a shower and a tanning booth. A 20-year-old student called police after becoming suspicious about a "smoke detector" the manager installed in her shower.*

SEXUAL STATS

ATLANTA—*The Centers for Disease Control says that new cases of syphilis have fallen to a 40-year low. Half of the 11,624 new cases reported last year occurred in just 37 counties, mostly in the South. Nearly three quarters of U.S. counties reported no new cases, prompting health officials to consider a push to wipe out the disease. The most-reported sexually-transmitted disease was chlamydia, with 477,638 cases, followed by gonorrhea (418,068) and AIDS (71,547).*

THINNING THE HERD

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK—*More than 40 Presbyterian churches protested a new policy that forbids sexually active singles from being ordained. The Fidelity and Chastity Amendment states that church leaders must live "either in fidelity within the covenant of marriage of a man and a woman, or chastity in singleness." In a similar vein, the Vatican stated through its semiofficial newspaper that homosexuals can achieve holiness as long as they don't have sex.*

SEXUAL SUICIDE

LONDON—*Research on worms suggests that men would live longer if they could stop thinking about sex. Scientist David Gems found that when male nematodes were put together with females, they lived ten days. When they were isolated, they lived 20 days. (Separating the females had no effect on their life spans.) Evidently the thrill of the chase spurs the male worm to exhaustion and early death. "They move a great deal searching for mates, and their life spans are shortened because of this," Gems told Reuters. Next time, stay in bed.*

NOISY NEIGHBORS

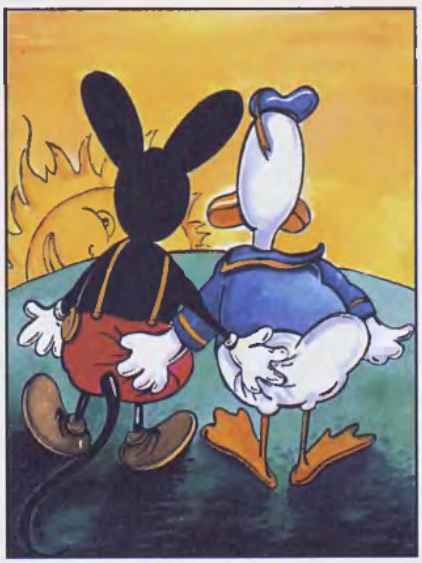
MANASSAS, VIRGINIA—*The owners of a tattoo parlor and a motorcycle shop complained that a new tenant made too much noise and disrupted business. So the Blessed Victory Pentecostal Church agreed to move. "They have a drum set and a PA system," the tattoo parlor owner told "The Washington Post." "The noise was the only problem. The people were nice." Downstairs at Bubba's Cycle Shack, the owner complained that ceiling tiles and merchandise fell to the floor during services. The church didn't put up a fight, said a pastor, because "we're a people of peace."*

LOOKING DOWN ON HEAVEN

MANILA—*A Roman Catholic bishop complained that the necklines on bridal dresses were dipping dangerously low and asked that brides be more discreet. "There are times when instead of saying 'the body of Christ,' I am tempted to say 'Christ, what a body!'" the bishop said.*

MICKEY MOUSE RELIGION

DALLAS—*The Southern Baptist Convention voted to boycott the Walt Disney Co. and all its various divisions—theme parks, movie studios, cable television, its publishers and ABC-TV—because, it says, the company is too sympathetic to gays. ABC airs the lesbian-centric sitcom "Ellen," while Disney provides health benefits to partners of its gay employees and its Florida theme park has been the site of Gay Day events. "You can't walk on the family*



side of the street and the gay side of the street at the same time in the Magic Kingdom," proclaimed the president of the Baptists' morals panel. The reaction of most good and right Americans: Will the boycott mean shorter lines at Disney World?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TOMMY HILFIGER

a candid conversation with fashion's mister america about how to spot a trend, his hip-hop music connections and why homoerotic ads don't work

If you know nothing else about him, you know his name. Tommy Hilfiger has made sure of that. Any fashion designer can slap his name on the seat of a pair of jeans or embroider a tiny yet tasteful insignia on the pocket of his shirts. But Tommy Hilfiger wants more. A lot more.

His T-shirts scream that name in two-inch-high letters or in a huge signature scrawled across his trademark red, white and blue nautical flag. His workout gear reads TOMMY HILFIGER *down the sleeves and around the waist; some jackets have the insignia* TOMMY *emblazoned across the back in characters prominent enough for your half-blind grandmother to decipher in a dark alley. His dress shirts and ties sport a Hilfiger crest so big it looks like a soup stain.*

In 1985 a billboard went up in New York's Times Square that declared: "The four great American designers for men are: R__L__, P__E__, C__K__ *and* T__H__." *The fact that few people had ever heard of the last of the four caused a furor on Seventh Avenue. None of Hilfiger's critics at the time, most of whom considered him a marketing feat rather than a great designer, could have guessed that the Tommy Hilfiger Corp. would become a $600 million (revenue) public company and one of the highest valued "frock stocks" on the New York Stock Exchange. He likes to call his menswear line "classics with a twist," but that phrase says little about his broad appeal. Midwestern dads, rap stars, street kids, yuppies—men of all stripes wear his clothes. Even Bill Clinton has been known to don his ties. And that's what irks other designers about Hilfiger. They say he is more concerned with being famous than with being fashionable, and many simply don't consider him a designer. They say the guy is such a shameless self-promoter that an aide follows him at public appearances with a pile of signed photographs for Hilfiger to hand to fans. In 1995 Seventh Avenue's smart set was so piqued by his rapid ascent that the Council of Fashion Designers of America refused to give an award in the menswear category.*

"Everybody says, 'You're trying to copy Ralph Lauren,' or 'You're the younger Ralph Lauren,'" admits the slim, 5'8" designer whose toothy grin and quasi pageboy haircut belie his 45 years. As he briskly traverses the majestic halls of his New York kingdom like a young potentate, he adds, "Ralph is Ralph. He has a wonderful business, a wonderful empire. And yes, I like his taste level. But I have a whole different thing—much faster moving, much younger, much hipper. We're into a scene, so to speak. I'm part of pop culture."

Indeed, Hilfiger seems to exist in a brash, public realm more suited to a platinum-selling rock star, a milieu at odds with what one has come to expect of an exclusive Seventh Avenue designer. In his Fifth Avenue office, which offers tremendous views of one of Manhattan's great landmarks, the 42nd Street New York Public Library, the contrast becomes even more striking. Amid the requisite baronial touches—20-foot ceilings, a gargantuan mahogany desk, a rack of bespoke English-style duds—rests evidence that Hilfiger looks to more than the past for creative inspiration.

Framed poster-size photos of Mick Jagger and David Bowie, two longtime Hilfiger idols who are now friends, peer down from a wall behind his desk. Propped up on an antique display cabinet in one corner are electric guitars given to him by rock luminaries Steve Winwood, Ron Wood, Mick Jones of Foreigner and Bruce Springsteen. He just received another from Metallica. "I made them some clothes for their last video," he explains. He has also dressed the Spice Girls and No Doubt.

As for the man himself, Hilfiger is a whirlwind of manic energy. At key moments in any conversation, he pauses, as if pondering a point. All of a sudden inspiration strikes and

"A lot of high-fashion people don't think I'm cool, because my clothes aren't expensive enough and my models aren't stuck-up enough. But, then, having a big, successful business gains you a different respect."

"All of a sudden these hip young groups started singing about my clothes. I liked it when Mobb Deep said, 'Tommy Hill was my nigga and others couldn't figure.' I thought that was cool—he called me his nigga!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"I'm younger than Calvin, younger than Ralph, younger than Donna Karan. I'm younger in frame of mind, taste, ability. And everyone wants to look young, so that's a positive."

he sputters to interrupt himself, sometimes midsentence. "Do you want to take a walk now?" he says after one such interruption. "I'll give you a tour." He is the epitome of casual elegance in a crisp white monogrammed shirt, khakis and black Gucci loafers, and he excitedly grabs a three-pocket navy blazer off the rack as we head for the elevators.

At first, it appears Hilfiger is a celebrity among his own ranks. In his design offices, faces light up as he addresses employees—young men and women, black, white, Asian and Hispanic—by name. "Hi, Don! How are you?" he calls out to one African American hipster. "Hi, Tommy. Fine," comes the upbeat response. Unlike most celebrities, however, Hilfiger memorizes an employee "face book" to achieve this effect. Appearances, apparently, count for a lot.

"This is very cool," he says, rubbing a swatch of cowhide between his thumb and forefinger. "You know what we need?" he says to Don, his mind whirring into action. "We need a leather jacket like this"—pointing to the sample—"that has a little label on it, a little flag, and then embroidered on the back, maybe in chenille, 'Tommy Hilfiger. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, California.' OK?" He is talking about his new flagship store, a flashy, half block–long showcase in Los Angeles scheduled to open in November.

All this high-end hullabaloo is a far cry from Elmira, the small, dreary city in upstate New York where Thomas Jacob Hilfiger was born on March 24, 1952. The son of the late Richard Hilfiger, a jeweler and watchmaker, and his wife, Virginia, a nurse who still lives in Elmira, he grew up the second eldest of nine children in a working-class Irish Catholic neighborhood where large families were the norm. "Our nine was nothing like the Sheehans' 14 up the street," he jokes.

As a teenager, he was not a serious student. It was only later that he was diagnosed with dyslexia, but by then the condition had already shaped his persona. From an early age, Tommy was determined to make his mark in other ways.

In the late Sixties he grew his hair long and started grooving to a rock-and-roll beat, much to the chagrin of his straitlaced father. The father couldn't imagine why the son wasn't planning for college and, come to think of it, he didn't care for the hippie scene, either. He wasn't expecting young Tommy to succeed at much of anything.

Hilfiger believes it was his urge to prove his father wrong that motivated him one day in 1969 to take his life savings, $150, and drive to New York City, where he and two partners purchased 20 pairs of bell-bottoms unavailable in their square hometown. Back in Elmira they resold them to friends and parlayed the profits into a small clothing business.

In his senior year in high school he and his two buddies opened a store called People's Place that catered to the burgeoning hippie crowd. By his mid-20s, he owned ten shops in upstate New York—as well as a Porsche, a Mercedes, a Jaguar and a Jeep.

Increasingly frustrated by his inability to find all the mod fashions his customers desired, Hilfiger began sketching his own designs and cajoled manufacturers into producing them. During those years, business took a backseat to creativity, and in 1977, thanks to sloppy management, People's Place went into bankruptcy.

Devastated, Hilfiger moved to New York City with Susan Cirona, a creative director in his Ithaca store whom he married in 1980. Together, the couple got jobs designing jeans for Jordache, though they were quickly fired. In 1984, after various business ventures, Hilfiger got financial backing for his own brand from Mohan Murjani—the Indian tycoon behind Gloria Vanderbilt Jeans.

The marketing push behind his mid-Eighties launch was the brainchild of Murjani and George Lois, the whiz who sold Americans on Volkswagen in the Sixties. While it created some animosity among Hilfiger's fashion industry peers, the advertising juggernaut did the trick. "Our business grew a lot faster as a result," he says.

Soon, the business had outgrown Murjani, and Hilfiger searched for a partner with a global vision. In 1989 he found Silas Chou, the scion of a Hong Kong textile family that was already manufacturing Tommy Hilfiger sweaters. Chou demanded controlling interest (35 percent) in the company, but in exchange, Hilfiger got financial clout. His salary last year was $8.5 million.

Gianni Versace had such connections with music and fashion. He inspired a lot of big names to step out and get on the edge.

In March 1994 rapper Snoop Doggy Dogg wore an oversize Hilfiger jersey on "Saturday Night Live," igniting wildfire sales in a market high-profile designers had previously eschewed—young, urban African Americans. Hilfiger embraced his new audience and was rewarded with a $90 million increase in sales the following year. In fall 1996 Hilfiger introduced a line of casualwear for women as well as a women's fragrance, tommy girl. He recently introduced footwear, and clothing for infants and toddlers. Ahead are home furnishings and higher-priced tailored lines for men and women.

Finally, in 1996, he received the Menswear Designer of the Year award from the CFDA. But Hilfiger continues to set himself apart from the haute-couture pack with the knowledge that these days new styles bubble up from the streets. "Ten years ago, you would look at somebody wearing a backward baseball cap and think something was wrong," he explains. "Now you can go to the Westchester Country Club, or to the White House on a Sunday afternoon, and see people wearing their baseball caps backward." Not that he hasn't hit some snags. A recent smear campaign, disseminated via the Internet, alleged that the designer had made racist remarks on "Oprah" and CNN's "Style With Elsa Klensch," TV shows Hilfiger has never appeared on. "Why would a businessman say anything like that anyway?" he wonders.

Although Hilfiger is notoriously private about his personal life, this much is known: He and Susie have three daughters and one son, ages 2 to 12. They live on a $10 million farm in Connecticut, where a staff of eight tends to a 22-room clapboard residence on the edge of a wildlife sanctuary. Then there are the frequent weekends spent on Nantucket and at the house next door to Mick Jagger's on the Caribbean island of Mustique.

We sent writer **Alec Foege** *to spend time with the busy designer both at his New York headquarters and at his satellite offices in Connecticut. Foege got the scoop on Hilfiger's squeaky-clean success story. He reports:*

"Because Hilfiger is so courteous and friendly, it's easy to assume he's not worried about anything. But beneath the cool demeanor, there is a palpable nervous energy and insecurity. After politely talking for an hour, he'll start flipping through fashion magazines or yell out to his assistant, 'Don't forget to get Mick on the phone.'

"Walking down Fifth Avenue with Hilfiger is a surreal experience. First of all, every fifth person on the street is wearing an item with his name on it. In just two and a half blocks we saw people wearing his sweatshirts, T-shirts, ties and backpacks. There were Hilfiger ads at virtually every bus stop and on phone booths.

"When he's out, he is trailed by at least one bodyguard with a walkie-talkie, a practice he started long before Gianni Versace's murder. But when somebody, bike messenger or businessman, says hello, he says hello back and shakes hands.

"His openness and compassion seem genuine, as does his desire to be the biggest and greatest. Spend a little time with Hilfiger and you start to realize that, in his mind, he is a rock star."

PLAYBOY: What's it like to walk down the street and see your name plastered all over everybody's clothes?

HILFIGER: I'm very proud. However, it's also frustrating sometimes because I see cheap, tacky counterfeits, and I don't want people to think we made those. For a while we were busting people left and right, but it's still happening. There's recourse, but you have to find these people. It's like finding drug dealers.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever wondered if the acceptance of your clothing has anything to do with how your name looks or sounds?

HILFIGER: I don't think it does. It could be any name. If you have the right product, the right advertising, the right imaging behind it, it could say Johnny Hallyday.

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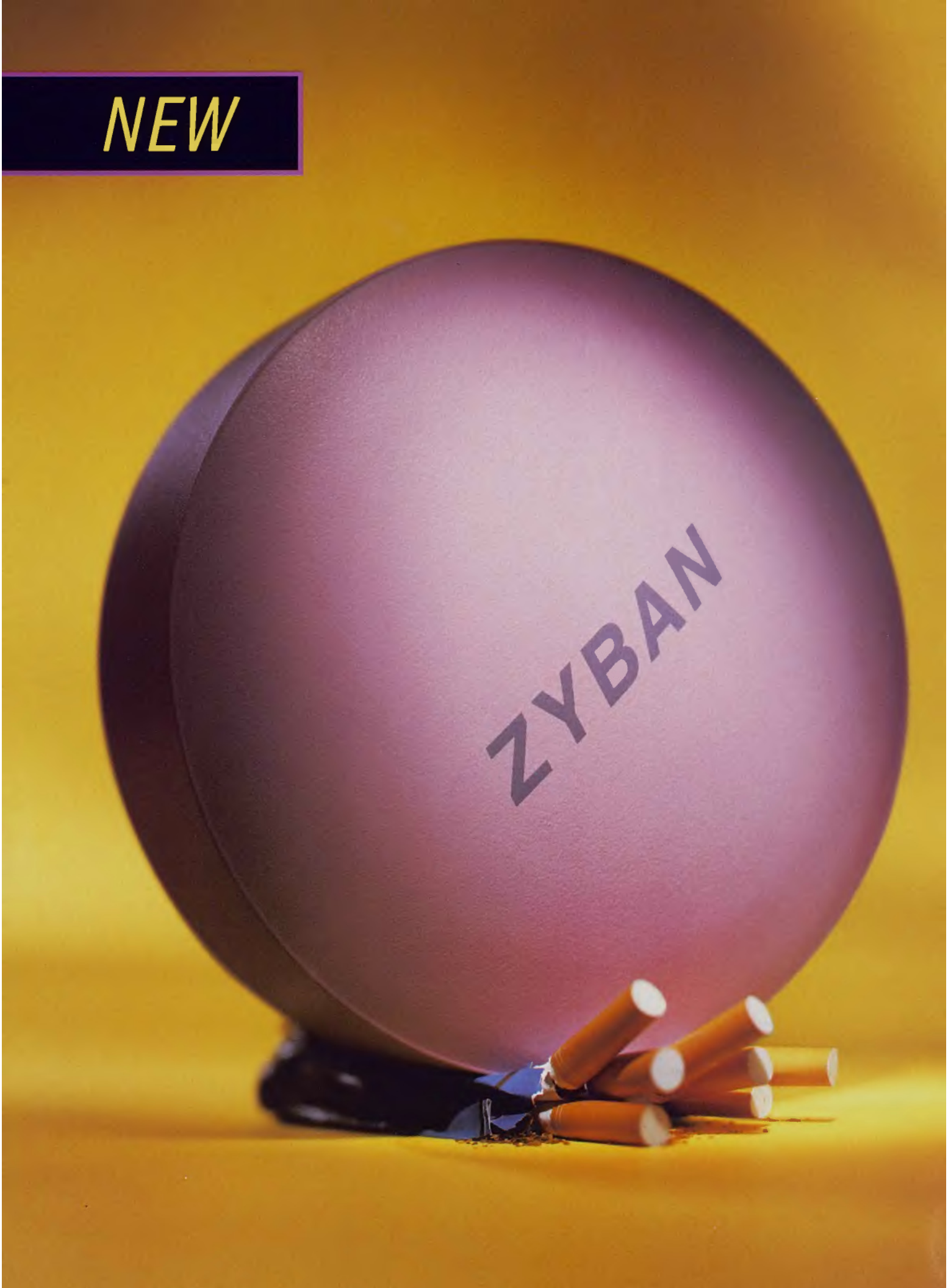
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It's medical, logical, and makes quitting bearable. That's because ZYBAN is a prescription medicine that, for many people, helps reduce withdrawal symptoms and the urge to smoke. ZYBAN helps get you ready to quit while you're still smoking. You set a quit day within 1 to 2 weeks after starting treatment with ZYBAN. It takes about a week for ZYBAN to reach the right levels in your body to be effective. Most people should take ZYBAN for 7 to 12 weeks.

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In a medical study using patient support materials and drug therapy, ZYBAN helped more smokers quit for 4 weeks than Habitrol® (nicotine transdermal system),* a nicotine patch. And unlike the patch and gum, ZYBAN replaces cigarettes with nicotine-free medicine.

What you need to know about ZYBAN

The most common side effects with ZYBAN include dry mouth and difficulty sleeping. There are other risks associated with the use of ZYBAN, so it is important to talk to your health care professional to see whether ZYBAN is right for you. There is a risk of seizure in certain patients (see "Important Warning" section in Information for the Patient on following page). You should not take ZYBAN if you have a seizure disorder; are already taking WELLBUTRIN®, WELLBUTRIN SR®, or any other medicines that contain bupropion HCl; have or have had an eating disorder; or are currently taking or have recently taken a monoamine oxidase (MAO) inhibitor. It is important to let your health care professional know about any other prescription or over-the-counter medications you are taking. ZYBAN is not recommended for women who are pregnant or breast-feeding.

ZYBAN and the ZYBAN Advantage Plan™, a free counseling and personalized support program, are part of an overall plan recommended by your health care professional to help you quit smoking.

SEE YOUR HEALTH CARE PROFESSIONAL ABOUT ZYBAN

For more information, call

1-888-890-2 STOP (2786) ext. 26

or visit our

Web site at www.zyban.com

Please consult Information for the Patient on the following page.

*Habitrol is a registered trademark of Ciba-Geigy Corporation.

NICOTINE-FREE

ZYBAN™

bupropion HCl sustained-release tablets 150 mg

Information for the Patient

ZYBAN™ (bupropion hydrochloride) Sustained-Release Tablets

Please read this information before you start taking ZYBAN. Also read this leaflet each time you renew your prescription, in case anything has changed. This information is not intended to take the place of discussions between you and your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss ZYBAN as part of your plan to stop smoking. Your doctor has prescribed ZYBAN for your use only. Do not let anyone else use your ZYBAN.

IMPORTANT WARNING:

There is a chance that approximately 1 out of every 1,000 people taking bupropion hydrochloride, the active ingredient in ZYBAN, will have a seizure. The chance of this happening increases if you:

- have a seizure disorder (for example, epilepsy);
- have or have had an eating disorder (for example, bulimia or anorexia nervosa);
- take more than the recommended amount of ZYBAN; or
- take other medicines with the same active ingredient that is in ZYBAN, such as WELLBUTRIN® (bupropion hydrochloride) Tablets and WELLBUTRIN SR® (bupropion hydrochloride) Sustained-Release Tablets. (Both of these medicines are used to treat depression.)

You can reduce the chance of experiencing a seizure by following your doctor's directions on how to take ZYBAN. You should also discuss with your doctor whether ZYBAN is right for you.

1. What is ZYBAN?

ZYBAN is a prescription medicine to help people quit smoking. Studies have shown that more than one third of people quit smoking for at least 1 month while taking ZYBAN and participating in a patient support program. For many patients, ZYBAN reduces withdrawal symptoms and the urge to smoke. ZYBAN should be used with a patient support program. It is important to participate in the behavioral program, counseling, or other support program your health care professional recommends.

2. Who should not take ZYBAN?

You should not take ZYBAN if you:

- have a seizure disorder (for example, epilepsy).
- are already taking WELLBUTRIN, WELLBUTRIN SR, or any other medicines that contain bupropion hydrochloride.
- have or have had an eating disorder (for example, bulimia or anorexia nervosa).
- are currently taking or have recently taken a monoamine oxidase inhibitor (MAOI).
- are allergic to bupropion.

3. Are there special concerns for women?

ZYBAN is not recommended for women who are pregnant or breast-feeding. Women should notify their doctor if they become pregnant or intend to become pregnant while taking ZYBAN.

4. How should I take ZYBAN?

- You should take ZYBAN as directed by your doctor. The usual recommended dosing is to take one 150-mg tablet in the morning for the first 3 days. On the fourth day, begin taking one 150-mg tablet in the morning and one 150-mg tablet in the early evening. Doses should be taken at least 8 hours apart.
- **Never take an "extra" dose of ZYBAN.** If you forget to take a dose, do not take an extra tablet to "catch up" for the dose you forgot. Wait and take your next tablet at the regular time. Do not take more tablets than your doctor prescribed. This is important so you do not increase your chance of having a seizure.
- It is important to swallow ZYBAN Tablets whole. Do not chew, divide, or crush tablets.

5. How long should I take ZYBAN?

Most people should take ZYBAN for 7 to 12 weeks. Follow your doctor's instructions.

6. When should I stop smoking?

It takes about 1 week for ZYBAN™ (bupropion hydrochloride) Sustained-Release Tablets to reach the right levels in your body to be effective. So, to maximize your chance of quitting, you should not stop smoking until you have been taking ZYBAN for 1 week. You should set a date to stop smoking during the second week you're taking ZYBAN.

7. Can I smoke while taking ZYBAN?

It is not physically dangerous to smoke and use ZYBAN at the same time. However, continuing to smoke after the date you set to stop smoking will seriously reduce your chance of breaking your smoking habit.

8. Can ZYBAN be used at the same time as nicotine patches?

Yes, ZYBAN and nicotine patches can be used at the same time but should only be used together under the supervision of your doctor. Using ZYBAN and nicotine patches together may raise your blood pressure. Your doctor will probably want to check your blood pressure regularly to make sure that it stays within acceptable levels.

DD NOT SMDKE AT ANY TIME if you are using a nicotine patch or any other nicotine product along with ZYBAN. It is possible to get too much nicotine and have serious side effects.

9. What are possible side effects of ZYBAN?

Like all medicines, ZYBAN may cause side effects.

- The most common side effects include dry mouth and difficulty sleeping. These side effects are generally mild and often disappear after a few weeks. If you have difficulty sleeping, avoid taking your medicine too close to bedtime.
- The most common side effects that caused people to stop taking ZYBAN during clinical studies were shakiness and skin rash.
- Contact your doctor or health care professional if you have a rash or other troublesome side effects.
- Use caution before driving a car or operating complex, hazardous machinery until you know if ZYBAN affects your ability to perform these tasks.

10. Can I drink alcohol while I am taking ZYBAN?

It is best to not drink alcohol at all or to drink very little while taking ZYBAN. If you drink a lot of alcohol and suddenly stop, you may increase your chance of having a seizure. Therefore, it is important to discuss your use of alcohol with your doctor before you begin taking ZYBAN.

11. Will ZYBAN affect other medicines I am taking?

ZYBAN may affect other medicines you're taking. It is important not to take medicines that may increase the chance for you to have a seizure. Therefore, you should make sure that your doctor knows about all medicines—prescription or over-the-counter—you are taking or plan to take.

12. Do ZYBAN Tablets have a characteristic odor?

ZYBAN Tablets may have a characteristic odor. If present, this odor is normal.

13. How should I store ZYBAN?

- Store ZYBAN at room temperature, out of direct sunlight.
- Keep ZYBAN in a tightly closed container.
- Keep ZYBAN out of the reach of children.

This summary provides important information about ZYBAN. This summary cannot replace the more detailed information that you need from your doctor. If you have any questions or concerns about either ZYBAN or smoking cessation, talk to your doctor or other health care professional.

GlaxoWellcome

Glaxo Wellcome Inc.
Research Triangle Park, NC 27709

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The way we have built Tommy Hilfiger is through (a) the product and (b) the image, the advertising, the public relations and the marketing. Having the goods on the right people. Having the merchandise in the right stores. All the right colors. Making sure all the ingredients are right. I mean, look at Calvin Klein. Look at Ralph Lauren. Those names aren't too cool. The product tells the story, and the imaging around the product.

PLAYBOY: Does the product always come first?

HILFIGER: Absolutely. If the product is great, people will buy it. If the product is not great, people won't buy it. People aren't stupid. They understand clearly what they're buying and what's available out there.

PLAYBOY: Did you set out to become a celebrity?

HILFIGER: You know what it is? The more known you become with the American public, the better your chances are of succeeding—if you can portray a positive image.

PLAYBOY: So you're part of the image?

HILFIGER: I'm part of part of the image.

PLAYBOY: And what is that image?

HILFIGER: So far, the image has been fresh, young, healthy, hip. It's been ethnically diverse. Using ads which reflect that has given me a strong foothold in the market. Because when you think Tommy Hilfiger, you think of those images. Those images are positive, whereas some images from other designers are negative. Or different from that.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about the pale, emaciated models in Calvin Klein's ads?

HILFIGER: Calvin has been a genius in his marketing approach. It's not something I would do because that's not my thing. I think some of it has been too negative. I don't want anybody to think negative.

PLAYBOY: President Clinton spoke out against the "heroin chic" look popularized by designers and photographers. Has heroin become an intrinsic part of the fashion world?

HILFIGER: It's really not a part of our world at all. And if it is, we're oblivious to it. We surround ourselves with healthy, spirited, positive people and we haven't experienced any difficulties with the models we use or the people we associate with. Although I believe those types of people would stay away from us as well, because we are the antithesis of what they're all about. It's an embarrassment to the industry, and President Clinton did the right thing in scolding the fashion industry. I don't in any way condone the use of models who look as if they're on drugs. And I won't mention names, but there are other big designers who have condoned it, so to speak. We think that's completely wrong. Bringing it into the open is appropriate because perhaps it will remind people that it's not the right thing to do.

PLAYBOY: How has Gianni Versace's murder affected the fashion world?

HILFIGER: Gianni had such connections with music and fashion that he will be sorely missed as one of the leaders in that game. He was so flamboyant and interesting that he inspired a lot of big names to step out and get on the edge. I believe he was the catalyst in bringing music and fashion together in such a monstrous way.

PLAYBOY: Does his murder give you second thoughts about being a celebrity?

HILFIGER: I've always been security conscious, and I don't think this will persuade me to increase security. I will say that we are surrounded at all times by various security people.

PLAYBOY: What do you make of the trend toward using homoerotic imagery—muscular, naked men—in fashion advertising meant to appeal to straight men?

HILFIGER: Number one, it's attention-getting. Number two, straight men may not look at it as being homoerotic. A lot of straight men might look at it as being—they see a muscular guy, they might want to look like that. But I don't think straight men in general like homoerotic advertising. When I look at male advertising, I don't get emotional unless I like the clothes, or the car in the background, or the height at which Michael Jordan is jumping in the air. Because I'm not a homosexual. If I look at Ralph's advertising I look at the clothes or at the background. "I like that jacket," or "That's a cool color combination," or "I like that helicopter in the background," or something like that. But I also respond emotionally to female advertising, especially if the woman is incredibly appealing.

PLAYBOY: People tend to be dressed in your advertisements.

HILFIGER: Yes. It's much more real. There's usually a group, and they're having fun. They're smiling. They're upbeat, not negative, and very American. A lot of models in other ads have scowls on their faces. My models are usually smiling. There's a difference.

PLAYBOY: How come models in other designers' ads aren't smiling?

HILFIGER: Well, there's a snobbery attached to fashion. For some, it's almost chic to be snobby. I've taken the opposite approach. I think it's a bit tacky to be snobby. It's tasteless. A lot of high-fashion people don't think I'm cool, because my clothes aren't expensive enough and my models aren't stuck-up enough. But, then, having a big, successful business gains you a different respect.

PLAYBOY: Are there any drawbacks to being heterosexual in a business dominated by homosexuals?

HILFIGER: Well, I like women. And in this business, that's sometimes a negative. Case in point: We're setting up a fashion shoot for a women's campaign. The photographer and ad people and casting people want me to see all these girls. So 25 girls come up to the office and I'm supposed to pick the best one or two. First one comes into my office, I say, "She's incredible. She's just beautiful. Reserve her." Another one comes up, and I say, "She has the most incredible eyes." Another one comes up and I say, "She has the perfect body for our campaign. Perfect. Put her on the side also." By now the photographer and the casting person are getting a little frustrated.

PLAYBOY: So what do you do?

HILFIGER: I say, "Guys, I'm confused." Or, I take the modeling books home to Susie, my wife, and my daughter Alexandria, and say, "OK, girls, what do you think?" I grew up with five sisters, so I'm pretty good at dealing with women, but I don't know if I'm as good a women's designer as I am a men's designer. I mean, I can look at a pair of pants or a jacket and know that I like the way it looks. If I look at a skirt or a blouse or dress I think I might know, but I'm not positive. A lot of gay fashion designers probably know what it would look like on their bodies. But, you know, Ralph Lauren is straight. Oscar de la Renta is straight. There are a lot of successful straight male designers. The perception is that no fashion designers are straight.

PLAYBOY: Why is that?

HILFIGER: Because in the old days, fashion designers designed dresses and gowns, and they were effeminate, most of them. But now it's not only about fashion design, it's about running a challenging, global, public company. I'm not much different from Phil Knight at Nike. We're building a product, we're running a business, we're marketing. It's not much different from Apple. It's not much different from running Coca-Cola. Ralph Lauren and I are engaged in something like the Pepsi–Coke war, or the BMW–Mercedes war. We're moving fast and forward, and we're each conscious of what the other is doing.

PLAYBOY: So you feel competitive with Ralph Lauren?

HILFIGER: Absolutely. You know, there are different categories of designers, but both Ralph and I are big in men's casual American sportswear. That's the largest part of the designer business, and we are neck and neck.

PLAYBOY: What would you say to the guy who thinks, I like Tommy Hilfiger's clothes, but isn't he all about marketing? Aren't you just putting your name all over this stuff and selling something that's already available?

HILFIGER: I'm sure there are cynics. They don't really understand it. But then there are people who are pleasantly surprised, who look at the items and say, "I get a certain feeling about who designed this." The way I see it, everyone needs casual clothes, athletic clothes, some sort of dressy, respectable clothes. Body care or skin care or hair care products. Everyone needs belts. Everyone needs

socks, underwear. Everyone needs a necktie. So if I can give people the right items—in the right colors, with the right quality, the right style, in all these categories—then I can have a big, big business creating a lifestyle for these consumers. Now, some will buy everything from head to toe. Some will buy just the shirts. Some will buy only the footwear. Some may get fragrance as a gift. There are different reasons behind someone getting in touch with a brand.

PLAYBOY: What is it about your brand?

HILFIGER: I'm a young brand—not in terms of how long we've been in business but in our focus on the younger person. And everyone wants to look young, so that's a positive. I'm younger than Calvin, younger than Ralph, younger than Donna Karan. I'm younger than any of those designers in frame of mind, taste, ability. Younger things sell to a bigger audience from the start. My clothes go platinum right away as opposed to waiting two years.

PLAYBOY: You clearly take a lot of inspiration from traditional fashions, yet you also seem obsessed with pop culture. Where did that mix originate?

HILFIGER: When I was growing up, my friends and I used to listen to music all the time. We went from listening to the Beatles to the Kinks to the Yardbirds to Traffic. To Zeppelin to the Who to the Stones. Hendrix, the Doors, Joplin. In high school we would sit around and look at the album covers. And whenever there were photographs of the band on the cover, we were more attracted to the music. We wanted to look like those band members but couldn't figure out how to do it, because our parents wouldn't let us have long hair. And we couldn't find bell-bottoms or mod clothes in Elmira, New York. So in 1969 two friends and I put some money together and drove to New York City, where we bought a bunch of jeans. We brought them back to Elmira and sold them to our friends. It was sort of like a new beginning. Anything traditional did not make sense to me. It was a rebellious time. The Vietnam war was going on. It was the year of Woodstock. My life was really changing.

PLAYBOY: You had a rocky relationship with your father. Did that influence the direction in which you went?

HILFIGER: My father was very proud. He wanted his son to go to an Ivy League school. He wanted me to do what he had aspired to do but didn't have the opportunity to do. He wanted me to become a lawyer or a doctor or to get into some stable profession. And he was critical of me and my grades. I wasn't a serious kid. I was silly, always stirring the pot, making trouble at home with my sisters or brothers, always creating a little bit of havoc. I think I really drove him crazy. Then, when I went away with my friends to Cape Cod and Hyannis and came back at the end of the summer with long hair and sandals and bell-bottoms, he was freaked.

PLAYBOY: He was pretty straitlaced?

HILFIGER: Oh, yes. A real Brooks Brothers type. He didn't want his son to be seen in Elmira with long hair and bell-bottoms. My father just didn't get it. He wasn't sure if I was gay or completely drugged out or just rebellious. He didn't understand. "Why would anybody want to have long hair? And why would you want to wear pants that are flared out at the bottom? And straight, normal guys don't wear sandals."

PLAYBOY: Did you dress to antagonize your father?

HILFIGER: No, we just hated everything about the establishment. We thought it sucked. After all, we had tripped on acid and discovered the Beatles and the Magical Mystery Tour. Our parents didn't know about that stuff, so what did they really know? There was this whole peace-love world happening. Why would anybody want to go to Vietnam? But my father wanted to live by the book. He really believed. He served in the Army, so why shouldn't I? Looking back, I think my father was saddled with too much responsibility. Finances were always an issue, having nine children to support. It was a tremendous responsibility. I mean, I have four children and it's, like, major.

PLAYBOY: What is your family's background?

HILFIGER: My father was third-generation German. Bavarian. My mother is third-generation Irish. Real blue-collar. But in dealing with his clients, my father met wealthy people from Old World families. He saw the way they lived and knew where their children were going to boarding school and college. But I was not predicted to become successful. I got terrible grades in school.

PLAYBOY: You suffered from dyslexia?

HILFIGER: I still have a problem identifying certain letters and numbers. But in those days, I couldn't figure out what was wrong. I felt really bad about myself in school when I couldn't get the work. Everybody thought it was because I was a screwup. I used my class-clown routine so they wouldn't think I was completely stupid, so there was a reason Tommy wasn't passing algebra. It was because Tommy wasn't in class half the time, and when he was there he was making people laugh. That's why he didn't do well. I didn't want anybody to know that I didn't get it.

PLAYBOY: That must have been scary.

HILFIGER: It was scary when I brought my report card home. I had to repeat tenth grade. It was pretty embarrassing.

PLAYBOY: Did you graduate from high school?

HILFIGER: Yes, by the skin of my teeth. I think they graduated a lot of us just to get rid of us.

PLAYBOY: Did you try college?

HILFIGER: I went to a community college for a semester and then to Cornell University for about a week. I hated it. I hated the idea of having to be in a class at a certain time, having to be responsible to this book and this teacher and this thing that was going on, when my business was my real love and passion.

PLAYBOY: But you persisted.

HILFIGER: If I couldn't go through the door, I would go over, around, or dig a hole to get under. I wasn't going to stop. I've always had a tremendous amount of confidence in myself. Even though I was a jokester, I was serious about making money. I knew it wasn't going to come from my parents or from a scholarship to Brown or Harvard. So I opened a small boutique called People's Place with a couple friends in Elmira and sold these clothes along with all the appropriate gear of the time. Candles, incense, pipes, papers. The works.

PLAYBOY: Would you call it a head shop?

HILFIGER: Actually, we called it a boutique. But there was a head shop within the boutique. And it was very successful. I became fanatic about the music and the fashion.

PLAYBOY: How did you manage to run your own store at 18?

HILFIGER: We opened the doors at three in the afternoon when we were seniors in high school. The business was ticking and it was an absolute thrill to be part of. It was the smell of the incense burning in the store, the colors of the pants stacked up. The music playing. The customers walking in. I mean, all these cool kids. It was like a hangout. But on the other hand, it was a serious business. After that, we opened stores in Corning and Cortland and Ithaca. The store in Ithaca was cool because Cornell students, kids from all over the world, came in and loved what we were selling. Then I started thinking, I really want to design the clothes. I don't want to buy from manufacturers, I want to give them the ideas. So I talked with some manufacturers. I had to talk my way into it, but a couple of people gave me breaks.

PLAYBOY: Did you know anyone who knew how to design?

HILFIGER: No. No.

PLAYBOY: Did you even know what a pattern was?

HILFIGER: Vaguely. But I was smart enough to know I could hire somebody to do what I didn't know how to do. I also knew it was about the marketing of an idea.

PLAYBOY: Did you understand that way back then?

HILFIGER: Yes. I knew there had to be substance behind the marketing, but I wanted to figure out the concept. Not just the clothes but the marketing of the clothes. Displaying the whole thing. I went to rock concerts all the time, and I played a lot of the music in my stores.

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BOSLEY MEDICAL PATIENT, AGE 29. BEFORE (LEFT) AND AFTER (ABOVE) NATURAL HAIR RESTORATION

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PLAYBOY: What was a defining rock concert for you?

HILFIGER: October 1969. Rochester War Memorial, Rochester, New York. Led Zeppelin and Spooky Tooth. Picked up my friend on the way and we drove to the concert, tripping on acid. We sat in the faraway stands. We watched Robert Plant swing his microphone around with Jimmy Page playing *Communication Breakdown*. Chills ran through our bones. And they were dressed in, like, this English royal rock gear. That was a distinct turning point. From that moment, I wanted to be a part of that world. My friends would sit at a concert and appreciate the music, but I was into the persona of the band.

PLAYBOY: How come you didn't start a band instead of starting a store?

HILFIGER: Some people can pick up a guitar and start playing. I was responsive to fashion. It came easy for me. I was able to pick the right clothes for my customers and make my stores look great. I had the touch. When I couldn't find exactly what I wanted to offer my customers, I started sketching items I liked on a pad of paper.

PLAYBOY: Were the sketches based on these rock performers?

HILFIGER: Whatever I liked. The music was a strong inspiration, but I also began traveling. I went to London, where the Carnaby Street thing was coming on strong. King's Road was a happening place. The New York Dolls came on in New York. David Bowie was just coming out. And music and fashion were, like, joined. The Stones were really hot, and Mick and Keith, Bowie, T. Rex, Elton John and Freddie Mercury were setting trends with what they wore. I wanted to design their clothes. I wanted to go into the design business.

PLAYBOY: Even though you had no formal training?

HILFIGER: Right. But I had no formal training as a retailer, either. I hired the right people, surrounded myself with—well, at the time, who I thought were the right people. Besides, I didn't like the responsibility that came with owning a business. I just wanted to design.

PLAYBOY: What were your first designs?

HILFIGER: Jeans and jeanswear. Bell-bottoms and jean jackets and jean vests. Jean shirts.

PLAYBOY: You were designing clothing for hipsters. Did you think about fashion differently from the way you do now?

HILFIGER: Nowadays, I'm probably a lot more in tune with what the mass consumer wants. Back then I was thinking more about individual items. Now I do collections.

PLAYBOY: Is that easier?

HILFIGER: Actually, it's somewhat easier to think about. If you design a theme, like a nautical theme, it's easier to think of a lot of items than just one item.

PLAYBOY: Where do those sorts of themes come from?

HILFIGER: From the outdoors, travel. The world today.

PLAYBOY: Can you be more specific?

HILFIGER: OK, I'm on Nantucket in the summer. I'm on a boat. And I'm thinking of what it must have been like to be a captain on a boat in the Thirties. How he would have dressed, and how the crew would have dressed. Then I'm looking at a fishing boat off yonder, and I'm thinking, What do you think those guys wore back then? Then I see a windsurfer in the harbor and I look at what he's wearing. I see his girlfriend standing on the beach, and I think, Wow, she's great, look at what she's wearing. Then there's a bunch of kids on the beach in a Range Rover with a surfboard on top. Then I put all that into a blender and I start coming out with great ideas. I picture something in my mind and then get it designed.

PLAYBOY: Are you somebody who walks through the streets and looks at what everybody's wearing?

HILFIGER: Yes, always. I love color and I love vibrancy. I love newness. I also like people, and every person has something different to offer. You can't always get the whole picture just by seeing something. Sometimes you have to talk with the person who's wearing it. You have to talk with somebody who knows something about it, like some of the kids who work for me who are snowboarders and skateboarders. I'll just say, "Hey, guys, what's happening?" And they will say, "Tighter-fitting, bigger, baggier. Neutral colors, brighter colors." I mean, sometimes you have to pry a little.

PLAYBOY: Some people would say a designer should set trends, not follow them.

HILFIGER: Well, honestly speaking, we're not reinventing the wheel. Not one designer reinvents the wheel. They redesign designs. They re-create and they put their touch on existing designs. Skirts and pants and dresses and jackets and sweaters and T-shirts and polo shirts have been around as long as sewing machines, thread and cloth. But the good designers figure out something new to do with them. I've taken classic, traditional formulas and changed them. I make them newer, fresher, more interesting, more fun. More stylish. More colorful. I've added all sorts of detail, I've reengineered fits, I've treated fabrics. I've made most of these clothes more comfortable. I've made them with great quality and made them affordable.

PLAYBOY: How does that distinguish you from Calvin Klein or Ralph Lauren?

HILFIGER: They all have their formulas. Rolls-Royce has its formula. BMW has a formula, Mercedes has a formula, Ford has a formula. They all make cars, but they're all different.

PLAYBOY: But Tommy Hilfiger is a cut above. Your stock is arguably the most successful in the history of the apparel industry. How have you been able to build a strong business in such a faddish environment?

HILFIGER: You have to give them the next, whether they're hip-hop kids or college kids or doctors or lawyers. And you have to make damn sure the next is great merchandise.

PLAYBOY: When did hip-hop stars start wearing your clothes?

HILFIGER: My brother Andy [director of public relations for Tommy Jeans] brought me a bunch of hip-hop groups. He said, "Tommy, these groups are very hip. And they love your clothes. Let's dress them." So we dressed Snoop Doggy Dogg for *Saturday Night Live*. And all of a sudden these hip young groups from Harlem and the Bronx started singing about my clothes. And I thought it was cool. A lot of people, uptight Wall Street people, said, "What do you think about all these hip-hoppers wearing your clothes?" I said, "I think it's pretty great." That got back to the hip-hoppers and I think they looked at it as if I was embracing them. Which was true. So I began surrounding myself with street people to get more of a grip on it.

PLAYBOY: A lot of hip-hop artists have mentioned your name in their lyrics. Do you have a favorite?

HILFIGER: I liked it when Mobb Deep said, "Tommy Hill was my nigga and others couldn't figure/How me and Hilfiger used to move through with vigor." I thought that was cool—he called me his nigga! But you can have every rap group singing about you and still not have the right stuff. It's got to have the right fit, it's got to be great quality, the right price, the right weight. It's got to be the right product.

PLAYBOY: Some blacks criticize white designers for fostering a consumerist desire for expensive clothing among kids who can't afford it. How do you respond?

HILFIGER: If these kids weren't buying my clothes, they'd be buying somebody else's. Plus, I actually give back to the community. We're running a business and we're making what we think is a better product. I hope we're doing the right thing.

PLAYBOY: How come you've never designed a high-couture line?

HILFIGER: I've always wanted to sell clothes and make money. I didn't want to design clothes and lose money. I also didn't want to design clothes that would end up in a museum rather than on people's bodies. If you look at success from an artistic point of view as well as a commercial point of view, you can be successful. Some designers want to control everyone and everything and that's when they run into problems.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any plans for a couture line?

(continued on page 172)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who takes his java with Java, whether he's socializing at the Internet Café or logging on at home. More than 1.3 million PLAYBOY men used an online service this past month, and ten percent of men who downloaded software from the Internet are PLAYBOY readers. Four million PLAYBOY men use computers at their home or work. That's more than the readers of *GQ* and *Esquire* combined. PLAYBOY—it's the place to plug in. (Source: Spring 1997 MRI.)

COED CONFIDENTIAL

tapped kegs, tight jeans and broken hearts. eight sex-crazed sorority girls earn a degree one weekend at a time

article By ALISON LUNDGREN

From the outside, the house looks like it might be the home of a double-income family. It's painted white and has a well-kept lawn that harbors a few piles of freshly raked leaves. Inside, the living room is furnished with a large wraparound couch, an entertainment center with a 19-inch TV and a kidney-shaped glass coffee table. If not for the row of sorority paddles that hangs on a wall, you might never know it's the crash pad of eight college students at the University of Illinois. The most obvious signs of life are in the messy bedrooms. Michelle, a freckly, svelte blonde and the queen of serious relationships, had sex with Brad in her bed today. Oddly, hers is the only one that's made. Papers, textbooks and clothes are strewn about. Bookshelves and tables are covered with group photographs from sorority functions. A picture in Kat's room shows her and two other girls in a tipsy pyramid. "I don't even remember being in that picture. I think I puked that night," she says, laughing. Kat is the resident smartass. She's in lust with Jack, a guy she tends bar with. Although they've been "shacking" at least once a week for the past six months, he wants nothing more than a sexual relationship.

The girls call their house the Big Poppa, after the song by the Notorious B.I.G. Kat, tossing back her dark hair, explains, "At the end of the night, even if we don't have a guy, we always have the Big Poppa to come home to."

FOUR P.M. FRIDAY

Ah, happy hour. Students toting backpacks head straight from class to the nearest bar. They're looking for cheap drink specials first; good music is a distant second. On the weekends

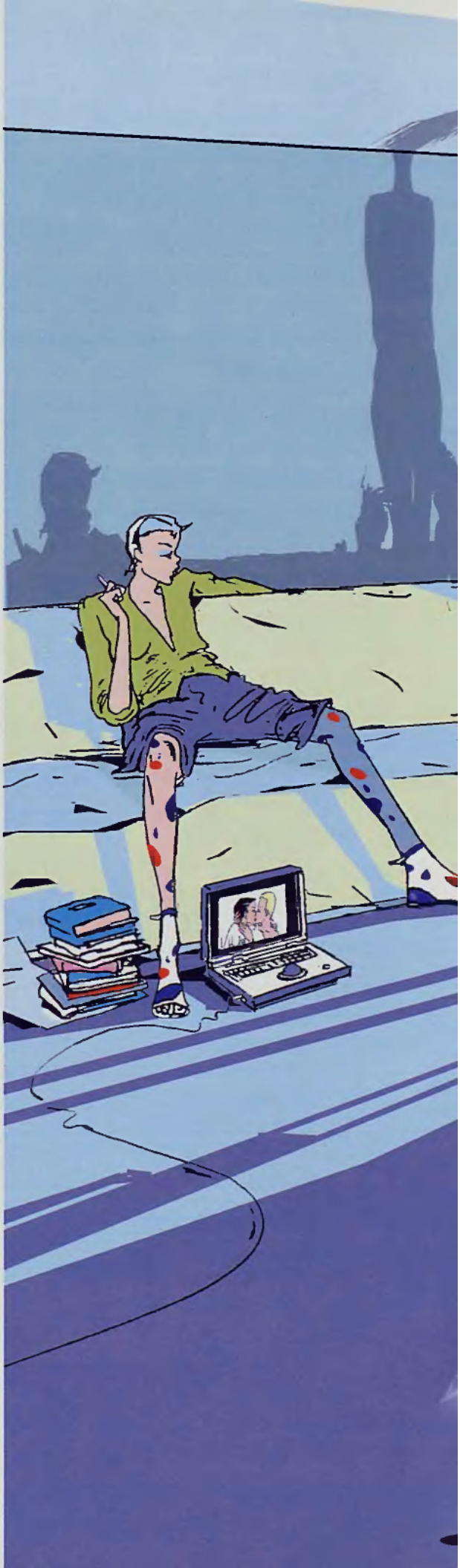


ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

at the U. of I., there's always a reason to whoop. Even fair weather merits a celebration.

This afternoon Kat, Amanda, Christine and Liz are sprawled on the couch watching *Oprah* and nursing hangovers. Liz, a spunky redhead, is the only one who made it to class today.

Jen zips through the room. She's half dressed and has a peculiar red spot on her neck. "I just burned myself with the curling iron—total hickey. Not cool." She has two potential boyfriends to juggle this weekend: PJ, who lives in the frat across the street, and Vic, her best friend from home.

Sara, a petite cutie pie with blondish hair, is plopped in a chair next to the couch. Her thin, muscular legs hang over the chair's arm. "I thought Jen was going to throw up on the bus last night," she says.

"Didn't she?" Amanda asks coyly.

"She puked, but it was in my bed," says Karen, a glossy-haired, full-figured babe, from the floor in front of the TV.

A true friend is one who holds your hair back while you puke. Karen did it last night for Jen and for Chuck, her current obsession. "In high school they used to call me Mom. I took care of everyone," she says gloomily.

Jen returns dressed and ready for happy hour. Sara looks aghast. "I can't believe you're going out so early," she says, glad to move off the distasteful topic of puking.

"I'm not going to start drinking yet. I'm driving," Jen says.

"I'm ready," Karen says. "Don't forget that the purpose of this weekend is for those of us who don't have barn dance dates to get barn dance dates. And it's a lot easier for me when I'm under the influence." The girls look at her and smile. They're for anything that will get Karen a date.

A barn dance is a sorority function where everyone dresses in flannel shirts and jeans, hops on buses and heads to a local farm for an evening of hayrides, bonfires, drinking and dancing. At the last barn dance, Amanda went to pee behind the barn and noticed someone's ass going up and down. A couple was having sex in the cornfield. The next day, Amanda told her friend Janie, who turned bright red. As Kat says, "Immediately, we knew it was her. And we're like, 'Well, we hope you were on top, right?' And she's like, 'Hell yeah, I didn't want to get shit all over my back!'"

As *Oprah*'s credits roll, Karen mopily heads to the shower. She hasn't had the best luck with guys lately. She took Chuck to Wednesday night's impromptu, a last-minute party whose object is that invitees must find a date ASAP, and the two "totally started macking." But when they got into his bedroom and she took off her shirt and bra, she was humiliated to find that he didn't want her. "Not once did he touch my butt or my chest," she says, amazed. "When I left, he gave me two pecks. He never asked me for my phone number or said 'I'll talk to you' or anything. I saw him last night at after-hours. We started talking and he put his arm around me. Then he fell down and passed out. I slept on his couch. I left this morning without saying goodbye."

Christine, a humble beauty with dishwater-blonde hair, comes downstairs in a robe and with a towel on her head. She's holding Herbie Handcock, the house mascot. "So how'd Herbie make it upstairs?" she asks. Herbie's a nine-inch dildo decorated with a tuft of black hair and a red ribbon around its shaft. Although it's never used for its intended purpose, the girls have made a game of hiding it around the house (Karen's coat pocket, Kat's backpack, Amanda's bed).

"Wednesday night after the impromptu everyone came back to our house," Kat says. "Everyone was wasted, but me and Michelle were stone-sober and trying to study. They showed the guys the dildo and our penis mug and everything. It was so embarrassing. But all six guys shacked."

"Untrue," Christine says in her usual laid-back tone. "My date, John, and I were in my room and he's all itchy and coughy and I ask him what's wrong. He goes, 'Is this a down comforter? I'm allergic to down.' He's allergic to the damn comforter—I had to take him home!"

Jen, Michelle and Brad are good to go, but they want to pound a few Bud Lights. Beers in hand, they sit down near the rest of the roommates.

"Kat and I were talking about how often we get with guys," Liz says. "Kat compares her rate to holidays, but mine is like the Olympics—it happens once every four years." Liz just ended a four-year long-distance relationship. She's excited to be single. On Wednesday, as Kat points outs, Liz met a guy named Mike, and they shacked.

"Actually, we've all gotten lucky with guys lately," Kat says.

FIVE P.M.

The watering hole of choice is packed. It's filled with sports memorabilia and has a huge, wraparound bar, 20 TVs and ratty booths lining the walls. There's a Weezeresque band playing on the dance floor in the corner. Two pitchers comin' right up.

"We have to pace ourselves, or else we won't make it," Karen says, ever the pessimist. She slams her first beer and fills her cup again. The "Monster" pitchers cost $9 each, with a $3 deposit. Three beers and 30 minutes later, pacing notwithstanding, Karen rhapsodizes about the time she hooked up with a stranger from another school. "He was a model. Greasy hair, Italian Stallion—I loved it. I hadn't had even a kiss for six months. We got totally wasted and started macking on the dance floor. We went back to the Poppa and within a minute we were completely naked. Jen's passed out on the bed right next to us, but we don't care. We're totally going at it. Next thing I know, Kat busts in. We're on top of the covers and we're like, 'Kat, get out!' She's like, 'What are you guys doing?' We're like, 'Out, now!'"

Karen doesn't need to be in love to have sex. She just wants to know that he's going to call, that she's going to see him again. "I contemplated having sex with him," she says, "but I would've had to get out of bed to get a condom, which meant walking naked in front of him. So we did everything but. Such a hottie."

"But the next morning you didn't even talk," Michelle points out.

"I was completely uncomfortable. What do you say? He's going back to his school. I knew it was a one-night thing."

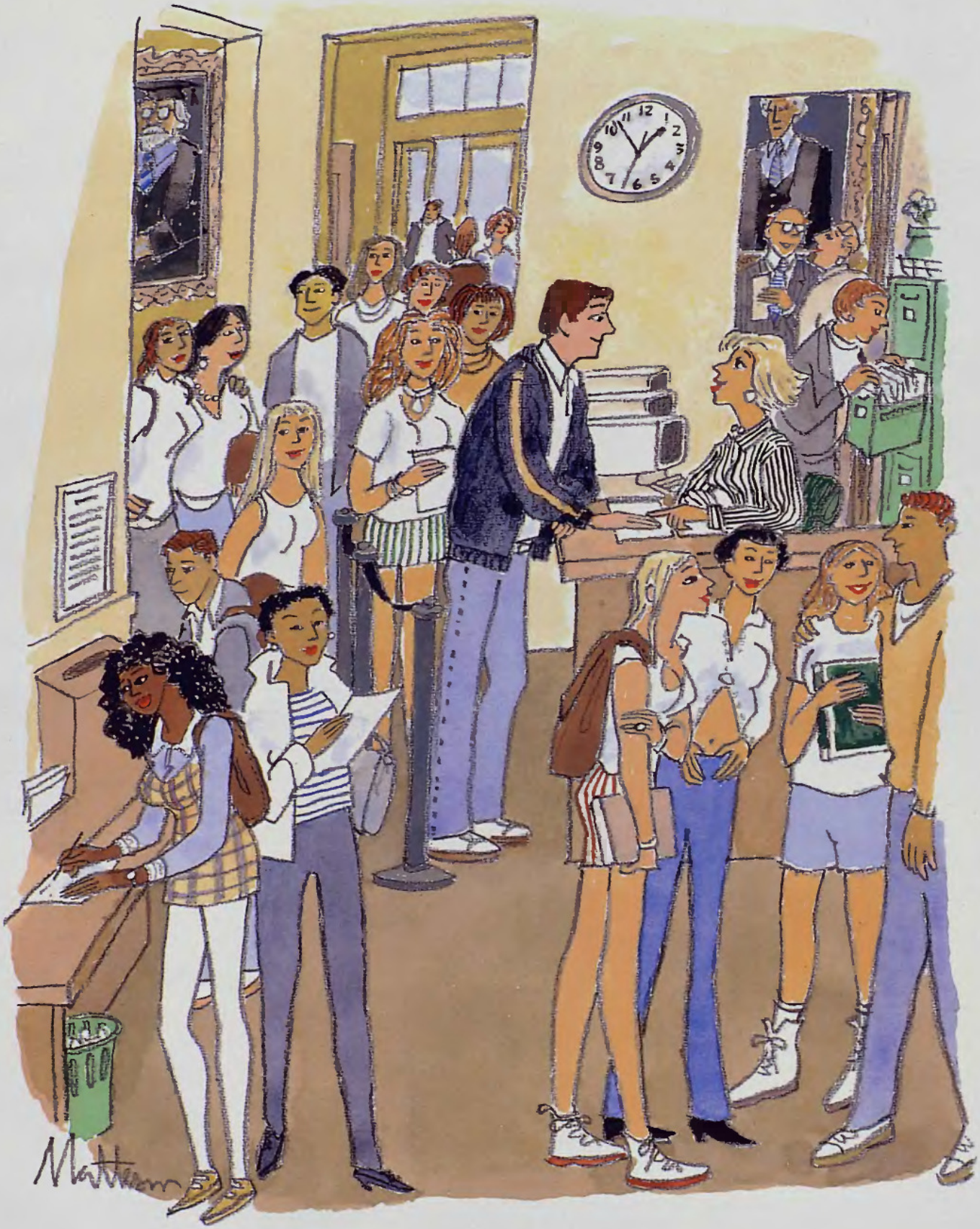
The last time Karen slept with someone, he didn't call. "For five days all I did was smoke pot and get completely wasted. I'd pass out on the bathroom floor, and I never get that bad. I had sex with him because he made me feel petite and beautiful—he knew exactly what I needed to hear. I wanted to sleep with him again, not because I liked him but because I wanted to experiment more. I felt so comfortable around him."

The rest of the roommates break through the crowd to where Karen, Michelle and Brad are sitting. "Hey, I can get $3 pitchers," Kat says, ready to use her employee discount. The sighs of relief are audible. She fills her cup, waits for the foam to subside and takes a long, been-in-the-desert drink. Jack, her fellow bartender and boy toy, is on her mind. "My relationship situation is like the economy—it's an ever-growing deficit. No matter how many powerful men try to change it, it just gets worse. When I hang out with Jack I smoke excessively, I gamble. A great influence on my life. All my roommates are like, 'Are you nuts?' They hate him."

"No, we don't," Liz says. "We just think he doesn't appreciate you."

"It's my libido. No matter what the brain says, it's always the libido. But I'm starting to like him a lot. I don't

(continued on page 161)



"It's a college where your chances of graduating are about one in three. However, your chances of getting laid are better than nine in ten."

meet the psychologist all the crooks rave about

MAD ABOUT CRISTINA

You do not want to work with Cristina Barone. Wanting the doctor herself is another matter entirely: Men of all sorts make passes at Cristina, a 28-year-old clinical psychologist. But few of us would want her job—evaluating and counseling criminals in a Los Angeles jail.

In *The Silence of the Lambs* Jodie Foster plays an FBI trainee who is trying to psych out Hannibal Lecter. Cristina does it for real. To help judges decide which inmates are mentally fit to stand trial, Cristina must enter the minds of criminal

Cristina Barone works with some of the hardest of Los Angeles' hard guys. "My job is scary. It's risky. It's hard work. Criminals are manipulative. But when you get through to them—when a macho gang member breaks down and cries—it's also very rewarding," she says. "Of course, my father wishes I had a nice safe desk job."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

suspects. It's dangerous territory. Some write letters to the pretty therapist, or ask her out on dates—after they are released, of course. In her first months on the job Cristina learned that bad men are often narcissistic. They'll talk about their sexual prowess, their conquests, trying to intimidate her. But she can handle it. "It gives me something to work with," she says. "Even antisocial talk is better than indifference, which gives you nothing to work with." But then who could be indifferent to her? Raised in Yokohama by her Japanese mother and U.S. Marine father, Cristina excelled in sports as a schoolgirl, then turned to hitting the books. After graduating from California State University–Dominguez Hills, she earned a doctorate in psychology and landed her current post. "That's when I decided I had focused on academics long enough. It was time to develop my external self." Working with a personal trainer, she honed her body to a standard that matches her intellect. Then, typically, she challenged herself. "Everybody grows up with PLAYBOY. Now I wanted to be in it." What Cristina calls "my latest adventure" led her to us. Here's hoping PLAYBOY readers react better than most of the men she dates. "They say I'm too analytical. OK, I admit that I need intellectual stimulation. Is that too much to ask?" Surely it isn't. For while her talk of behaviorism, narcissism and sociopathy may sound like professional jargon, Cristina's true genius is actually quite simple: She may be the only shrink whose looks can drive you sane.

Cristina gets real all week at work (right), then kicks back on weekends with Rollerblading and weight training. "I value both internal and external development," she says. Cristina's prescription for romance: one part cognition, one part passion. "Passion is what separates us from other animals," she says.

Unlucky in love, Cristina has watched her girlfriends "get married, while I keep looking for someone. I've dated Japanese men, but I was too independent for them," she says. California musclemen tend to be daunted by her vocabulary. "Use a four-syllable word and they look at you funny." What to do? "I'm giving it time. Maybe the next man will surprise me."

CRUDE, DUDE!

no pads, no equipment, no fear. college rugby is a badass subculture of violence, booze and stone age sex

article By SHANE DUBOW

IT'S THE pregame drink-up in Carbondale, Illinois. The keg has been tapped, and the game—as played by the Southern Illinois University's Men's Rugby Club on the eve of the season's last home match—is fast, formless and, to an outsider, apparently unencumbered by rules, save one: Your dick must touch skin. Dick tag. The idea is to penis-poke an unsuspecting teammate, preferably in public, ideally while he chats up a girl. No one announces the game has begun. But as awareness dawns, a certain knowing posture spreads through the room. Players take to resting exposed hands on their heads, well above the crotch zone, an effective defense until the "it" guy launches himself off some piece of furniture, pelvis first, fly open, pink steel puppy on the loose. Or until a player—uninitiated or too wasted to care—sits down.

A rookie, dipping Skoal on the sofa in this cramped student house, has just been tagged. Someone's flaccid business just brushed his face. "Fucking fuck," he sputters, wiping his cheek. "What the fuck? Fucking fag." He is a fresh-faced newcomer trying to fit in. "It's dick

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

tag," explains Christian "Kraft" Long, 20, a lanky team favorite who has been showing me around. The rookie scans the room, as if searching for more direction, a means to make sense of what's going on. Which pretty well sums up what I'm doing too.

The party careens on. Alternative rock blasts at a volume that blocks sound from outside. The television flashes sports highlights. In a locked first-floor bedroom, Kraft's pal, 28-year-old player-coach and league disciplinarian Conn Ciaccio, watches video porn. In the kitchen, a crowd of maybe 50 jostles for beer. Thus far, the question for the night is "Where's WKU?" The Hilltoppers from Western Kentucky are tomorrow's opponents. In rugby, unlike most major collegiate sports, tradition has it that warring teams socialize off the pitch—as the field is called—leaving behind the biting, fisticuffs and bruising collisions the sport is known for. Of course, the sport is also known for its alcoholic excess, the inclination of its players toward public nudity, public pugilism and fierce allegiance to peers in need.

No wonder rugby can seem bewildering. *Rugby* magazine, perhaps the sport's premiere U.S. voice, unflinchingly runs items on how to curb game-time criminal assaults or deal with public urination. Notre Dame banned its rugby team for having naked beer parties and for recording those parties on videotape. Here in corn country, the SIU Salukis pull similar stunts. A year ago, a certain team president managed to get himself tackled partway through the wall of a hotel room. Further back, several players recall a certain road trip involving a chartered bus and the bus driver who was abandoned at a gas station for suggesting the team couldn't drink en route. Then there was the Viking Party that included the decapitation of live chickens. And the ritual called Flanus, during which stripped rookies line up on a roof, six feet of toilet paper dangling from each naked butt until the paper is ignited and the flames climb up. Last to pull out his paper wins. The temptation is to write it all off as mere insanity, campus craziness gone too far. But I've come with a different agenda—to take in rugby culture, bear witness to its rituals and attempt to comprehend the codes of conduct that make it make sense on its own terms.

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First, some background. Rugby, a 19th century British import, is now the most popular collegiate club sport in the land. Club sports serve those undergrads unwilling or unable to play varsity sports. Hence, many clubs act as repositories for athletic orphans. Rugby clubs, in particular, tend to take on a distinct persona—part fraternity (or sorority, as the case may be), part do-it-yourself athletic co-op, typically existing without the ability to recruit, award scholarships or even secure a salaried coach. Almost always, these clubs are underfinanced and student-run. Almost always, they slip beneath the administrative scrutiny given NCAA-sanctioned teams or nationally chartered Greek societies. At SIU, for example, no one in the Office of Intramural-Recreational Sports is prepared to micromonitor a club player's academic standing. That sort of policing, if it does occur, is left to the whim of each club's democracy.

Still, prior to my visit, the Salukis had been warned. They'd fielded calls from the regional unions, or rugby conferences, to which they belong, plus calls from USA Rugby—the sport's governing body—the SIU intramural sports office and the SIU Office of University Relations. A journalist was coming. Best behavior was to be enforced. Illinois Union president Steve Montez would arrive to personally referee the upcoming game. With some 650 collegiate clubs and perhaps 25,000 collegiate players, an estimated 300,000 U.S. rugby enthusiasts and an annual growth rate reported to be 30 percent, the sport has a lot of momentum to protect, not to mention a lot of long-standing image problems to combat. The goal, according to folks at USA Rugby, is to legitimize the sport and secure more corporate sponsorship, à la Reebok's recent endorsement of the U.S. national team. But in the words of one USA Rugby staffer who asked to go nameless, "I'm not going to blow smoke up your ass. At this point, the social components of the game have become actual parts of the game, like the third half. The partying and the playing, they're not mutually exclusive. And we're having a hell of a time trying to divorce them." Or in the words of coach Conn, speaking to the team's officers before my arrival: "This week, let's just try and be cool."

So where is WKU? After a five-hour drive, a handful of "old loads"—recent team graduates—blows into the party asking this same thing. Already the crowd consists of three types: current players—lots of slanty shoulders and denim-splitting thighs; social club members, who merely drink; and queens, the term used to denote females of any shape brave or stupid enough to frequent rugby functions. Now the old loads enter the mix—heads bobbing, beers sloshing, high-fiving all around—and everyone cheers. Kraft is visibly excited. "These are the guys," he insists, "who taught me about college life. They'd be like, 'Shower? Fuck shower, just go out.' Now, because of these guys, I feel like I'm part of something, a heritage. I mean, when I first joined the team, I was reserved."

It helps to know some more about Kraft and Conn. Kraft—tall, loud, his upper lip pocked with scar tissue from a drunken fall—is known to be crazy in the sense that he'll say anything to anyone. Conn—squat, intense and a disillusioned ex-Marine—is known to be concerned about keeping the craziness somewhat contained. Otherwise, they have more than a few things in common. Both want to become teachers. Both grew up near Chicago. Both, like most ruggers I've met, hail from broken homes. Kraft rarely sees his dad. "The last time he came down here was after I'd been in a car crash and was arrested. He said he thought I'd lost a little focus and asked what I was going to do about it. He was at my house, which had not been cleaned, and there were, like, mushrooms growing on the kitchen floor. I said, 'I'm going to make better decisions, Dad, and cut down on my drinking.' Yeah, like that could happen."

Conn hasn't seen his father in 22 years. "My dad was in prison. I joined the Marines to pay for school. I started playing rugby because I needed something, an outlet. Also, I think, the team felt a little like family. But that's pretty deep stuff for most guys on the team. And they might have to do some self-examination to get to that, and that might be intellectually challenging or emotionally painful, so they'd just be like, 'Let's go kill somebody. Let's go drink.'"

Kraft and Conn. Whenever the party consumes them, I orbit the crowd, stomaching flat suds, dodging bared foreskin, ignoring the sour smells of wet chew and cigarette ash—none of which, along with tomorrow's promised bloodletting, seems appealing. Later, when I meet Damian, a former high school jock, I gain further perspective on why anyone would choose to participate in any of this. "I was looking to stay in shape," Damian says. "I heard everybody makes the team. I heard you get to hit people and drink a lot, and those sounded like things I could do."

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When the keg runs dry, the party gravitates toward a local drinking establishment featuring pool tables, plenty of television screens, a dance floor, a long bar, two beer troughs, a largely female staff garbed in short shorts and

(continued on page 142)

"The fangs stay!"

BACK TO CAMPUS FASHION

BY HOLLIS WAYNE

sweaters earn their stripes and jeans make the cut in our fall classic

By the time a date winds down back at your dorm, the only fashion issue left to worry about is the proverbial "Boxers or briefs?" Trust us—she wouldn't be in your room if you had failed her image test. She has already scoped your package from top to butt. What's the lesson? One bad jacket can ruin your whole semester. No more grungy flannel overshirts or Eighties bomber jackets. Today's outerwear is about length—at the least, your car coat should reach your hips. Think functional, too, since some of your best dates will include a late-night stroll across campus or an afternoon at the stadium. V-neck sweaters are back in a big way, especially when they are tinted with retro horizontal stripes. Blue is the jeans color of choice (the darker, the better), but you'll be faced with a variety of options when it comes to the cut. Extra credit: If you want your girlfriend to keep returning to your room, you should also know how to throw together a decent outfit in case she asks you to a party hosted by the dean. Good clothes are all about feeling rich without necessarily having any money.

There's nothing watered-down about the quilted nylon jacket by Massimo (this page, $195). It has a happening faux-fur collar. Underneath, the young salt is wearing a V-neck wool sweater by Diesel ($119) that has a nice stripe at the collar and chest pocket. Khakis are forever. The canvas pants from DKNY ($85) have been updated by the addition of cargo pockets.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON MOE

This page: A simple strall on the boardwalk can be a style showcase. Note his nonchalant grin as his hand slides higher on her slim waist. Somewhere under his napa leather car coat ($375, from True Grit) and cotton sweater ($56, from 26 Red), she is reciprocating. His JNCO wide-leg jeans ($50) have large pockets and are best worn low. It's an understated look, enhanced by his sweater's groovy, vibrant stripes. To top it off, every hipster under the fall sun will be wearing a wool floppy hat from Massimo AXS ($32). And if you must know, her outfit is by Spooky and her shoes are from Kenneth Cole.

This page: Yaur dream girl wants collars that laak gaad enough to eat and fabrics that are soft and tactile. This guy's got it going on—front, back and sideways—in a Fair Isle waal sweater by Nicole Farhi ($250). Facing page: Yau can't major in snowbaarding, but you can look the part. As you earn your diploma, you can also earn the respect af yaur female classmates (and sometimes their grades are the only ones that count). Our man is wearing a slalom jacket by Guess ($128). In keeping with techie trends, it has a nylon shell in high-visibility colors. Underneath is a cotton crewneck sweater from 525 Made In America ($68). His navy jeans are by Jeans Dolce & Gabbana ($165). She's looking good in a jacket by Spooky, a shirt by Chaimpal Sermimant, a skirt by Kenneth Richard and baots by Betsey Johnson.

Think warm thoughts. Even without a beautiful companion, you'll be hot in the killer combo of a peacoat and a denim jacket worn in place of a long-sleeved shirt (left). Both items are by Polo Jeans and cost $198 and $85, respectively. His shiny stretch jeans are a polymide-Lycra blend from Todd Oldham Jeans ($118). Long a club favorite, stretch fabrics have left neon colors behind and entered the mainstream. So have chunky soles—he's wearing suede high-top boots by Diesel ($115). Facing page: Don't err by donning so many layers that she mistakes your belt buckle for something else. He's wearing a velour field jacket with bellows pockets ($299, from Diesel), a cotton sweater with chest stripes ($72, from Guess) and indigo carpenter jeans ($65, from Polo Jeans).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.

HAIR BY GABRIEL SABA FOR JOHN SAHAG WORKSHOP N.Y.C. MAKEUP BY LEA SIEGAL FOR MAKEUP FOREVER AT NORDSTROM WOMEN'S STYLING BY CANNON FOR JEAN GABRIEL KAUSS

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

The Kind of Luxuries We Felt We Deserved

dad's new wife is a drag. her son is a snitch and her daughter has this habit of coming to my room at night. this ain't the brady bunch

fiction By Jonathan Blum

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

My stepbrother Donny's 12th birthday was all boys and Melanie, my stepsister. I deejayed, but it was no use. Donny and his friends just grouped up in a half circle behind the turntable and kept requesting the same three Van Halen songs. From our spot near the sink, Melanie and I watched the boys bump shoulders while one of them tried jumping into a half-split in front of the refrigerator. After a while, Melanie got sick of the Van Halen and told Donny that his friends had no chance of ever getting girlfriends if this was the coolest they knew how to be. Finally, the boys got bored and began poking around the house for some action. A few of them ended up in the garage fooling around with my free weights and looking through Donny's new *Car and Driver*, and the rest took off behind the pool and started smoking a joint in the backyard.

Melanie wanted to dance now on the Chattahoochee stone floor of the screened back patio. She was looking tight and nasty, and she knew I'd want to see her shake that body. In the bathroom earlier I had stood aside while she whipped her hair around getting ready for the party. She'd asked me to smell the rose-citrus perfume on her collarbone and tell her whether I thought Bobby, her old boyfriend, would like it. I put my nose in her moussed hair on the way down. She knew I was in the bathroom to see what she had on. A black nylon shirt and a big yellow beach towel. We had bedrooms across the hall from each other.

When I wouldn't play the song she wanted, Melanie went to her room and called a guy. I could hear his truck gurgle up to the house a half hour later. She clapped her heels down the hallway tiles and called one of Donny's friends a starved little pervert on the way out. The boys who had been smoking came back inside and wanted to get into the liquor, but I wasn't about to let them do that.

"Stop giggling like it's your

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF CROSBY

As in previous yeors, students in Morsholl Arismon's closs at New York City's illustrious School of Visuol Arts competed to illustrate the prize-winning story in our College Fiction Contest. This yeor's winner is Jeff Crosby (see illustrotion on the previous poge). Runners-up (this page, clockwise from top left) are Ed Lom, Aileen Boyce, Dong Kwon Yoo ond Teri Sonders.

first time," I said, "and maybe I'll let you watch some cable."

Our parents came home before the good movies started. Liz brought a sheet cake from Publix for Donny, with a Matchbox car and the number 12 in blue plastic on the icing. For a present she had gotten him a pair of ten-pound dumbbells, the kind I had told him to ask her for. Donny's friends wanted to take their paper plates back outside to listen to more Van Halen on the patio. My dad asked where Melanie was.

"I have no idea," I said.

"What do you mean, no idea?" Liz said.

"She didn't tell me."

"So she just left?"

"I'm telling you, lady," my dad said. "Your daughter is out of control."

"Listen you, friend. I'll worry about my daughter. You just keep worrying about you and your son."

"Everybody's been partying just fine without her," I said.

"That's right," said the scrawny pervert kid who had been hooting at Melanie.

"Let's enjoy some birthday cake," Liz suggested to Donny and all his friends, "and then Larry and I are going to have to drive you little guys home."

•

Melanie got back about 1:30 and cuh-clacked cuh-clacked down to her room. I could tell no one in the house was asleep when she threw her purse down on her bed. She went into the bathroom to take off her makeup, and Liz followed her. They were in there for a while. Melanie said "Goodnight, Mom" real loud, and they went back to their rooms. I could hear Liz creak into bed on the other side of my wall. My dad wasn't snoring yet. The fan was on but not the air conditioner. I had just a sheet over me. I was hot.

Melanie waited about ten minutes before she came to my room. The way she would do it, she really didn't give a shit. Melanie in pink heels, heavy stepping on the carpet, the collarbone that I liked so much, baby bread-roll neck, acid-wash jeans with fringes along the seams, the blonde bangs curled with

(continued on page 108)

"Are we going to make love or just screw?"

LAYLA

she's a rock-and-roll love song in the flesh

At 22, Miss October is ready to be noticed. Layla Harvest Roberts grew up in Los Angeles and in Mexico City, where her mother was a famed model. Layla modeled here and in Europe, and last year she made a brief splash on "Baywatch." Now movie producers are after her. We cornered her for an intimate talk in Los Angeles.

Q: How did you come by your unusual name?

A: My mother was a bit of a hippie. She thought Harvest sounded pretty. Layla is for the Eric Clapton song—the original, fast version, of course. I'm lucky Mom had good taste in music; I could have been named Chicago Harvest Roberts.

Q: You were a cheerleader at Beverly Hills High. Totally cool?

A: I was overweight and weird. They let me be a cheerleader only because I was a good dancer. Which I still am, by the way.

Q: But you're no longer overweight and weird. What happened?

A: Alicia Silverstone was in my class, and she was already famous. But

An accomplished athlete and horsewoman, Layla has always been physical. She studied martial arts to get in shape for Hollywood casting calls and now keeps her blood racing with skiing, skydiving and other risky sports—including love. "I think macho is sexy. I've never been attracted to passive men," she says. "I might fantasize about dominating my lover, but I want someone as passionate as I am."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

"I'm part Cherokee and part Italian," says Miss October. High cheekbones and heated emotions, that's Layla all over. She credits her Sicilian father for some of her passion. But to Layla's regret, he vanished years ago. "Maybe he'll see these pictures and call me," she says.

I was friendless. Finally I decided to be a model, like Mom. I lost weight, got noticed by a modeling agent and lived in Paris.

Paris sucked. It's a beautiful city, but the people were mean and I was homesick. That was the end for me as a model. I quit. But then one night in Los Angeles, I was at a supermarket when a woman began following me. A lesbian, I thought. I tried to sneak away, but she came running up to my car, saying, "I'm with Elite Models! I think you're perfect!" I was back in.

Q: Now you're acting and dancing as well. You appear in the movie *The Good Life* with Sylvester Stallone. You vamped in Aerosmith's latest video. Why did you want to be a Playmate too?

A: It's every girl's dream, isn't it?

Q: What film roles do you covet?

A: In my cartoon fantasies I am Tara, a warrior woman who dresses in knee-high black boots and not much else. She is stronger than any man.

Q: How about sexual fantasies?

A: They're pretty much the same.

Q: How was it posing nude?

A: Wonderful. What does nudity mean? It might only mean I don't have on my favorite black vinyl lingerie yet.

To get closer to Layla, call the Playboy Super Hotline. See page 153 for details.

"Sex should be fun. There should be sweat involved. To tell the truth, I like it a little down and dirty," Layla says. "I'm not into the mushy stuff that usually passes for romance. I'm not the type to say, 'Ooh, I love you, I love you. Let's have some nice sweet hugs and kisses.' For me, it's a little more active." For Layla, life and love are contact sports.

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Layla Roberts

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Layla Harvest Roberts

BUST: 36C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'9½" WEIGHT: 121

BIRTH DATE: 10/22/74 BIRTHPLACE: Kealakekua Kona, Hawaii

AMBITIONS: To act in the best films of the early 21st century.

TURN-ONS: To turn me on, a man needs to be a good dancer and a good masseur.

TURNOFFS: People who think they are hot shots, substance abusers and black licorice.

ROLE MODELS: Al Pacino, Faye Dunaway and my mother.

FAVORITE FILMS: Dog Day Afternoon, Scarface, Bonnie and Clyde and Last Exit to Brooklyn.

MOOD MUSIC: Elvis Presley, Eartha Kitt, Barry White, Rolling Stones, Joao Gilberto and Antonio Jobim.

FAVORITE PLACE: In Greece it's so dark at night you can see every star—You feel like part of the galaxy.

PASSIONS: Sex, Rock and Roll and Strawberry Twizzlers.

Fledgling model

My pal Anne & me in Turkey.

Simony & me, Aerosmith video

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The beautiful princess frequently wandered through the woods searching for an enchanted frog who might actually be a handsome prince under a spell. One day she found an exceptionally ugly frog. Picking it up, she asked, "Are you a prince under a spell? If I kiss you, will you turn back into a prince?"

"Yes, I am," the frog said. "But it's a hell of a spell. It'll probably take a blow job."

What do you call an Amish man with his arm halfway up a horse's ass? A mechanic.

A Russian was strolling in Moscow when he accidentally kicked a bottle lying in the street. A genie appeared. "Hello, master," it said. "I will grant you a single wish—anything that you want."

"Well, I love vodka," the Russian replied, "so make my urine turn into vodka." The genie nodded and then vanished in a puff of smoke.

When the Russian got home he took a glass from the cupboard and pissed in it. He sniffed. It smelled like vodka. Cautiously he raised the glass to his lips and sipped. It was vodka—the best he had ever tasted.

"Natasha, come quickly!" he hollered. His wife ran in and the Russian took another glass out of the cupboard and pissed into it. He told her to drink. Natasha took a sip. "Sergei, it's the best vodka I've ever tasted," she cried. The two drank and partied all night.

The next night the Russian came home from work and told his wife to get two glasses out of the cupboard. He pissed in them. The couple drank until the sun came up.

On Friday night Sergei came home and sat at the kitchen table. "Natasha," he bellowed, "grab a glass from the cupboard and we will drink vodka."

His wife brought a glass and set it on the table. Sergei began to piss in it. Natasha asked, "Sergei, why only one glass?"

"Because tonight, my love, you drink from the bottle."

While teaching a course in human sexuality, an instructor was discussing results published in the Kinsey Report. The class members gasped audibly when she explained that one woman had had several hundred orgasms in a single session. A male voice said, "Wow, who was she?"

A female voice followed. "The hell with that! Who was *he*?"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Just as she was getting over the shock of finding out that there's no such thing as *Tuesday Night Football*, Kathie Lee was devastated to discover that Cody is seeing another mom.

After taking his seat on a plane, a businessman was startled to see a parrot strapped in next to him. When the man asked the flight attendant for a cup of coffee, the parrot squawked, "And while you're at it, get me a whiskey, you cow!"

Though insulted, the flustered stewardess dutifully brought back a whiskey for the parrot, but forgot the coffee. As she turned to correct the omission, the parrot drained its glass and squawked, "And get me another whiskey, you bitch."

The rattled attendant came back with another whiskey, but still no coffee. Unaccustomed to such poor service, the man decided to try the parrot's approach. "Look," he snapped, "I've asked you twice for coffee and twice you've come back without it. Now go get it or I'll smack you one."

Moments later both he and the parrot were wrenched from their seats and thrown out an emergency exit by two burly stewards. As they plunged downward, the parrot turned to the passenger and hollered, "For someone who can't fly, you're a ballsy bastard!"

GRAFFITO OF THE MONTH: If a man is walking alone in the forest and he's talking, but a woman is not there to hear him, is he still wrong?

A gentleman farmer had a prize heifer that was ready to breed. He made arrangements with a beautiful lady rancher to secure the services of her champion stud. When he put his cow in the corral, the bull quickly proceeded to do its business. As they stood watching the action, the farmer started to feel a little randy himself. Leaning over to the lady, he whispered, "I wouldn't mind doing a bit of that."

"Go for it," she replied. "It's your heifer."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"We have a face mask violation."

 (continued from page 92)

Melanie's fingers moved down the sheet to what was waiting between my legs. I swallowed my breath.

mousse and sprayed down to her eyebrows, fat, rolling, sexy, and I couldn't wait until she would kneel down in front of my pullout sleeper and put her elbows on my legs.

"You suck," she said.

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm just kidding."

"What did you do tonight?" I said.

"How much do you want to know?" she said.

She bit her lip and touched my chest. I flexed.

"Was it Bobby?"

"Bobby's an asshole."

"So where'd you go then?"

"Chris' boat."

"Chris the contractor?"

"He is so cool."

"I thought he lived in the Keys."

"I told my mom I went to the game. You better not say anything."

"Your mom's a bitch," I whispered.

"Oh yeah, and your dad."

We stopped talking and listened across the wall. Nothing but snoring and the cricking of bugs outside the window screen. It was dark in the room. I could not see Melanie's ears behind her hair. The hair was everywhere, over her shoulders and down to the tops of her breasts, with smoke, perfume, beer coming toward me, and the harbor I could imagine down off Old Cutler Road.

We didn't start talking again. Something felt different. Melanie's fingers moved down the sheet to what was waiting there between my legs. She held it there. I swallowed my breath. She was looking at me, the stupid look, when her eyes crossed and she looked like a retard. She had me. I was thinking of a 26-foot boat and her sitting at the bow.

I kept holding still. She had the tip of her tongue between her lips. Then Melanie did something no girl did before. She brought that sheet down and she tied it around my ankles. I looked up over my head and saw a lamp.

Melanie said to me, "I can't help myself anymore."

"No problem," I said.

I wondered what she was thinking of mine, if it was ugly to her or if she thought that Chris the contractor's was nicer or more mature. Afterward, Melanie was biting her lip again, and her hair smelled a little like me now, too.

"I think I love you," she said.

"You can do that any time you want," I said.

•

The next day was Saturday, and when I walked into the kitchen for cereal, Liz was in her purple quilted robe and fuzzy slippers, picking at leftover birthday cake and browsing catalogs and junk mail. She was a board, no body, just long and bony like all the women my dad ever went out with. Donny sitting next to her with his new ten-pound iron dumbbells at his feet. I could hear my dad coming in through the garage from a run.

"Were there boys smoking marijuana cigarettes in this house last night?" Liz said to me.

"No," I said.

Donny sat sideways in his chair, facing the pool.

"Did you see any of the boys here last night smoking marijuana cigarettes?"

Donny curled a dumbbell with his right arm. I could tell she had already questioned him.

"I didn't see anybody doing anything."

"This is my house, Mr. Vince. And you're an influence on these children. What in the hell were you doing last night while we were gone? Dealing drugs at a birthday party?"

"What's your problem, Liz? You already know what I was doing last night. I was playing music, like Donny asked me to."

"And that's all you know about the drugs?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Well, I think you're a liar."

"Well, I think you're a schnauzer."

My dad walked into the kitchen in his blue running shorts. His quads had some definition. Donny was still looking out at the pool. He knew if he turned around and looked at me, I might come over there and beat his face.

"Larry."

"That's me."

"Donny's friend Todd's mother called this morning. Todd told her some of the boys last night went out to the backyard and smoked marijuana cigarettes. While we were gone and your son was in charge."

My dad was breathing heavily. His running shoes had mud on the soles. Sweat was trickling into his headband and down the hair on his arms to his wristbands.

"You know about that, Donny?" he asked, holding up the side entrance to the kitchen with his hands.

"Donny wasn't involved. This wasn't all the boys, just some of them."

"Who started it?" my dad asked Donny.

"She's trying to tell me I gave them pot," I said.

"Who was in charge?" Liz said to my dad. "And watch your shoes, please, on the kitchen floor."

My dad jumped up and started curling himself on the lintel at the kitchen entrance. He did one pull-up, then two. He kept his legs straight. One of Liz' framed pictures, with oranges and grapefruits and a border of white blossoms, shook on the wall behind the table.

"If that breaks."

"You're hysterical," my dad said. "You know that?"

"Get out of my kitchen," Liz said. Then she hollered it. "Just get out of my sight, and take him with you. I don't want one more day of this."

•

My dad and I showered and went to the movies. After that we went looking for an apartment. We stuck to the area near Dixie above 136th, near where we lived. Every manager wanted to rent to my dad. He had a decent job, and he brought cash. But my dad couldn't settle on an apartment. Not even the one that had a sauna, a Jacuzzi, a pool, a basketball court, a shuffleboard court, a game room, a security guard and about 20 fine single women in bikinis lying out and sipping drinks from fluorescent plastic cups. He just kept saying to me, "One divorce is one thing, two divorces—it's humiliating."

•

The next week Liz stopped talking to me completely. Two words at a time, most. "*My* refrigerator!" "*My* house!" I could see that she and my dad were going to start losing it on each other soon, but I didn't give a shit. I was working light construction during the week, and I was getting big. My upper body was smoking. Weekends, I would bench rounds of 180 in the garage and polish it off with some lats. I kept wishing Liz would lay a finger on me the wrong way, so I could pick her up with one fist and crack her over my knee. Instead, she kept spazzing about little things. She would come out to the garage in the middle of my workout and stretch over me for a broom like my body was the biggest inconvenience to her. Or she would come up behind me in the pantry, wagging a finger, and

(continued on page 165)

Playboy's Pigskin Preview

Dominating defense gives the Cornhuskers a chance to win their third national championship in four years.

college football superpowers are ready to rumble, but there'll be some surprises

sports By Gary Cole Plenty of out-of-work college football coaches would like to wring Gary Barnett's neck. When Barnett turned moribund Northwestern into a winner, college presidents, athletic directors and alums took a closer look at coaches with losing programs: "If *they* can become conference champs and media darlings, what's our problem?"

So Illinois waved goodbye to 2–9 Lou Tepper, Oregon State bid farewell to 2–9 Jerry Pettibone and Indiana said adios to 3–8 Bill Mallory. In fact, most of the 22 so-called resignations or retirements in Division IA could have been predicted by scanning won-and-lost records. Fail to get your team to .500 and/or a bowl game for a couple of seasons and you'll find yourself interviewing for a special-teams coaching job at a place where they still travel to road games in school buses.

But the true measure of the heat on coaches came with the resignations of Alabama's Gene Stallings (10–3) and Notre Dame's Lou Holtz (8–3). Both brought national championships to their schools; both finished in the top 25 last year. Both were burned out by the media, alumni, administrative politics and outside worries. Holtz had health problems; Stallings had family concerns. Each walked away from the best job of his coaching career.

TOP 20 TEAMS

1.	NEBRASKA	11–0
2.	PENN STATE	11–0
3.	FLORIDA STATE	10–1
4.	FLORIDA	10–1
5.	NORTH CAROLINA	10–1
6.	TENNESSEE	10–1
7.	NOTRE DAME	10–2
8.	WASHINGTON	9–2
9.	COLORADO	9–2
10.	IOWA	9–2
11.	TEXAS	9–2
12.	SYRACUSE	9–3
13.	LOUISIANA STATE	8–3
14.	MICHIGAN	8–3
15.	MIAMI	8–3
16.	OHIO STATE	8–4
17.	CLEMSON	8–3
18.	STANFORD	8–3
19.	ALABAMA	8–3
20.	UTAH	9–2

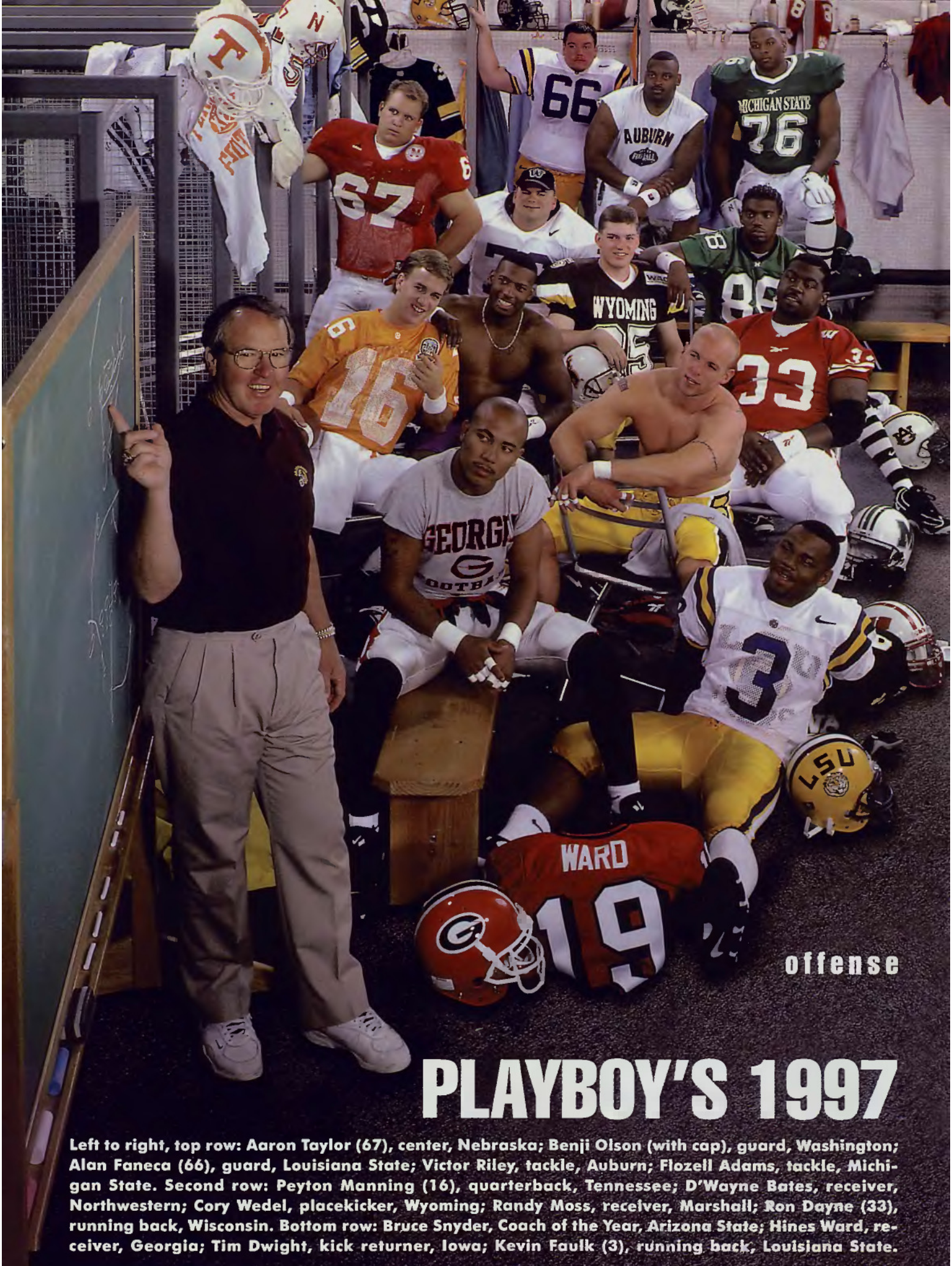
Possible breakthroughs: Brigham Young, Auburn, Northwestern, Colorado State, Virginia Tech, Wisconsin, West Virginia, Michigan State, Kansas State

All of which makes the achievements of Bobby Bowden (21 years at Florida State), Tom Osborne (24 years at Nebraska) and Joe Paterno (31 years at Penn State) more remarkable. The supercoaches of the college football superpowers appear impervious to the pressures of their profession—because they just keep winning. All three teams have the talent to take them to the championship again this year, depending on the subtleties of "team chemistry" and the bounce of the ball. There's still no Division IA playoff, and the Pac Ten and Big Ten, committed to the Rose Bowl, are not part of the Bowl Alliance until next season. A split decision is still possible since sports writers and coaches, not final scores, will decide the national championship.

While the system for determining a national champion may be flawed, the race remains exhilarating. Let's take a look at the teams as they go to the post.

1. NEBRASKA

The two-year domination of college football by defending national champion Nebraska ended last season with stunning losses to Arizona State and then to Texas in the Big 12 conference title game. Still, the Cornhuskers remain a fearsome team. Since taking over as coach in 1973, Tom Osborne has missed a top 20 finish only once

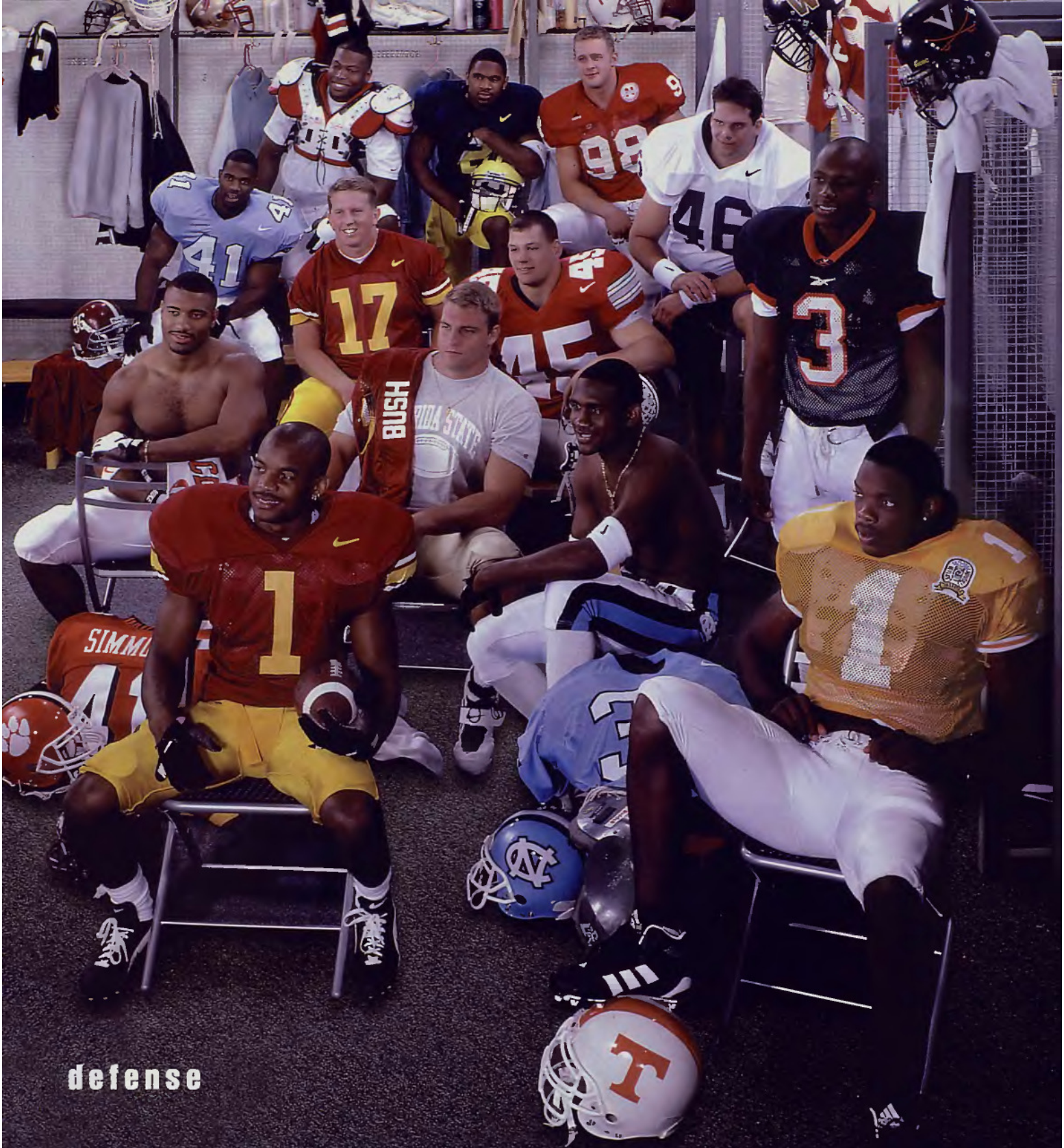


offense

PLAYBOY'S 1997

Left to right, top row: Aaron Taylor (67), center, Nebraska; Benji Olson (with cap), guard, Washington; Alan Faneca (66), guard, Louisiana State; Victor Riley, tackle, Auburn; Flozell Adams, tackle, Michigan State. Second row: Peyton Manning (16), quarterback, Tennessee; D'Wayne Bates, receiver, Northwestern; Cory Wedel, placekicker, Wyoming; Randy Moss, receiver, Marshall; Ron Dayne (33), running back, Wisconsin. Bottom row: Bruce Snyder, Coach of the Year, Arizona State; Hines Ward, receiver, Georgia; Tim Dwight, kick returner, Iowa; Kevin Faulk (3), running back, Louisiana State.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI



defense

ALL-AMERICA TEAM

Left to right, top row: Michael Myers, tackle, Alabama; Charles Woodson, back, Michigan; Grant Wistrom (98), end, Nebraska. Second row: Brian Simmons (41), linebacker, North Carolina; Jim Wren (17), punter, Southern California; Andy Katzenmoyer (45), linebacker, Ohio State; Jason Chorak (46), linebacker, Washington. Third row: Anthony Simmons, linebacker, Clemson; Daryl Bush, Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, Florida State; Dre' Bly, back, North Carolina; Anthony Poindexter (3), back, Virginia. Bottom row: Daylon McCutcheon (1), back, Southern California; Leonard Little (1), end, Tennessee.

ACCOMMODATIONS PROVIDED BY THE POINTE HILTON RESORT AT TAPATIO CLIFFS, PHOENIX, ARIZONA

The Playboy All-Americas

PLAYBOY's College Football Coach of the Year for 1997 is BRUCE SNYDER of Arizona State University. Last season, Snyder led the Sun Devils to an 11–0 regular season that included a 19–0 upset of two-time defending national champion Nebraska. He was the 1996 consensus National Coach of the Year, winning 13 major awards, including the Paul "Bear" Bryant Award. Snyder began his head-coaching career at Utah State, moved to the University of California for five seasons and arrived in Tempe in 1992.

OFFENSE

PEYTON MANNING—Quarterback, 6'5", 222 pounds, senior, Tennessee. Holds virtually every Volunteers passing record, including career passing yards (7382), completions (576) and touchdowns (53).

RON DAYNE—Running back, 5'10", 261, sophomore, Wisconsin. Gained more rushing yards (1863) than any freshman runner in NCAA history, despite not joining Badger starting lineup until fifth game of season.

KEVIN FAULK—Running back, 5'10", 192, junior, Louisiana State. His 1282 yards were second-best rushing season in LSU history. Finished number one in SEC in all-purpose yards.

HINES WARD—Receiver, 6'1", 194, senior, Georgia. Versatile player who has a chance to make SEC history by gaining more than 1000 career yards in rushing, receiving and passing and as kick returner.

D'WAYNE BATES—Receiver, 6'2", 211, senior, Northwestern. Set single-season school record last year with 1196 receiving yards, including 12 TDs.

RANDY MOSS—Receiver, 6'5", 220, sophomore, Marshall. Caught 19 TDs last season, the most by any freshman in NCAA history. Averaged 34.5 yards per kick return.

AARON TAYLOR—Center, 6'1", 305, senior, Nebraska. This two-time Playboy All-America had 17 pancake blocks in four different games.

BENJI OLSON—Guard, 6'4", 310, junior, Washington. Selected as an AP All-America last year, a rare feat for a sophomore.

ALAN FANECA—Guard, 6'5", 310, junior, Louisiana State. First-team All-SEC after sophomore season. Has started 23 straight games for LSU.

VICTOR RILEY—Tackle, 6'5", 321, senior, Auburn. Coach Terry Bowden predicts that Riley will be one of the Tigers' best-ever offensive linemen.

FLOZELL ADAMS—Tackle, 6'7", 330, senior, Michigan State. Awesome physical player entering his third season as a starter.

TIM DWIGHT—Kick returner, 5'9", 185, senior, Iowa. Led Big Ten last season in punt returns with 18.9-yard average. Was also Hawkeyes' leading receiver, with 51 catches for 751 yards.

CORY WEDEL—Placekicker, 5'9", 190, senior, Wyoming. Career field goal record of 40 of 51, the longest being a 51-yarder last season. Also good on 101 of 102 point-after attempts.

DEFENSE

MICHAEL MYERS—Tackle, 6'3", 270, senior, Alabama. All-America junior college player in 1994 and 1995 recorded 13 tackles for loss and eight quarterback sacks for the Tide last season.

LEONARD LITTLE—End, 6'3", 247, senior, Tennessee. Had five tackles for loss and 8½ quarterback sacks last season despite missing four games with a knee injury.

GRANT WISTROM—End, 6'5", 250, senior, Nebraska. Had 20 tackles for loss and 9½ quarterback sacks last season.

ANTHONY SIMMONS—Linebacker, 6'1", 220, junior, Clemson. Set school single-season record for tackles last year with 178.

BRIAN SIMMONS—Linebacker, 6'4", 230, senior, North Carolina. Tar Heels Defensive MVP had 85 tackles (nine tackles for loss) and four interceptions last season.

JASON CHORAK—Linebacker, 6'4", 260, senior, Washington. Pac Ten Defensive Player of the Year. Set Huskies single-season records last year for quarterback sacks (14½) and tackles for loss (22).

ANDY KATZENMOYER—Linebacker, 6'5", 250, sophomore, Ohio State. Led Buckeyes defense with 23 tackles for loss and 12 quarterback sacks.

CHARLES WOODSON—Back, 6'1", 197, junior, Michigan. Has ten career interceptions and three fumble recoveries. Also had more than 300 yards rushing and receiving on offense last season.

DAYLON MCCUTCHEON—Back, 5'11", 175, junior, Southern California. Had 48 tackles, three interceptions and a team-best 14 pass deflections last season. His father, Lawrence, was an All-Pro NFL running back.

ANTHONY POINDEXTER—Back, 6'1", 202, junior, Virginia. Led ACC defensive backs in tackles last season with 98. Also had three blocked punts and four interceptions.

DRE' BLY—Back, 5'10", 190, sophomore, North Carolina. Led nation in interceptions with 11. One of three finalists last year for the Thorpe Award.

JIM WREN—Punter, 6'0", 220, senior, Southern California. Ranked first in punting in Pac Ten, seventh nationally with 45.6-yard average on 66 punts. Twenty-two of those punts were for 50 yards or more.

(1990). Nothing will change this year. Two-time Playboy All-America Aaron Taylor and Eric Anderson lead an awesome offensive line, and the I-back duo of Ahman Green and DeAngelo Evans will roll up huge rushing numbers. The feet of quarterback Scott Frost, which last year found Tommie Frazier's shoes a bit roomy, have grown some. The defense returns only three starters, but all three—end Grant Wistrom, tackle Jason Peter and cornerback Ralph Brown—will be all-Americans by season's close. Defensive talent always runs deep in Lincoln, so Osborne will find more than adequate answers for questions at linebacker and in the secondary. 11–0

2. PENN STATE

Too bad someone can't bottle whatever it is that drives Penn State coach Joe Paterno. Among his accomplishments are four undefeated seasons, two national championships, a career record of 289-74-3 and a reputation for integrity. Joe was a veteran head coach at Penn State before any of his current players were born. And he seems to be getting better. Thirteen starters return from last year's 11–2 team that trounced Texas 38–15 in the Fiesta Bowl, including running back Curtis Enis, linebackers Aaron Collins and Jim Nelson, guard Phil Ostrowski and receiver Joe Jurevicius, all of whom have all-star potential. Paterno has tabbed fifth-year senior Mike McQueary as the likely successor to graduated quarterback Wally Richardson. Having Ohio State and Michigan at Happy Valley and having no conference championship game to contend with gives Joe a good shot at yet another national title. 11–0

3. FLORIDA STATE

Spanish explorer Juan Ponce de León wasted time and energy searching Florida for the fountain of youth. He should have tried Bobby Bowden's house. The irrepressible 67-year-old with a 270-80-4 career record, the preacher man who has led his beloved Seminoles to ten straight seasons with ten or more wins, has lost none of his enthusiasm: "I'm probably as excited this year as I've ever been about a team." One reason is the phenomenal recruiting class headed to Florida State, a group that includes *USA Today* Offensive Player of the Year Travis Minor, *USA Today* Defensive Player of the Year David Warren and 16 *Parade* All-Americans. Bowden is also excited about the Seminoles' quarterback situation. Senior Thad Busby will be challenged by sophomore Dan Kendra and 25-year-old Chris Weinke, a high school quarterback prodigy who has

"I thought maybe if I ended up on the cutting room floor, I could avoid ending up on the cutting room floor."

been playing minor league baseball the past five years. Of course, optimist Bowden does not dwell on his problems, which include replacing graduated Warrick Dunn and two All-America defensive ends. FSU returns linebackers Sam Cowart (who missed all of last season with a knee injury) and Daryl Bush, Playboy's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete. Last year, Florida State beat Florida in the regular season finale only to have to play them again less than five weeks later in the Nokia Sugar Bowl. Bowden dreaded the rematch and his worst fears were realized when Florida prevailed 52–20 and won the national championship. But if the unlikely double matchup should happen again, the Gators may have reason to worry. 10–1

4. FLORIDA

What is it about Florida coach Steve Spurrier that rubs some people the wrong way? Ego? Arrogance? Spurrier even managed to get under the skin of Southern gentleman Bobby Bowden when he played mind games with Sugar Bowl officials by claiming Florida State played dirty against Gator quarterback Danny Wuerffel. Being kings of the hill after winning last season's national championship, not to mention four consecutive SEC titles, will not make Spurrier and the Gators any more popular. Uncharacteristically, Florida will need its defense to carry it through the first half of this season while a new quarterback, sophomore Doug Johnson, learns the ropes. Defensive tackles Ed Chester and Reggie McGrew are ferocious. Linebacker Johnny Rutledge was a Butkus finalist last year as a sophomore. While defense will rule early, Spurrier has never failed to develop an explosive offense. This year will be no different. 10–1

5. NORTH CAROLINA

Long a perennial contender for college basketball's national championship, North Carolina is ready to run for the magic ring in football. Coach Mack Brown has consistently improved the Tar Heels' grid program since he arrived in Chapel Hill nine years ago. Last season Carolina finished 10–2, including a 20–13 Gator Bowl win over West Virginia. Nine starters return from that defensive team (which was rated number two in the nation), including Playboy All-Americas Dre' Bly and Brian Simmons, plus defensive end standout Greg Ellis. On offense, quarterback Chris Keldorf returns after suffering an ankle fracture toward season's end, as does Oscar Davenport, who capably replaced Keldorf in that Gator Bowl win. A group of excellent receivers and some talent and experience in the offensive line are anchored by senior center Jeff Saturday. Brown must replace graduated four-year starter Leon Johnson at running back, but there is a line of talented and eager candidates. 10–1

6. TENNESSEE

To the delight of every football fan in Tennessee, two-time Playboy All-America Peyton Manning decided that he'd rather be a college football hero for another year than join the annual parade of pregraduate instant NFL millionaires. Despite owning virtually every passing record in Vol history, Manning wants to tend to some unfinished business, such as beating Florida and winning an SEC—and perhaps a national—championship. To accomplish that task, Tennessee has to find a strong replacement for graduated tailback Jay Graham. And the Volunteers' defense, led by Playboy All-America end Leonard Little, has to improve from good to dominating. Away games at Florida and Alabama, plus the looming SEC championship game on December 6, make Manning's dream daunting, though not impossible. 10–1

7. NOTRE DAME

Lou Holtz, wearied and worn out by the pressure of coaching at the nation's number one college football program, stepped down, saying, "I cannot give an adequate answer for my resignation except that I felt it was the right thing to do. I have placed my life in God's hands." God responded by landing Holtz a Saturday afternoon spot on CBS television as a college football analyst. Meanwhile, back in South Bend, the Irish tried unsuccessfully to hire NU's Gary Barnett, then settled for Holtz' assistant Bob Davie. Apparently unfazed at being second choice, Davie assembled an all-new coaching staff, persuaded quarterback Ron Powlus to stick around for a fifth year and landed a dynamite recruiting class. One of the reasons Powlus stayed was to play in the pro-set offense of new coordinator Jim Colletto, former coach at Purdue, an offense that should showcase Powlus' potential to NFL scouts. The Irish offensive line is awesome, particularly junior guard Mike Rosenthal. Running backs Autry Denson and Jamie Spencer will balance the aerial attack. If the largely untested defense plays well, Irish eyes will be smiling. 10–2

8. WASHINGTON

With the return of quarterback Brock Huard, an assortment of menacing types on both sides of the line and explosive running back Corey Dillon, coach Jim Lambright figured his team was set for a shot at the national championship. Then Dillon took an early exit to the NFL, leaving a gaping hole in the Huskies' offensive scheme. Lambright, who has done one of the best coaching jobs in the nation since taking over for UW legend Don James, hasn't given up. Dillon got his chance last season when starter Rashaan Shehee was injured. Now Shehee, fully recovered, replaces Dillon. The defense, led by Playboy All-America linebacker Jason Chorak, should be at least as stingy as last year's. The Huskies will shoot for the national championship but will settle for the Rose Bowl. 9–2

9. COLORADO

Surfer turned quarterback turned coach Rick Neuheisel says that despite leading the Buffaloes to two consecutive 10–2 seasons, he's still learning. "A year ago I said our goal was to win the national championship. That wasn't realistic," admits Neuheisel. The Big 12 conference alignment should have been a clue, because the Buffs are stuck in the North Division, the eminent domain of the Nebraska Cornhuskers, a team Colorado hasn't beaten since 1990. Neuheisel is plotting more quietly this year. John Hessler, who replaced now-graduated Koy Detmer when he was injured, should excel at quarterback. Although all-conference receiver Rae Carruth is gone, lightning-quick Phil Savoy returns. The ground game, led by running back Herchell Troutman with guard Melvin Thomas up front, should also be stronger. Count on a stubborn defense, especially with tackles Ryan Olson and Viliami Maumau ruling the line. With a brutal schedule featuring that end-of-the-season showdown with the Huskers, Neuheisel predicts only that his team will "play its best." 9–2

10. IOWA

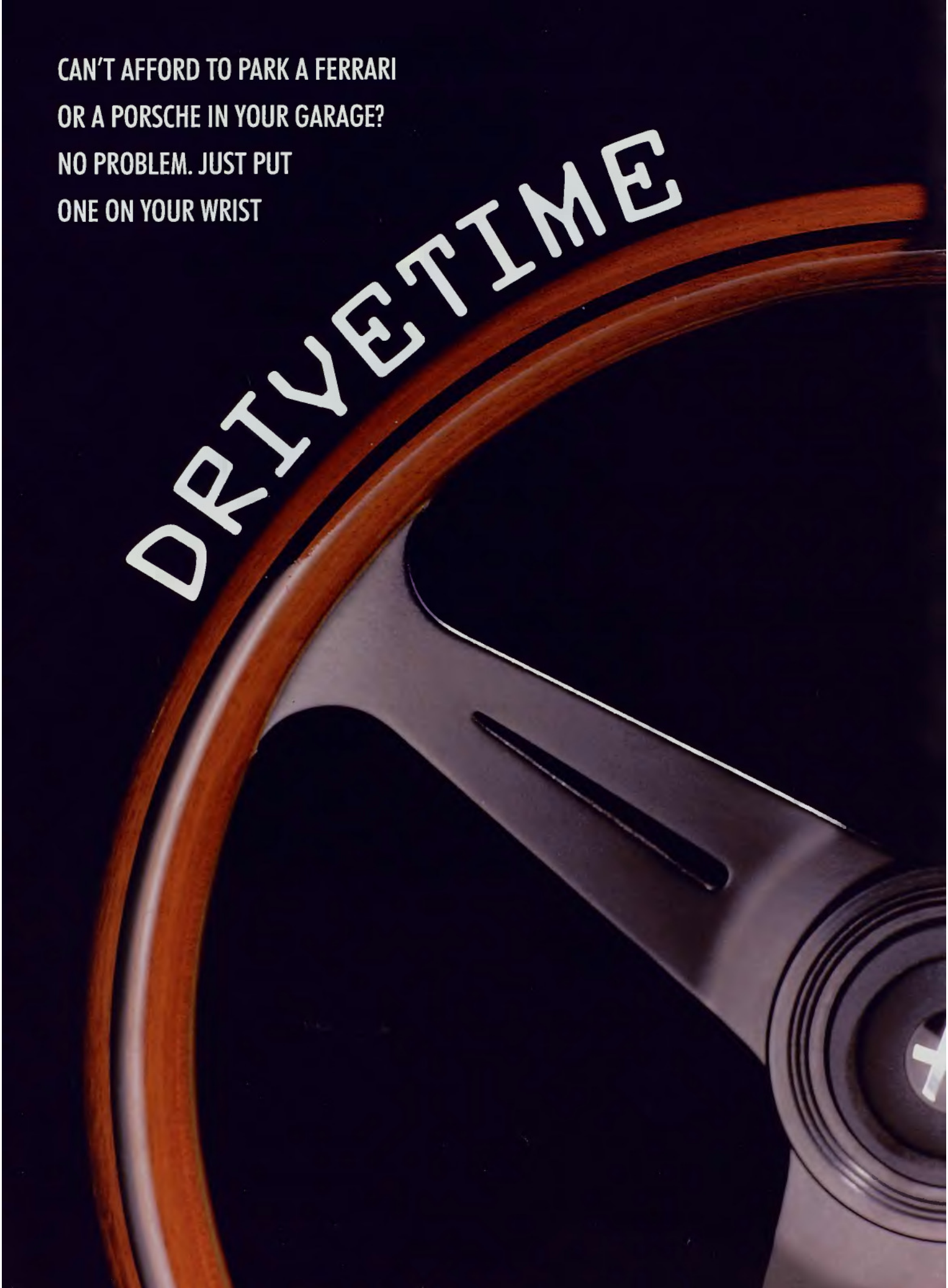
Iowa coach Hayden Fry gets better with age. Eight victories and a bowl win two years ago reduced criticism that the game had passed him by. Nine wins and an Alamo Bowl whitewash of Texas Tech (27–0) last season silenced the remaining doubters and guarantee that Fry could lead the Hawkeyes into the millennium. The granite-chinned coach, meanwhile, thinks this year's team could be one of his best, despite the loss of running back Sedrick Shaw and a few defensive standouts. Reason? The Hawkeyes return starter Matt Sherman at quarterback (5200 yards and 32 TDs passing in three seasons), an experienced offensive line and Playboy All-America Tim Dwight, a game-breaker as a kick/punt returner, wide receiver or running back. And Fry thinks Shaw's replacement, Tavian

(continued on page 144)

"If I told people my fantasies," Joan Severance once confessed to us, "they'd lock me away." Not a chance—the world needs as many Joans as it can get. The free-spirited siren from Texas played a wicked seductress on TV's *Wiseguy*, then appeared in movies opposite, among others, Mel Gibson and Hulk Hogan. She graced PLAYBOY's pages twice. This portrait ran in November 1992, just as Joan was heating up Zalman King's Showtime scorcher, *Red Shoe Diaries*.

CAN'T AFFORD TO PARK A FERRARI
OR A PORSCHE IN YOUR GARAGE?
NO PROBLEM. JUST PUT
ONE ON YOUR WRIST

DRIVETIME



Eberhard's stainless steel, automatic winding chronograph is dedicated to racing legend Tazio Nuvolari ($3360 including a crocodile band).

TAG-Heuer has reintroduced the 1964 Carrera chronograph, named for the Carrera Mexicana race and an earlier Heuer watch ($2300).

The Omega Speedmaster is endorsed by Formula One race champion Michael Schumacher (about $1450 with a red leather band).

Momo Design's new Carbon Fiber Sport watch resembles a racing car dash. Its steel case can take great stress ($595).

Chopard's 1000 Mille Miglia chronograph commemorates the 1000-mile Italian race that runs from Brescia to Rome to Brescia ($2250).

First a great car, and now a great namesake watch. The Boxster Chronograph by Porsche Design comes with a stainless steel case ($690).

It's the real thing. Ferrari Memorabilia's numbered Cartier chronograph was made under a contract by Ferrari himself ($3500).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.

Admit it, you've hummed along with Hanson to *MMMBop* and sung the words to the Spice Girls' *Wannabe*, two summer songs that filled the airwaves even before summer started. Catchy as this music is, we don't think it's the next big thing. Electronic music has no legs, despite the Chemical Brothers and Moby. Disco reared its head for a minute, too (thanks to the return of the Bee Gees), but it won't last. So what will last? That's for you to tell us. As you can see, we've moved the Poll into our college issue, but that means some guesswork is involved. The easy choices—U2, Wu-Tang Clan, LeAnn Rimes, Herbie Hancock—are covered, but in some categories you'll find only a write-in spot. We've added a new category, Single, so you can reward that humming. We've done away with Veejay, but we've beefed up our Hall of Fame. So get ready, crank up something old—like the Wallflowers—or something newer—like Matchbox 20—and get going. You'll find the Poll again on Playboy's Web site (www.playboy.com) if your mouse is mightier than your pen.

The Ballot

Here is your 1997 Jazz & Rock Poll Ballot. Please check the box next to your favorite in each category or write in your choice. Then slap a stamp on the attached envelope and mail it in no later than October 15, 1997. We'll get back to you with the winners in the spring.

ROCK

MALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Beck
- ☐ Bono
- ☐ John Fogerty
- ☐ Ed Kowalczyk
- ☐ Paul McCartney
- ☐ John Mellencamp
- ☐ ☥
- ☐ Sting
- ☐ James Taylor
- ☐ Steven Tyler

FEMALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Meredith Brooks
- ☐ Tracy Chapman
- ☐ Paula Cole
- ☐ Shawn Colvin
- ☐ Sheryl Crow
- ☐ Ani DiFranco
- ☐ Celine Dion
- ☐ Jewel
- ☐ Sinéad O'Connor
- ☐ Tina Turner

GROUP
- ☐ Bush
- ☐ Foo Fighters
- ☐ Live
- ☐ Luscious Jackson
- ☐ Dave Matthews Band
- ☐ Rolling Stones
- ☐ Smashing Pumpkins
- ☐ Spice Girls
- ☐ U2
- ☐ Wallflowers

INSTRUMENTALIST
- ☐ Chemical Brothers
- ☐ Buddy Guy
- ☐ Mickey Hart
- ☐ Jonny Lang
- ☐ John Popper
- ☐ Trent Reznor
- ☐ Keith Richards
- ☐ Kenny Wayne Shepherd
- ☐ Jimmie Vaughan
- ☐ Chris Whitley

ALBUM
- ☐ Bringing Down the Horse—Wallflowers
- ☐ Ixnay on the Hombre —Offspring
- ☐ Lie to Me—Jonny Lang
- ☐ Living in Clip —Ani DiFranco
- ☐ Nine Lives—Aerosmith
- ☐ Pieces of You—Jewel
- ☐ Pop—U2
- ☐ Razorblade Suitcase —Bush
- ☐ Recovering the Satellites —Counting Crows
- ☐ Wildest Dreams —Tina Turner

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Tony Bennett
- ☐ Kurt Elling
- ☐ Jon Hendricks
- ☐ Al Jarreau
- ☐ Kevin Mahogany
- ☐ Bobby McFerrin
- ☐ Jimmy Scott
- ☐ Frank Sinatra
- ☐ Mel Tormé
- ☐ Joe Williams

FEMALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Dee Dee Bridgewater
- ☐ Betty Carter
- ☐ Rosemary Clooney
- ☐ Shirley Horn
- ☐ k.d. lang
- ☐ Abbey Lincoln
- ☐ Carmen Lundy
- ☐ Dianne Reeves
- ☐ Diane Schuur
- ☐ Cassandra Wilson

INSTRUMENTALIST
- ☐ Ray Anderson
- ☐ Wessell Anderson
- ☐ James Carter
- ☐ Cyrus Chestnut
- ☐ Herbie Hancock
- ☐ Joe Lovano
- ☐ Wynton Marsalis
- ☐ Leon Parker
- ☐ Joshua Redman
- ☐ Max Roach

GROUP
- ☐ Gato Barbieri
- ☐ Ornette Coleman and Prime Time
- ☐ Eight Bold Souls
- ☐ Bela Fleck and the Flecktones
- ☐ Charlie Haden and Pat Metheny
- ☐ Roy Hargrove's Crisol
- ☐ Charlie Hunter Quartet
- ☐ Jazz Passengers
- ☐ Mingus Big Band
- ☐ Henry Threadgill

ALBUM
- ☐ Beyond the Missouri Sky —Charlie Haden & Pat Metheny
- ☐ Blood on the Fields —Wynton Marsalis and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra
- ☐ Doc Cheatham & Nicholas Payton
- ☐ Complete 1961 Village Vanguard Recordings —John Coltrane
- ☐ Guitar Trio —Paco De Lucia/Al Di Meola/John McLaughlin
- ☐ Live in Australia, 1959 —Frank Sinatra With the Red Norvo Quintet
- ☐ Messenger —Kurt Elling
- ☐ Nouveau Swing —Donald Harrison
- ☐ 1 + 1—Wayne Shorter and Herbie Hancock
- ☐ Rendezvous —Cassandra Wilson and Jacky Terrasson
- ☐ Silent Pool —Marian McPartland

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CONCERT

- ❑ Jimmy Buffett and the Coral Reefer Band
- ❑ H.O.R.D.E.
- ❑ House of Blues Smokin' Grooves Tour
- ❑ Lilith Fair
- ❑ Lollapalooza
- ❑ Dave Matthews Band
- ❑ Ozzfest
- ❑ Rolling Stones
- ❑ Tina Turner/Cyndi Lauper
- ❑ U2

SOUND-TRACK

- ❑ Batman & Robin
- ❑ Gridlock'd
- ❑ Jerry Maguire
- ❑ Love Jones
- ❑ Men in Black
- ❑ My Best Friend's Wedding
- ❑ Romeo & Juliet
- ❑ The Saint
- ❑ Selena
- ❑ Space Jam

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PLACE STAMP HERE

Playboy Jazz & Rock Poll

P.O. Box 11236

Chicago, Illinois 60611

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....ZIP.....

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RETURN ENVELOPE

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HALL OF FAME

- ❑ Tony Bennett
- ❑ James Brown
- ❑ Johnny Cash
- ❑ Sam Cooke
- ❑ Aretha Franklin
- ❑ Marvin Gaye
- ❑ Dizzy Gillespie
- ❑ Al Green
- ❑ Merle Haggard
- ❑ Jerry Lee Lewis
- ❑ Joni Mitchell
- ❑ Van Morrison
- ❑ Charlie Parker
- ❑ ☥
- ❑ Smokey Robinson
- ❑ Tina Turner
- ❑ Jackie Wilson

SINGLE

VIDEO

R&B/RAP

MALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Babyface
- ☐ Warren G
- ☐ Montell Jordan
- ☐ R. Kelly
- ☐ Maxwell
- ☐ Curtis Mayfield
- ☐ Nas
- ☐ Notorious B.I.G.
- ☐ Keith Sweat
- ☐ Luther Vandross

_____

FEMALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Aaliyah
- ☐ Erykah Badu
- ☐ Mary J. Blige
- ☐ Toni Braxton
- ☐ Foxy Brown
- ☐ Patti LaBelle
- ☐ Lil' Kim
- ☐ Monica
- ☐ Ann Nesby
- ☐ Crystal Waters

_____

GROUP
- ☐ Blackstreet
- ☐ Bone Thugs-N-Harmony
- ☐ Boyz II Men
- ☐ En Vogue
- ☐ Kirk Franklin and the Family
- ☐ Ginuwine
- ☐ 112
- ☐ SWV
- ☐ Tony Toni Tone
- ☐ Wu-Tang Clan

_____

ALBUM
- ☐ The Art of War—Bone Thugs-N-Harmony
- ☐ Baduizm—Erykah Badu
- ☐ The Day—Babyface
- ☐ EV3—En Vogue
- ☐ Greatest Hits—Al Green
- ☐ House of Music —Tony Toni Tone
- ☐ One in a Million —Aaliyah
- ☐ Wu-Tang Forever —Wu-Tang Clan
- ☐ Your Secret Love —Luther Vandross

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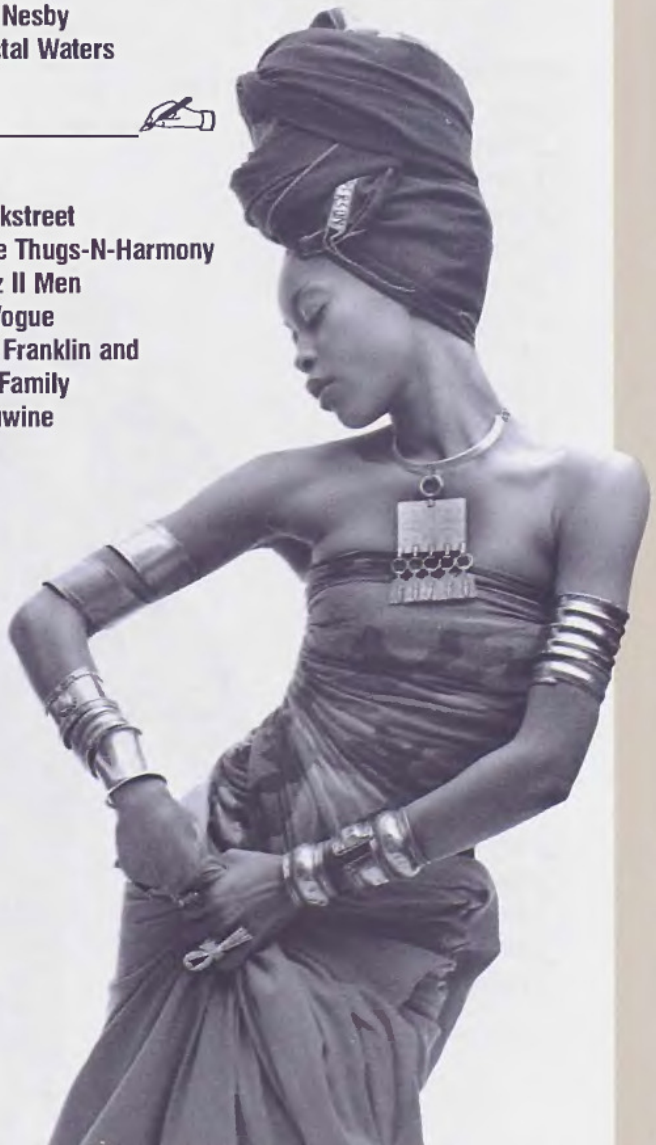

COUNTRY

FEMALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Mary Chapin Carpenter
- ☐ Deana Carter
- ☐ Faith Hill
- ☐ Alison Krauss
- ☐ Lorrie Morgan
- ☐ LeAnn Rimes
- ☐ Pam Tillis
- ☐ Tanya Tucker
- ☐ Lee Ann Womack
- ☐ Wynonna

_____

MALE VOCALIST
- ☐ Trace Adkins
- ☐ Garth Brooks
- ☐ Mark Chesnutt
- ☐ Bill Engvall
- ☐ Vince Gill
- ☐ Alan Jackson
- ☐ Tim McGraw
- ☐ Kevin Sharp
- ☐ George Strait
- ☐ Dwight Yoakam

_____

GROUP
- ☐ Alabama
- ☐ Big House
- ☐ BR5-49
- ☐ Brooks & Dunn
- ☐ Little Texas
- ☐ Lonestar
- ☐ Mavericks
- ☐ Ricochet
- ☐ Sawyer Brown
- ☐ Sons of the Desert

_____

ALBUM
- ☐ Big Love—Tracy Byrd
- ☐ Did I Shave My Legs for This?—Deana Carter
- ☐ Dreamin' Out Loud —Trace Adkins
- ☐ Everybody Knows —Trisha Yearwood
- ☐ Everything I Love —Alan Jackson
- ☐ Live at the Cimarron Ballroom—Patsy Cline
- ☐ Rumor Has It —Clay Walker
- ☐ The Songs of Jimmie Rodgers: A Tribute—Various Artists
- ☐ Unchained Melody/The Early Years —LeAnn Rimes
- ☐ What I Do the Best —John Michael Montgomery

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"It restores one's faith in human kindness to know there's still one doctor in this city who can find time to make house calls!"

TÉA LEONI

tv's proto dame gives us the naked truth about her nuptials, her insecurities and o.j.'s pathetic golf swing

Many writers have tried to put actress Téa Leoni into words. The 31-year-old star of NBC's "The Naked Truth" (now in its third season) has been called "a combination of sex appeal and banana peel"; "gorgeous and game, the kind of girl a Philip Roth character would go crazy for"; "Lucille Ball meets Sharon Stone" and a "screwball heroine for the Nineties." Though all accurate, they still fail to capture the whole package. It's not just that she's sexy, though she is. It's not just that she knows her way around a golf course, though that's true, too. Leoni's indescribability is what has everyone hooked. Leoni has played in TV shows as diverse as the pilot for "Angels '88" (a revived "Charlie's Angels") and the sitcom "Flying Blind," as well as in movies such as "Bad Boys," "Flirting With Disaster" and the forthcoming "Deep Impact," yet showbiz may not know quite what to do with her. But everyone, clearly, wants to do more. We sent Contributing Editor David Rensin—who once played a round of golf with the actress and received good advice about his swing—to see what Leoni had to say for herself. Says Rensin, "Any time she needs a golfing companion, I'm available."

1.

PLAYBOY: You just got hitched to David Duchovny. Was it tough to keep a celebrity marriage from the media?

LEONI: For the wedding ceremony, we tried to be as tricky as we could be. But David's fake mustache was obviously a bad idea when we went for the marriage license. We thought about having me wear it, but I passed. I did wear a hat, but I got hot. What's most difficult about being so private is that you piss off a lot of friends. It's an odd thing. We were so excited that we wanted to tell everyone, but I couldn't bring myself to say, "Yeah, we are getting married, but could you not tell anybody?" That struck me as rude and presumptuous and egotistical. So we said nothing except to those who would be present, and we decided to deal with everyone else later. Does this sound like an apology? I guess it is. In the end, I couldn't keep it a secret, anyway. The only nonfamily people I told were my gynecologist, my lawyer and my shrink—and they were all legally bound to keep their mouths shut.

2.

PLAYBOY: We all saw the tabloid wedding photos. Will they be part of your wedding album?

LEONI: [*Laughs*] No. The funniest thing is that afterward someone from a tabloid called our manager with an offer of $250,000 for a picture from the ceremony. We thought, Hey, let's do it. Let's send it in. $250,000! All right. Let's give it to my brother, who clicked off a few rolls. But we didn't do it. I wish the tabs had offered to send us a few of their pictures, because ours didn't come out that well. No one in the family is a professional photographer. It's so horrible because you can't really go back. It's lost. On the other hand, I've always been of the school that says you should never take pictures on vacation because then you don't really pay attention. You're taking the picture like you'll pay attention later when you get the film back. If you don't have a camera you have to really eat it up and be there in the moment. So given the circumstances, it worked out because we were very attentive to the moment. I really don't miss that there are no photos. Besides, I won't have to look at them years from now and say, "Boy, was I thin then."

3.

PLAYBOY: Where are you registered? Describe your discussions about bed linens. Satin, flowered, geometric or plain white?

LEONI: We're not registered. We're old. The trousseau has already been unpacked. We love golf things, though, so we wanted gifts like days on the course. If I were to imagine a conversation about household items and linens, I'd guarantee we wouldn't mention white. White is like a page that will tell a story. I don't think you want your linens to talk. And I've never really been one for the virginal routine. David, thank God, isn't into the brown-and-navy satin of bachelordom—the sheets you think you have to change only once a month. Also, when you sleep on satin sheets—which I once did—your toenails snag. No matter how well pedicured your feet are, there is something about satin sheets that makes them grab at you. If you have a scab on your elbow, satin sheets will rip it off. So, no white, no satin, no flowers and no geometrics. Aw, hell, I guess we'll just sleep on the floor.

4.

PLAYBOY: What does *The Naked Truth* have that other sitcoms are missing—besides a provocative title?

LEONI: Sexuality for women. There was a period in the Seventies and Eighties when women felt they had to give up their sexuality to compete in a man's world. I saw that reflected on television. We got asexual female characters. I believe sexuality is at least good for a laugh, especially when its use backfires. So I wanted to play a character who wasn't afraid to put her best leg forward. I told this to writer Chris Thompson and he came up with *The Naked Truth*. I thought it was great. Actually, anything with the word naked in it is.

The title itself is a story. ABC wanted *Wild Thing*. Not on your life was that going to happen. "Well, see, her name is Nora Wilde, and she's kind of wild, so it could be *Wild Thing*. And we'll play that song. Who did that song?" That wasn't a fun meeting, but for the ten minutes immediately following, in the parking lot, we laughed our asses off.

5.

PLAYBOY: You've said that Nora Wilde has better breasts than you. Care to elaborate?

LEONI: I think it's a statement that stands on its own, don't you? But OK: She exploits her breasts better than I do. She has much more expensive lingerie, and those bras can do amazing tricks. That's it, really. I haven't seen her in the shower, so I can't be any more specific.

6.

PLAYBOY: Big lips are the rage. Yours are svelte. Are you the harbinger of the Lip Lite decade? What can thin lips do that thick lips can't?

LEONI: I'm certainly not the tight lip. Perhaps the articulate lip, not that what comes from my lips is always that clear. But imagine if I had those bee-stung, floppy things sort of smacking away at the front of my mouth.... Oh hell, that sounds like pure envy, and, by golly, I think it is! I *(continued on page 156)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY © WAYNE STAMBLER

why study when you can work on critical social skills?

a definitive guide to campus watering holes

By Larry Olmsted

UNFORTUNATELY, the best part of a college education is not included in the tuition. The facts of life are learned not in a classroom but in a college bar. Whether it was your first date, your first drink or your first college sex, a bar probably figured in prominently. And why not? If college is a new home for four years, then the college bar is a home away from a home away from home. Long after the memories of Catullus and calculus fade, the images of the college bar burn vividly. What makes a great college bar? Atmosphere. Friendly service. Low prices.

Beyond the Wall, a campus marketing firm that for years has helped students decorate dorm rooms and frat houses with ad posters, recently conducted a national survey to find the top college bars. Students were called randomly at 150 campuses and thousands more participated in online voting (www.beyondthewall.com). The result is PLAYBOY's first-ever list of America's Top 100 College Bars.

These are the places where America's youth spend their college years, killing time between classes or, in many cases, during classes. Students remember their favorite bars well, because they often spend more time in them than in the library. Early-afternoon happy hours draw students straight from the lecture halls. Theme nights prevail, creating the feel of perpetual Saturday. How can a Tuesday study session compete with two-for-one margaritas and free tacos?

Bargains are big draws at college bars, since many students are on limited budgets. Twenty-one-year-olds like free food and cheap drinks. If cheap is better, then many of these hundred haunts fit the bill. In New Orleans, where bars seem to outnumber residents, Waldo's Bar stands out for its signature penny pitchers. A $5 cover allows beer drinkers to quench an entire table's thirst, one cent at a time. It makes it easier to party hearty.

The résumés of Julie Hazimi and Mike Bush include hard partying as undergrads at Indiana University. Two years after graduation, they became general managers at the famed Touchdown Café at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. "It was always popular, but since we've been here it has become the hot college bar," says Mike. "We put on some sick drink specials, like dollar pitchers. We'll sometimes have a line of 200 people out the door. Students come here because they know they're going to have a good time."

ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLO ROTH

ARNOLD ROTH

Like many classic college bars, the Touchdown is decorated with collegiate memorabilia. Hazimi and Bush went one step further and replaced the barroom floor with bench seating from the school's original football stadium. Now students can spill their drinks on a part of school history. And the Michigan fight song is on the jukebox so they can blare it after big plays in televised games.

What's in a name? Many college bars draw from their school affiliation, such as Clemson's Tiger Town Tavern, Wisconsin's Kollege Klub and Cal State University–Northridge's College Inn. Rulloff's, near Cornell, is a college bar that incongruously combines a decor of ornately carved wood with cheap pitchers of Rolling Rock. It was named after a murderer whose brain is on display in the school's psychology department, à la *Young Frankenstein*.

Rulloff's loyalist David Kelsey mentions the flexibilities of the bartenders. "They'll make any drink. I remember trying a cement mixer—vodka and milk—and nearly throwing up." That's a fact of college bars: You may have had your first drink there, but for many odd libations, you also had your last—or so you swore. How often do you pour yourself a shot of Jägermeister at home? Mix up a sex on the beach? Drink boilermakers or oyster shooters?

College bars are big on drinking games. You don't stroll into a posh martini lounge and see people playing quarters. The sounds of dice hitting the table in a game of Mexican, or cards flipping in Up the River, Down the River, can be heard only near campuses. Here, students hone their manual skills bouncing quarters off tables that have been engraved with graffiti over several decades. These taverns are where the big games are watched, relationships are started and birthdays and future employment are celebrated. Paul Ryan, co-owner of Smokey Joe's at the University of Pennsylvania, has the right attitude: "We love it. This bar has been on campus since Prohibition. Some college bar owners think the kids are a pain in the ass. Not us."

Here, alphabetically, are America's Top 100 College Bars.

BEST BARS

Appalachian State University
CARIBBEAN CAFÉ

Arizona State
BALBOA CAFÉ

Auburn University
THE WAR EAGLE SUPPER CLUB

Boston College
THE KELLS OF BOSTON

Bowling Green State University
JUNCTION BAR & GRILL

California State University–Chico
RILEY'S BAR & GRILL

California State University–Fullerton
OFF CAMPUS PUB

California State University–Northridge
THE COLLEGE INN

California State University–Sacramento
STINGERS SPORTS PUB

Catholic University of America
KELLY'S IRISH TIMES

Central Michigan University
SHABOOM PUB CLUB

Central Missouri State University
STAR BAR

Clemson University
TIGER TOWN TAVERN

Cleveland State University
RASCAL HOUSE SALOON

Colorado State University
TONY'S BAR AND GRILL

Cornell University
RULLOFF'S

East Carolina University
THE ATTIC

Florida State University
BULLWINKLE'S SALOON

Illinois State University
PUB II

Indiana University
KILROY'S ON KIRKWOOD

Indiana University of Pennsylvania
WOLFENDALE'S

Iowa State University
PEOPLE'S BAR & GRILL

James Madison University
JM'S BAR & GRILL

Johns Hopkins University
P.J.'S PUB

Kansas State University
RUSTY'S LAST CHANCE

Kent State University
RAY'S PLACE

Louisiana State University
SPORTS OF TIGERLAND

Loyola University of New Orleans
WALDO'S BAR

Marquette University
JIM HEGARTY'S IRISH PUB

Miami University (Ohio)
FIRST RUN

Michigan State University
RICK'S AMERICAN CAFÉ

Mississippi State University
RICK'S CAFÉ

North Carolina State University
CANTINA

Northern Arizona University
CABO CANTINA

Northern Illinois University
MOLLY'S

Ohio State University
OUT-R-INN

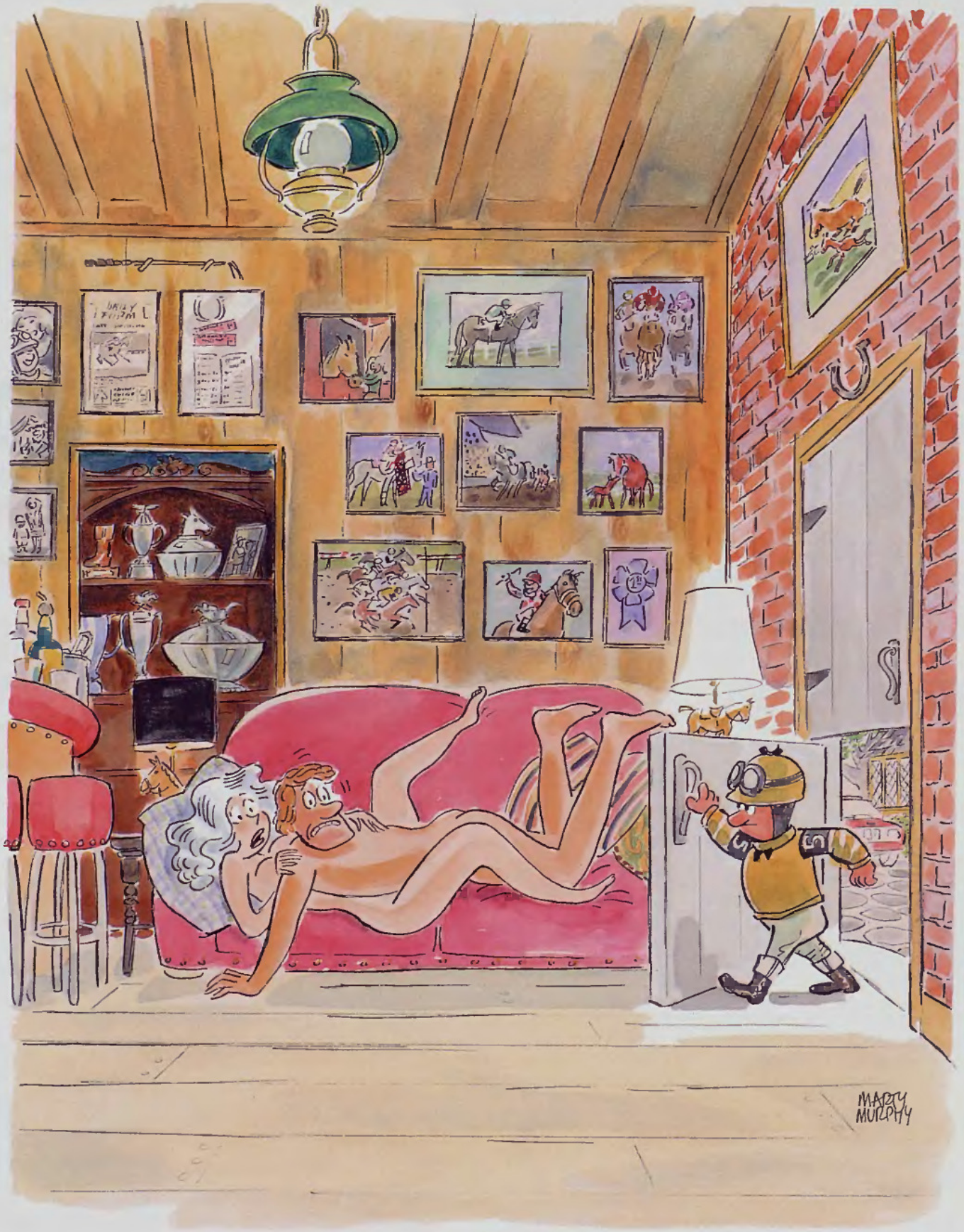
Ohio University
NIGHT COURT

Old Dominion University
4400 CAMPUS CLUB

Oregon State University
PEACOCK TAVERN

Pennsylvania State University
THE GINGERBREAD MAN

(concluded on page 155)



"It's my husband! They must have scratched his last race!"

there's an extra helping of babe-itude in the nation's heartland conference

JESSICA MONROE - Wisconsin

FOOTBALL, basketball and an inability to count are what the Big Ten is all about. After all, as most NCAA fans know, this collegiate juggernaut is actually made up of 11 institutions, each one scrappier than the next on the gridiron and on the hardwood. But that's just sports. When it comes to the conference's prettier, off-the-field stars, the Big Ten deserves a big 10. Winding its way through eight Midwestern states, Big Ten country guards the Great Lakes with its sprawling, woodsy campuses. When we last visited the heartland conference, in October 1991, it had just welcomed its 11th sister, Penn State. At the time we wondered if the Nittany Lions' arrival would drive up the division's property value—not to mention its beauty factor. Indeed it did. But six years later, we thought we'd take another look. We sent Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey to recapture the Big Ten's unforgettable scenery. How did they fare? According to Senior Photography Editor Jim Larson, our two Davids were coed magnets: "More than 675 girls tried out, including about 100 each at Indiana and Michigan. And you wouldn't believe how many students made references to Pamela Anderson and Jenny McCarthy, saying, 'I want to be just like them.'" Lucky for us, many were. Turn the page.

Laundry day never looked so good. At right, meet a rough-and-tumble-dry foursome from Michigan State. From left to right: Business major April Reesling is on the dean's list and is a member of the Honor Society for International Scholars, Minnesota native Alissa Arnold swims competitively and wants to become an exercise physiologist, globe-trotter Shannon Yates already has made waves as both a Miller girl and a Hawaiian Tropic model and future teacher Kelli Kemsley works as a waitress (she can't stand customers who don't tip at least 15 percent). Above is Wisconsin senior Jessica Monroe, who enjoys flowers, dancing and thunderstorms. Headed for a career in business administration, Jessica recently had an internship at Americorps in Milwaukee.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECEY AND DAVID CHAN

GIRLS of the BIG TEN

APRIL REESLING, ALISSA ARNOLD, SHANNON YATES, KELLI KEMSLEY - Michigan State

TRACEY GRESIK - Northwestern

Tracey Gresik (above left) is a Chicago native currently studying bialagy at Narthwestern. Her passians run from the gentle (she laves animals) to the cerebral (she plans to be a doctor) ta the rugged (she's a kickboxer). Oh, yeah, she alsa has no time for people who drive 40 miles per hour in the left lane. Abave right: No, you haven't died and gone to Greek heaven—that's just the garig outside the Delta Chi frat at the University of Minnesota. They are (standing, left ta right) Kari Taylar, Laura Leibli, Jinger Pulkrabek, Jeannie Ericksan, Cheryl Burgos and (seated) Megan Kotek. "I plan to be self-emplayed," declares Purdue accounting major Megan Weller (belaw). Until that day, the Indiana native will continue to play faatball and racquetball and search far "a man who has money and is secure with himself."

MEGAN WELLER - Purdue

ASHLEY BONET - Michigan State

SUNNY REED - Minnesota

JENN SHUBINSKI - Illinois

When she's not studying onthropology ot Michigon Stote, Honolulu native Ashley Bonet (above) likes to get wet: She's on avid swimmer ond surfer. "I live for experience," she soys, "ond never hesitate to try new things." Minnesoto's Sunny Reed (top right) hosn't yet decided on o major, but she's convinced "it has to be something I love." Currently, the leoding condidotes ore donce and art. Future print journalist Jenn Shubinski (right) wonts to be a Woshington news correspondent after graduating from the University of Illinois. On the sweeter side, Jenn odmits she's o sucker for raspberry lollipops. "They're the only things that keep me awake during some of my closses."

TIFFANY SLOAN - Iowa

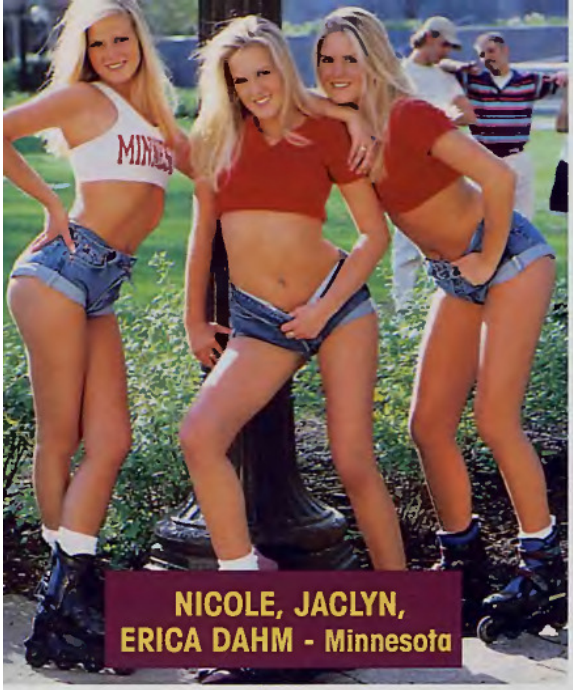
BETHANY OLSON - Minnesota

DARBY DICKINSON - Michigan

HEATHER LAKE - Indiana

Future professor Tiffany Sloon (opposite, top left) doesn't waste her days lounging around the University of Iowa campus. When she's not hitting her political science books, she enjoys traveling, playing tennis and jogging. An excursion to Europe is the number one priority on the postgrad list for University of Minnesoto's Bethany Olson (to Tiffany's right). The English lit major is an outdoorswoman whose three big turn-offs are whining, vegetables and shopping malls. Michigan's Darby Dickinson (among stuffed bed buddies, opposite bottom) is poised to take public affairs by storm. The Washington State native is also a weight lifter, canyon climber and particularly opinionated moviegoer. Outdoors, Indiona's Heather Lake (above) likes to go hunting and fly-fishing. Indoors, she's usually found cromming for business exams, indulging in raspberry-and-chocolote cheesecake and listening to the Grateful Dead. Hoosier Carrie Lynn Fronk (right) is corrying on a family tradition: Her mom, dad and older brother all graduated from Indiana. "I like people who are not afraid to be themselves," soys the speech and telecommunications major. "And I dislike the fact that society so often judges people without even knowing them." So there.

CARRIE LYNN FRANK - Indiana



NICOLE, JACLYN, ERICA DAHM - Minnesota

Do Minnesoto triplets Nicole, Joclyn ond Erica Dohm (above) get o special three-for-one deol on tuition? Probobly not—but they do get our undivided ottention. Shorron Peck (below) is a business major at Ohio Stote who one doy wonts to be a buyer for a deportment store. But above all, she prides herself on being the ultimote big sis for her little brothers. If you run into Illinois psych major Cindy Kosnick (right) at o club ond ask her to donce, you may be in over your head. The lody's been doncing bollet, modern, jozz ond top for 17 years. And forget obout the beoch—Ohio Stote's Kathryn French (below right) likes to hong out ot the OSU science lobs. That's where she's getting the right stuff to become a microbiologist.

CINDY KOSNICK - Illinois

SHARRON PECK - Ohio State

KATHRYN FRENCH - Ohio State

Costo Ricon Holly Herckis (obove left) ottends Northwestern, where she mojors in political science ond psychology. Out of the clossroom, she enjoys exploring ethnic restourants with her boyfriend. Interesting people seem to cotch the eye of Michigon Stote dietetics major Erico Michelle (left). Funny, we find her interesting in her own right. And Ohio Stote's Kuan Chong (above) is a notive of Toiwon who's jazzed by pool, art and unpretentious poetry. Her dreom job is to become o computer animotor either with Pixor or Industrial Light & Mogic.

JENNIFER SHIPLEY, MICHELLE BEST, ANGELA RIOU, SUSAN WORLEY, BELINDA MARSHALL, MICHELE SMITH - Indiana

Confirming our suspicions thot the girls' locker room is the sexiest place on earth (obove), here are half a dozen reasons to ottend Indiana University. From left to right: Jennifer Shipley, Michelle Best, Angelo Dee Riou, Suson Worley, Belinda Marshall and Michele Smith. Keeping cool at right is Michigon's Tonsley Webb, a senior Wolverine who's oiming for her moster's degree in social work. She enjoys aerobics, woterskiing and jogging with her dog, Sheebo. Appeoring in PLAYBOY is a dreom come true for Indiano's Shelby Kline (below). The South Bend notive ond student librorion lends much of her time to student government octivities, intramural sports, blood drives ond the neighborhood Girl Scout troop—all the while maintoining on impressive 3.9 grade point overage. "Keeping busy," Shelby admits, "reolly mokes the time fly by."

TANSLEY WEBB - Michigan

SHELBY KLINE - Indiana

DYANA GEARHART - Northwestern

MARGARET CHMIEL - Michigan

Northwestern econ mojor Dyona Gearhort (left) intends to have it all: o sotisfying business career ond o hoppy fomily. Meanwhile, Polond's Morgoret Chmiel (obove) studies musicol theoter ot Michigon—thot is, when she's not rood tripping, clubbing or "experimenting in the kitchen." And Minnesota's Mornie Ryon (below) is studying to be on elementory school teocher while remaining true to her Koppo Koppo Gommo sorority. Ms. Ryon is also o nonny.

MARNIE RYAN - Minnesota

NICOLE MARIE - Michigan State

Michigan Stater Nicole Marie (above) paints, speaks French and majors in fashion design. "I want to become a successful haute couture designer," says Nicole, who also has her mind set on landing on the centerfold of PLAYBOY. Says Iowa's Amanda Wallace (below left): "My family can trace its lineage back to Scotland's Sir William Wallace of *Braveheart* fame." On a less historical note, the Boston-born Amanda likes nice smiles. Dental assistant Tya Lichtie (below center), whose name means "friend" in Tahitian, studies dietetics at Wisconsin. She also enjoys cooking up a storm—"which is probably why I work out five times a week." Broadway should keep an eye out for Molly Neylan (below right), who studies theater and film at Iowa. "I like all theater activities," she says, "lighting, acting, singing and stage combat—but not Cats." Finally, say hi to Andrea Cherry (opposite), our ambassador from Penn State. The future psychology researcher tells us she likes stargazing, skiing and sunsets in the mountains. Her turnoffs? Frat boys and obnoxious parties. Ditto.

AMANDA WALLACE - Iowa

TYA LICHTIE - Wisconsin

MOLLY NEYLAN - Iowa

ANDREA CHERRY - Penn State

CRUDE, DUDE!

(continued from page 82)

"That's how rugby got associated with partying. Before they had ibuprofen they had ale."

half shirts and a men's room oft stained by puke. So it means something when Sigma Pi brother Mike, a solid 250-pounder, tells you, "When the rugby team goes out, people know who they are. When they drink, it's like they're on a mission. If you're not one of them, you should watch yourself because they could turn on you and start fucking with you. If you want to get into a fight, guaranteed, go up to a rugby guy and say, 'Hey, bitch.'"

On the way to the bar several players attempt to overturn a pickup truck that's idling at a bank. They rock the truck. The driver honks and honks. "We know this guy," someone yells, for my benefit. "This is our friend."

Outside the tavern, the bouncers greet the team with tight-lipped nods. They, the hired muscles, are neither welcoming nor disrespectful. They are notably reserved. "That's why we don't hire anybody too big to work the door," says the not-too-big doorman. "We don't want anyone to feel challenged. You take the rugby team. We've considered banning them before because they break so much stuff. But then we want their business, which is a lot. So it's a trade-off. It depends on how much they break."

Finally, someone spots WKU. They are slouched around a pool table off to the side, looking as if the transition from their cars to the bar has left them feeling out of place. "We got a late start," drawls Joe, a massive person with a brush cut, "and we were pissing in bottles the whole way down. Shoot, it's so good to finally see some friends." He offers a toast: "Here's to staying single, seeing double and sleeping triple. Amen."

The drinking continues at an impressive rate. Lite beers, Jell-O shots, slippery nipples, whatever it takes. Later, this all-out approach to the evening leads to some static involving the police, a drunken rookie, an enraged blonde woman and an act of grab-ass—a "crime" few ruggers here would condemn. That's because, in the private universe of rugby, grab-ass is understood. Guys grab girls. Girls grab guys. Everybody acts out. Unfortunately for the ruggers, the cops don't share that view. "This is so fucking lame," says one of the old loads as the officers roll up. "This is not the way it used to be."

Other than that, it's a fairly conventional night—drinking, more drinking, crawling home to die. "The thing about rugby that you should know," Conn says, leaning woozily on the bar before last call, "is that at a lot of schools, there are not too many examples of really good players who don't get trashed. It's usually the guys who suck who don't go out."

"Personally," says Kraft, standing shoulder-to-shoulder with Conn, "I drink because I'm bored. Drinking makes normal things more fun."

"So you're not at all worried about tomorrow?" I ask him. Kraft looks confused.

"Tomorrow, what?"

THE GAME

"Forces equivalent to 1.5 tons are exerted on a player's cervical spine during a scrum."—*The American Journal of Sports Medicine*

Saturday dawns to painful glaring skies. The players arrive in small groups, stumbling toward the field, sipping from squirt bottles and Gatorade jugs, a few holding their heads. A very few tote open beers. Some come dressed for the game—high-cut shorts, cleats and tight, all-the-harder-to-grab-me rugby shirts—but most clutch at least some piece of the uniform in their hands. It is just after noon. Their breakfasts have included Pop-Tarts and ginseng pills, biscuits and gravy, hamburgers, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, ramen noodle soup and Mini-Thins, an over-the-counter stimulant. Those who dined out recall addressing their waitresses with "Yes, ma'am," "thank you" and "please."

The teams warm up with a good bit of real estate between them, as if attempting to distance themselves, physically and otherwise, from last night's good cheer. Some players smear petroleum jelly on their heads, like fighters hoping to slip blows and staunch cuts. Others use black electrical tape as headbands to keep their ears from getting ripped off. Socks are secured with spare shoelaces as garters, then folded once, below the knee. Collars get tucked under. Conn unveils a new, self-styled, inspirational haircut, the Shaq-Fu—flat top, shaved sides, tufts of sideburns left untouched. If there's a fight, Kraft promises to moon the combatants to break it up. Meanwhile, some 60 spectators line the field with lawn chairs and beer coolers, and bagpipe music wails from a nearby car. And the air fills with the smell of liniment and a sense of imminent battle. The T-shirts on hand say a lot: WE'RE A DRINKING TEAM WITH A RUGBY PROBLEM. IT TAKES LEATHER BALLS TO PLAY RUGBY. RUGBY PLAYERS EAT THEIR DEAD.

The kickoff is akin, more or less, to that of football. The players, 15 to a side, gather at opposite ends of the pitch—a tad larger than a standard gridiron—and one team boots the ball to the other. You do not want to know too much about the rules. As Derek Robinson writes in *Rugby*: "In no other sport are the players so vague about the laws." And if they can be vague about them, so can you. Suffice it to say, the game resembles padless, helmetless, open-field football in that it involves tackling and forbids the forward lateral; soccer in that the action rarely stops and players ahead of the play are considered offside; boxing in that there's a lot of boxing that goes on; wrestling in that players do that too. Points are accrued by downing the ball across the goal line or kicking it through the uprights. The ball is advanced, most commonly, in a series of sweeps and laterals, or via a forward-bounding dropkick. Blocking is not allowed. Neither are substitutions. The game consists of two 40-minute halves. If it sounds more than a little like American football, well, now you know where we got the game.

Aside from the final score, which puts SIU on top, only a few plays stand out. At one point, an SIU back is laid flat—and temporarily motionless—by an illegal clothesline tackle. A 300-plus-pounder from WKU has stopped the back cold with a forearm to the throat. The impact is hard to watch, so radical is the halt to the back's forward progress—his chin snapping up while his legs bicycle forward, like Wile E. Coyote gone off a cliff. It is the sort of hit that makes the sideline crowd go "Ooooh," and then yell "Fuck him up" and "Revenge happens in the ruck, motherfucker." And it is the sort of hit that instantly leads to a fight. Within seconds a small cluster of players gets into it, fists flying. Seconds later, Mr. Montez, the ref, breaks it up.

Much later, an SIU player goes down in a crowd, and a WKU player jumps, with both cleated feet, on the downed player's legs. This too leads to a fight. And when the game's action gets close, the hitting is audible—like slapping hamburger—which is sobering when you consider that this is the sound of flesh on flesh.

In the end, after the clock peters out, players from both teams—even the

(continued on page 158)

PIGSKIN PREVIEW (continued from page 114)

There's still no IA playoff, and the Pac Ten and Big Ten are not part of the Bowl Alliance until next year.

Banks, was the best number two running back in the nation last season. The defense will again be strong, especially at linebacker and in the middle, where tackle Jared DeVries rules the line. 9–2

11. TEXAS

It was the defining moment in fifth-year coach John Mackovic's uneasy tenure at Texas, and the gutsiest call of the 1996 college football season: First-ever Big 12 championship game, Texas leading by three late in the game against a powerhouse Nebraska team frantically trying to crawl back into the national title picture, Texas fourth-and-one on its own 28-yard line. Mac's call: punt? No. Line plunge? No. Roll out QB James Brown and pass? Yes. Sixty-seven yards and Texas wins. Mac's critics are silenced. James Brown (please, no more comparisons to that hollerin' singer) is back. So is running back Ricky Williams (1272 rushing yards last season). Wane McGarity will step into the spot vacated by graduated Mike Adams, UT's all-time leading receiver. The defense is anchored by tackle Chris Akins, who may be the strongest college football player in the nation (561-pound bench press, 760-pound squat). The linebackers, led by Aaron Humphrey, are young, but good. The secondary is also young and no one, not even Mackovic, is certain how well they will do. The answer to that question will determine whether the Longhorns are good or very good. 9–2

12. SYRACUSE

With Donovan McNabb (a winner in 18 of his 24 starts) returning at quarterback, the offense will rule again at Syracuse. McNabb will see familiar faces in the huddle—running backs Rob Konrad and Kyle McIntosh, receiver Quinton Spotwood and most of the offensive line that helped the Orangeman score 30 or more points in all but one game last season. Coach Paul Pasqualoni will have to patch together a credible defense. Antwaune Ponds is the only proven player at linebacker, and there is a lack of experience, if not talent, on the defensive front. Hard-hitting safety Donovin Darius is the mainstay in the secondary. Although the kicking game is suspect and the early schedule rough, McNabb and pals will score enough points to keep Syracuse in every game. If the defense gels, look out. 9–3

13. LOUISIANA STATE

In Baton Rouge, second-year coach Gerry DiNardo has engineered a successful rebuilding job. Louisiana State posted its first ten-win season since 1987 and made its second consecutive postseason appearance, a 10–7 Peach Bowl win over Clemson. Now the Tigers are ready to claw their way into the SEC championship game. But to do that, they'll have to find a way to beat conference bullies Alabama and Florida. DiNardo has built this Tiger team around the running game and Playboy All-America tailback Kevin Faulk. With the development of a better receiving corps, the Tigers will go to the air more often this season. Junior quarterback Herb Tyler, though lacking a rocket arm, still managed to finish third in SEC passing last season behind Peyton Manning and Danny Wuerffel. Seven starters return on a defense that's especially strong in the middle. However, LSU needs a better pass rush from its defensive ends and improvement in the secondary to compete with wide-open offenses. Florida comes to mind. 8–3

14. MICHIGAN

During the preseason, Michigan coach Lloyd Carr refused to indicate who among four viable candidates would start for the Wolverines at quarterback. Scott Dreisbach has the most experience, but Brian Griese has beaten Ohio State twice. Underclassmen Tom Brady and Jason Kapsner have talent as well. Whoever gets the nod will be tested early, as Michigan opens against Colorado, followed by Baylor and Notre Dame. The skill positions are set with running backs Chris Howard and Clarence Williams, wide receiver Tai Streets and tight end Jerame Tuman. The defense loses linebacker Jarrett Irons but returns seven starters, including end Glen Steele, linebacker Sam Sword and Playboy All-America corner Charles Woodson. The Wolverines have a chance to climb from good to great if the offensive line can step up. 8–3

15. MIAMI

Miami coach Butch Davis was saddled with two enormous chores: (1) Clean up the Hurricanes' reputation as the bad boys of college football and (2) keep winning. Davis seems to be accomplishing both. While no coach can guarantee that players won't get into trouble, Davis has put his personal stamp of integrity on Miami football. The winning hasn't been bad either. Last year's 8–3 regular season record was punctuated by a 31–21 victory over Virginia in the Carquest Bowl. The Hurricanes could be as good or better this season. Ryan Clement will finish his career in the top ten in at least five school passing categories. The Hurricanes are deep at running back (Dyral McMillan, Trent Jones, Edgerrin James) and at receiver, if Jammi German has recovered from the knee injury that forced him to redshirt in 1996. Davis' biggest concern is defense, where talent is deep but experience thin. 8–3

16. OHIO STATE

Coach John Cooper and the Buckeyes put as many players into the NFL as any college program in the nation. The problem is the number who leave Columbus before their eligibility has expired. Shawn Springs, last season's Big Ten Defensive Player of the Year, left one year early; Orlando Pace, one of the all-time best college offensive linemen, departed with two years remaining and nothing left to prove. Add to these the graduation of defensive end Mike Vrabel and other starters from last season and you can figure that the Buckeyes may struggle this season. Still, OSU will be in the top 20. They have quarterbacks Stanley Jackson and Joe Germaine, running back Pepe Pearson (who returns after gaining 1484 yards and scoring 17 TDs last year), receiver David Boston (33 catches as a freshman last season) and, on defense, the Kat—Playboy All-America linebacker Andy Katzenmoyer—and the Mouse—free safety Damon Moore—who led the team in tackles (89) and interceptions (5). 8–4

17. CLEMSON

Experience counts. Sixteen Clemson starters return, including running back Raymond Priester, who gained more than 1300 yards last season, and quarterback Nealon Greene, who has been the Tigers' number one signal caller for 28 consecutive games. The offensive line features three returning all-conference players—Jim Bundren, Glenn Rountree and Lamont Hall. Three-year coach Tommy West thinks linebacker Anthony Simmons is "one of the best defensive players in the nation"—we agreed and named him a Playboy All-America. The schedule favors the Tigers, with Florida State, North Carolina and Virginia slated to visit Death Valley. 8–3

18. STANFORD

Late last October second-year coach Tyrone Willingham and his Stanford team found themselves 2–5 following a 41–9 drubbing by eventual Pac Ten champ Arizona State. A winning season seemed unlikely. But Willingham refused to give up on his team, and the Cardinal responded by winning their last five games—including a 38–0 romp over a good Michigan State team in the Sun Bowl. Most of the talent from last season's team is back and determined to start strong this year. Quarterback

Chad Hutchinson, a starting pitcher on the Cardinal baseball team, will throw passes this fall. There are four excellent running backs, plus speed at wide receiver. The defense, the heart of last year's midseason improvement, is led by sack masters Kailee Wong and Carl Hansen. A scheduling peculiarity: The two best teams in the conference, Washington and Stanford, do not play each other this season. 8–3

19. ALABAMA

Gene Stallings was the first Alabama coach to successfully step from the shadow of legend Bear Bryant, leading the Crimson Tide back to prominence and a national championship in 1992. When Stallings called it a career at the end of last season, the Tide picked defensive coordinator Mike DuBose to succeed him. Stallings has left DuBose a mixed bag of football talent. Senior quarterback Freddie Kitchens has failed to inspire much confidence in his passing ability, so the Tide will continue to rely on Dennis Riddle and the running game. Quality defensive ends Chris Hood and Playboy All-America Michael Myers will spearhead the Bama D. Deshea Townsend is an impact player at corner, but linebacking depth is a problem. Alabama should get off to a good start, thanks to a soft early schedule. 8–3

20. UTAH

Announcers stumble over his name, defenders struggle to tackle him and most football fans outside the Rockies have never heard of him. Utah junior running back Chris Fuamatu-Ma'afala is good enough to get some Heisman votes this year—that is, if any East Coast voters get to see him play. And Utah, riding Fuamatu-Ma'afala and a bevy of talented backs behind an experienced offensive line, should be as good or better than the 8–4 record they posted last season. For coach Ron McBride the biggest problem is choosing between two talented but untested redshirt QBs: Junior college transfer Jonathan Crosswhite appears to have the early edge over freshman Darnell Arceneaux. The Utes' defense will be improved despite the loss of all-conference safety Harold Lusk. Washington State transfer Phil Glover will be a force at linebacker. The Utes could string a lot of Ws before their November 22 showdown against BYU. 9–2

OTHER TEAMS TO WATCH

BRIGHAM YOUNG

Eccentric scheduling last season (12 regular season games, an added early season contest, the WAC championship game and, finally, the Cotton Bowl) gave the Cougars an opportunity to break lots of statistical records and pile up victories. They didn't waste the chance, achieving a record 14 wins with only one loss (to Washington). With QB Steve Sarkisian graduated, the charges of offensive-minded coach LaVell Edwards will rely on a defense that returns nine starters from last season, including secondary standout Omarr Morgan. Edwards was unable to decide between two quarterback candidates this past spring, so he'll give Paul Shoemaker and Kevin Feterik each a shot this fall. The receiving corps is strong, but Edwards will probably go to the running game until the quarterback situation is settled. This Cougar team is unusually mature: Forty-five of its players have served two-year Mormon missions and 20 players are married. 8–3

AUBURN

In the Bowden football family, coming home at the end of the season with a 7–4 record plus a narrow win over Army in the Independence Bowl earns something less than the drumstick on the bird. Winning in Bowdenland isn't just earning more victories than defeats; it means double-digit Ws, top ten finishes, playing for the national championship. While Terry Bowden, son of Florida State dynastic father Bobby, accomplished most of those goals in his first four years as coach of Auburn, he couldn't make the Tigers anything more

Now he's an officer
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RUNNING BACKS: Curtis Enis (Penn State), Chris Fuamatu-Ma'afala (Utah), Scott Harley (East Carolina), Robert Holcombe (Illinois), Ahman Green (Nebraska), Pepe Pearson (Ohio State), Sedrick Irvin (Michigan State), Ricky Williams (Texas), De'Mond Parker (Oklahoma), Autry Denson (Notre Dame), Ken Oxendine (Virginia Tech), Skip Hicks (UCLA)

RECEIVERS: Phil Savoy (Colorado), E.G. Green (Florida State), Larry Shannon (East Carolina), Ryan Thelwell (Minnesota), Az-zahir Hakim (San Diego State), David Saunders (West Virginia), Jacquez Green (Florida), Nakia Jenkins (Utah State), Harvey Middleton (Georgia Tech), Stephen Alexander (Oklahoma), Jerome Tuman (Michigan)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Mike Rosenthal (Notre Dame), Kevin Long (Florida State), Ben Fricke (Houston), Jeff Saturday (North Carolina), Kyle Murphy (Arizona State), Eric Anderson (Nebraska), Kyle Turley (San Diego State), Melvin Thomas (Colorado), Gennaro DiNapoli (Virginia Tech), Matt Stinchcomb (Georgia)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Jason Peters (Nebraska), Greg Ellis (North Carolina), Jared DeVries (Iowa), Ryan Olson (Colorado), Kailee Wong (Stanford), John Thornton (West Virginia), Chris Akins (Texas), Glen Steele (Michigan), Ed Chester (Florida), Andre Wadsworth (Florida State)

LINEBACKERS: Takeo Spikes (Auburn), Jamie Duncan (Vanderbilt), Antwaune Ponds (Syracuse), Johnny Rutledge (Florida), Keith Brooking (Georgia Tech), Marchant Kenney (Southern Mississippi), DeShone Myles (Nevada), Chris Gizzi (Air Force), Sam Sword (Michigan), Sam Cowart (Florida State)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Tony Blevins (Kansas), Deshea Townsend (Alabama), Ralph Brown (Nebraska), Mitchell Freedman (Arizona State), Sean Andrews (Navy), Donovin Darius (Syracuse), Fred Weary (Florida), Shaun Williams (UCLA), Damon Moore (Ohio State)

KICK RETURNERS: Ketric Sanford (Houston), Terry Fair (Tennessee), Allen Rossum (Notre Dame), Deon Mitchell (Northern Illinois)

PLACEKICKERS: Phil Dawson (Texas), Kris Brown (Nebraska), Robert Nycz (Arizona State), Damon Shea (Nevada), Jaret Greaser (Texas Tech), Marty Kent (Louisiana Tech)

PUNTERS: Aron Langley (Wyoming), Alan Sutkowski (Indiana)

than just a pretty good football team last season. Major reason? Auburn's defense. It was Brother Oliver's first season as defensive coordinator, and there were injuries, especially along the front. Ten starters from that defense return, which means more experience if not talent. Linebacker Takeo Spikes is tough in the middle, and the secondary grabbed lots of interceptions despite playing three freshmen. With senior quarterback Dameyune Craig returning along with several outstanding offensive linemen (including 6'5", 321-pound Playboy All-America Victor Riley), the defense may not have to be quite as good as it wasn't last season. 8–3

NORTHWESTERN

Gary Barnett has a big fat coaching contract and a new home near Lake Michigan. The football stadium has been renovated, a new natural grass field installed and an indoor practice facility built. The Wildcats have finished in the top 20 and won a share of the Big Ten championship two years in a row. And now Barnett has landed the best recruiting class in school history. Northwestern lost running back Darnell Autry a year early to the NFL, and two-time national defensive player of the year Pat Fitzgerald and veteran quarterback Steve Schnur have graduated. But after what Barnett has proved in the past two years, no one should take the Cats lightly. Experienced backup Tim Hughes is ready for his chance at quarterback; so is another fifth-year senior, Chris Hamdorf. Adrian Autry (no relation to Darnell) is set at running back. Playboy All-America D'Wayne Bates is bona fide big-time at wide receiver. Look for linebacker Barry Gardner and safety Eric Collier to shine on defense. What hasn't Barnett accomplished? He hasn't won a bowl game (Northwestern lost to Tennessee 48–28 in last season's Citrus Bowl) and he doesn't have a national championship ring. Yet. 8–4

COLORADO STATE

Coach Sonny Lubick has led Colorado State to two conference titles since he arrived in Fort Collins four years ago. He thinks he has a shot at a third. The Rams return 17 starters from last season's 7–5 team, including prolific quarterback Moses Moreno, 1000-yard rusher Damon Washington and receiver Geoff Turner. But it's the defense that will be most improved. Adrian Ross gives the Rams pressure on the passer up front, and linebackers Willie Taylor and Nate Kvamme are tackling machines. 8–3

VIRGINIA TECH

With the loss of quarterback Jim Druckenmiller and defensive end Cornell Brown, both now in the NFL, Virginia Tech could be expected to take a step back from the ten wins posted in each of the past two seasons. But coach Frank Beamer pumps football talent into Blacksburg, and the step will be a small one if redshirt junior Al Clark can pass effectively out of the Hokies' no-huddle offense. The ground game should be in good hands, with tailback Ken Oxendine behind a strong offensive line. With only five starters returning, the defense poses more questions, but coordinator Bud Foster thinks this group will be "as athletic as any group we've had." If the D is there, the Hokies should make it to their fifth consecutive bowl game. 8–3

WISCONSIN

All eyes in Madison will be on one-man-gang running back and Playboy All-America Ron Dayne, who rushed for more yards (2109) last season as a freshman than any back in the history of the Big Ten. With 315-pound Chris McIntosh and 390-pound Aaron Gibson at tackle, the 261-pound Dayne will make mincemeat of all but the strongest defensive fronts. When defenses are forced to concentrate on stopping Dayne, junior quarterback Mike Samuel and receivers Donald Hayes and Tony Simmons should find plenty of open areas downfield. Much of coach Barry Alvarez' defense remains untested, though several talented players return after missing all or part of last season with injuries. The Badgers get an early test against Syracuse in the Kickoff Classic on August 24. 8–4

WEST VIRGINIA

Coach Don Nehlen isn't predicting his Mountaineers will lead the nation again in total defense (UWV held opponents to an average 217.5 yards last season), but he's confident that they will be very good. Tackles Henry Slay and John Thornton along with end Bob Baum give Nehlen an impressive trio of down linemen. The linebacking will be strong as well, despite the graduation of Canute Curtis. On offense, Nehlen has more depth at running back than at any time in his 17-year career at Morgantown. The best of them, sophomore Amos Zereoue, appears to be completely recovered from a toe injury that slowed him at the end of last season. The team's season will be determined by the success of sophomore quarterback Marc Bulger, who, according to Nehlen, has "great talent" but little experience. 7–4

MICHIGAN STATE

Third-year coach Nick Saban is pointing his Spartans toward something better than the 6–6 record they posted last season. "Bowl bids are no longer the standard we use to measure success," says Saban. "We want a Big Ten championship and a game on New Year's Day." Saban has enough first-string talent to challenge the better teams in the conference. Sophomore running back Sedrick

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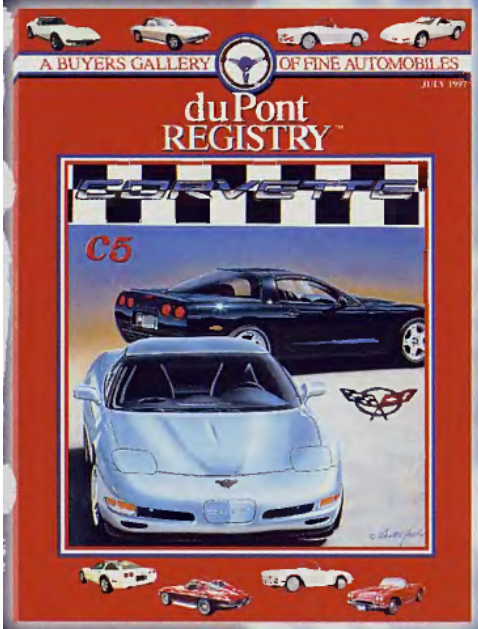

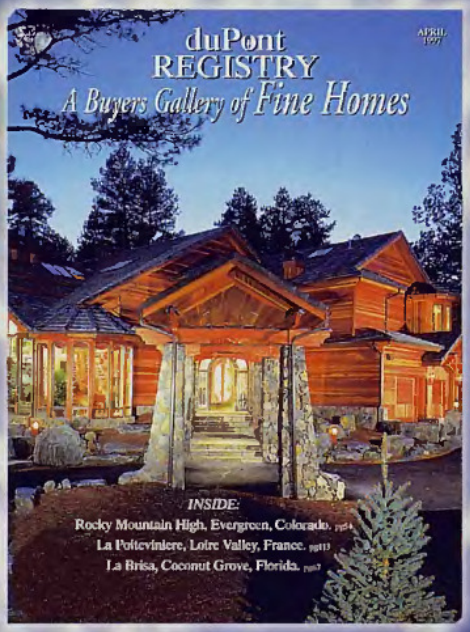
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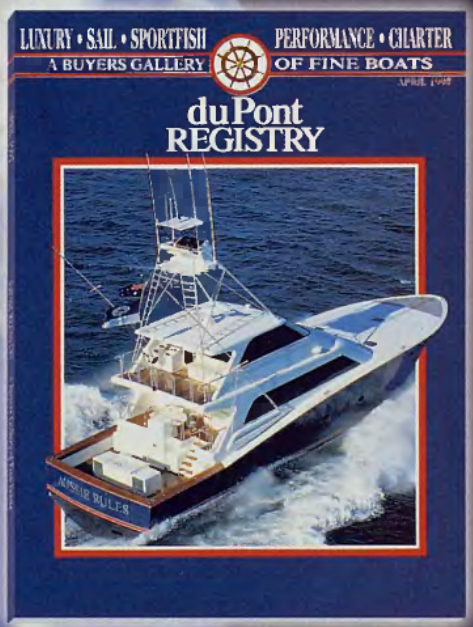

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Irvin is running behind Playboy All-America tackle Flozell Adams. Quarterback Todd Schultz is steady if not spectacular. Nine starters return from a unit that ranked number 19 nationally in total defense. But since a four-year probation has reduced scholarships, lack of depth is a concern. 7–4

KANSAS STATE

Common sense dictates that the Wildcats will drop out of the top 20 with the graduation of KSU all-time leading receiver Kevin Lockett and quarterback Brian Kavanagh. Then there's the loss of its entire defensive backfield, the nation's best in 1996. But common sense would also dictate that Bill Snyder couldn't turn a sick-kitten program that closed the Eighties with a 1-36-1 mark into the Powercats, one of only six teams in the nation to record at least nine victories every season since 1993. How will Snyder work his magic this year? Rely on a running game featuring Mike Lawrence and Brian Goolsby until sophomore quarterback Jonathan Beasley gets comfortable behind center. Build the defense around a strong corps of linebackers and integrate talented junior college transfers and redshirt freshmen. The Cats can sharpen their claws against weak nonconference opponents early in the schedule. 7–4

NAVY AND ARMY

Great tradition, valiant effort, disciplined play, losing records—all catchphrases for these two service academies. That is, until last season. The Cadets charged to ten wins and only two defeats, one a narrow Independence Bowl loss to Auburn (32–29). The Midshipmen fared nearly as well with nine victories capped by a 42–38 win over California in the Aloha Bowl, their first bowl win since 1978. Both teams will be back this year, though Army sustains the greater losses to graduation. Navy QB Chris McCoy returns, as does most of a stubborn defensive unit featuring one of the best secondaries in the nation.

NAVY 9–2 ARMY 7–4

UCLA

Second-year coach Bob Toledo should have the horses to put UCLA on the plus side of .500 this year. The Bruins will be potent on offense, where last year's line remains intact and tailback Skip Hicks returns after gaining more than 1000 yards. Since there is little depth behind him, quarterback Cade McNown needs to add consistency to his game and avoid injuries. Safety Shaun Williams is an impact player on a defense that will be bolstered by end Weldon Forde and inside linebacker Brian Willmer. A tough early schedule could get the Bruins off to a slow start. 7–4

TEXAS A&M

With his team underachieving miserably the past two years, R.C. Slocum dumped several members of his Aggie coaching staff in the off-season. He has been particularly frustrated with his team's inconsistent passing attack. Quarterback Brandon Stewart, who failed to live up to expectations last year, gets another chance this season and maybe next as well, with the NCAA awarding him an extra year of eligibility. Linebacker Dat Nguyen is the kind of attacking defensive player that Slocum likes, but the defensive front and secondary are unproven. 7–4

VIRGINIA

With the loss of twin brothers Ronde and Tiki Barber and linebackers James Farrior and Jamie Sharper, all of whom will play in the NFL this year, Virginia coach George Welsh has to rebuild. Welsh, who has taken the Cavaliers to bowl games seven of the past eight seasons, has tabbed junior Aaron Brooks as his starting quarterback. One of Brooks' main jobs will be to get the ball to Germane Crowell at wide receiver. Virginia has lots of talent at tailback, but there are fresh faces on the offensive line. With only four starters returning, inexperience will be a problem on defense as well. 6–5

ARIZONA STATE

Precious few football insiders imagined Arizona State would upset Nebraska last September 21. But PLAYBOY college football consultant Gil Brandt predicted it at last year's Playboy All-America weekend, and ASU coach Bruce Snyder sensed it. "I knew we were prepared. I knew our players believed they could do it." But no one expected the Huskers, winners of 26 straight games and two national championships, the team that scored 77 points against ASU the previous season, to be shut out 19–0. The heroes of that night, QB Jake Plummer, receiver Keith Poole and mountain tackle Juan Roque, are gone. Snyder has to identify a new starting quarterback from among four candidates. But the talent is deep, and Snyder has landed the best recruiting class of his career. This season Kyle Murphy will sparkle on the offensive line and fullback Jeff Paulk has the chance to be a 1000-yard rusher. Fortunately, Nebraska isn't on the schedule, because even David might have lost to Goliath in a rematch. 7–4

USC

After finishing a disappointing 6–6 last season, coach John Robinson is calling this year a "prove it" season for the Trojans. It was Robinson who set expectations for a national championship when he returned four years ago for his second stint as USC coach. And he has recruited plenty of blue-chip talent since. But his teams have never quite gelled. Eight starters return on offense this year, but there's no experience among the three candidates for quarterback. There's talent and depth in the running and receiving corps, but the offensive line has been less than dominating. The defensive line showed a curious inability to stop the run last season despite having now-NFL stud Darrell Russell in the middle. The best part of this year's defense are the corners, where Playboy All-America Daylon McCutcheon and Brian

"With me, it's not so much the religion or politics; it's a thing I have about women in armor."

Kelly cover and hit. The Trojans open against Florida State and close with nemesis UCLA, with Notre Dame and Washington somewhere between. The results of those four contests will determine if Robinson can survive another season as head coach. 7–4

MARSHALL

Need a good piece of college football trivia to drop on that irritating sports know-it-all at the office? Which team had the best record in college football last season, or, for that matter, in any season in college football? The answer is 15–0 Marshall, the defending Division IAA champion. But the Thundering Herd won't be defending that title, because they've moved to Division IA as a new member of the Mid-American Conference. Adding to the drama is Playboy All-America Randy Moss, whose receiving and return numbers could make him a contender for the Heisman. 8–3

ATLANTIC COAST

Florida State	10–1
North Carolina	10–1
Clemson	8–3
Virginia	6–5
Georgia Tech	5–6
North Carolina State	5–6
Maryland	5–6
Wake Forest	3–8
Duke	1–10

North Carolina will give Florida State the first serious competition it's had for the conference title since the Seminoles joined the ACC five years ago. Clemson and Virginia will battle for the other two spots in the top half of the conference standings. **Georgia Tech** would like to regain its national championship form of 1990, so head coach George O'Leary has brought back Ralph Friedgen, who engineered Tech's offense that championship season. The Yellow Jackets need to have running backs Charles Wiley and Phillip Rogers return from injuries, especially since last year's starting tailback, C.J. Williams, opted for the NFL a year early. Keith Brooking is the best of a good crew of linebackers. **North Carolina State** coach Mike O'Cain is cautiously optimistic about the Wolfpack's chances this season despite a disappointing 3–8 finish in 1996. Seventeen returning starters, better depth in the offensive line and lots of off-season effort in the weight room should prevent the Pack from being outmuscled this year. Tailback Tremeyne Stephens will have a big senior season. Former Northwestern defensive coordinator Ron Vanderlinden rode the Wildcats' rise to success and landed the head coaching position at **Maryland.** His strong recruiting skills will show results in a couple of seasons. **Wake Forest** and **Duke** will continue to struggle.

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

BIG EAST

Syracuse	9–3
Miami	8–3
Virginia Tech	8–3
West Virginia	7–4
Boston College	6–5
Pittsburgh	3–8
Rutgers	2–9
Temple	2–9

Divided equally into the haves and have-nots, the Big East will again be dominated by Syracuse, Miami, Virginia Tech and West Virginia. Any of the four have the potential to win the conference, though none could make a run at the national championship. **Boston College** will try to resurrect itself from the mire of last season's gambling scandal. Tom O'Brien, a former Virginia assistant, is the new head coach. The Eagles have some good players, notably QB Matt Hasselbeck and running back Omari Walker. New **Pittsburgh** coach Walt Harris wants a more pass-oriented style for the Panthers' attack, but lack of an experienced quarterback and a strong crew of running backs (led by senior Billy West) will keep the Panthers on the ground early. Another new Big East coach, Terry Shea, will attempt to inject life into a moribund **Rutgers** program, while **Temple** coach Ron Dickerson would be happy to nudge the Owls beyond the single victory they've been held to in each of the past two seasons.

BIG TEN

Penn State	11–0
Iowa	9–2
Michigan	8–3
Ohio State	8–4
Northwestern	8–4
Wisconsin	8–4
Michigan State	7–4
Minnesota	6–6
Illinois	5–6
Purdue	3–8
Indiana	3–8

Of course, not all of the seven Big Ten teams with serious top 20 aspirations (Penn State, Michigan, Iowa, Ohio State, Wisconsin, Michigan State and Northwestern) will be happy at the end of the season. But most, if not all, will find their way to bowl berths somewhere. The punishment for failing to win and qualify for postseason play at the other four schools? Fire the coach. **Illinois** fired Lou Tepper and hired Chicago Bears offensive coordinator Ron Turner. **Indiana** put Bill Mallory out to pasture in favor of Washington Redskins assistant Cam Cameron. Both programs will shift into high-powered passing attacks. Minnesota and Purdue acquired coaches with proven credentials at other schools. **Minnesota** coach Glen Mason, who transformed Kansas into a winner, inherits pretty good talent from departed Jim Wacker. The pass combination of Cory Sauter to Ryan Thelwell will be exciting to watch. Joe Tiller, who led Wyoming to a WAC title last year, replaces Jim Colletto at **Purdue**. The Boilermakers have 14 starters back from last season, but then, last year's team won only three games.

BIG TWELVE

NORTH DIVISION

Nebraska	11–0
Colorado	9–2
Kansas State	7–4
Kansas	6–5
Missouri	5–6
Iowa State	2–9

SOUTH DIVISION

Texas	9–2
Texas A&M	7–4
Oklahoma	6–6
Texas Tech	5–6
Oklahoma State	5–6
Baylor	4–7

New rivalries formed, old rivalries respected, the better half of the former Southwest Conference melded seamlessly into the new Big 12. And the alignment was financially and aesthetically pleasing to just about everyone except Nebraska, which tripped over Texas in the conference title game in pursuit of another national championship. This season's conference championship game could be a replay of last year's—but don't expect another Nebraska upset.

NORTH DIVISION

Nebraska, Colorado and Kansas State will finish at one, two and three again in the North Division. Former Northern Iowa coach Terry Allen will try to keep **Kansas** on the winning track established by Glen Mason (though the Jayhawks faltered to 4–7 last season). With the return of safety Tony Blevins, linebacker Ron Warner and six other starters, KU is stacked on defense. However, there are new faces on the offensive side. The Jayhawks will get fat on a soft early-season schedule, then struggle in conference. Larry Smith has a chance to coax **Missouri** onto the right side of .500 this season. The Tigers return four backs who gained 500-plus yards last season. The defense will have to turn it up if the Tigers are to prosper. Troy Davis, the first player in NCAA history to post back-to-back 2000-yard seasons, left **Iowa State** a year early for the NFL. But his brother, Darren, is ready to step into his spot in the backfield. Coach Dan McCarney has to improve a defense that blew substantial leads in five of the Cyclones' nine losses last year.

SOUTH DIVISION

With Texas A&M sagging and **Oklahoma** rebuilding, Texas dominates in the South. The Sooners have 15 players with starting experience on offense. De'Mond Parker is a racehorse back, and coach John Blake picked up two junior college running backs as insurance. Eric Moore and Justin Fuente will share time behind center. **Texas Tech** returns quarterback Zebbie Lethridge but lost running back Byron Hanspard to the NFL. A young line could complicate things offensively for the Red Raiders at the start of the season. Coach Spike Dykes landed his best-ever recruiting class despite an NCAA investigation hanging over the program. **Baylor** changed its coach after a disappointing 4–7 finish last year. New coach Dave Roberts will install an I-formation multiple passing attack, despite questions about the arm of returning starting quarterback Jeff Watson. Tailback Jerod Douglas, an 1100-yard rusher two years ago, will try to bounce back from an injury-plagued season last year. On defense, there's only room for improvement.

BIG WEST

Nevada	8–3
Utah State	7–4
North Texas	4–7
Idaho	4–6
New Mexico State	3–8
Boise State	2–9

Nevada, which has led the nation in total offense three of the past four years, won't miss a beat with the return of 6'4", 220-pound quarterback John Dutton, conference offensive player of the year last season. The Wolf Pack's defense won't be shabby either. Seven starters return, including linebacker DeShone Myles, conference player of the year in 1996. **Utah State** also puts a powerhouse offense on the field this season. Quarterback Matt Sauk will look for receiver Nakia Jenkins, who finished fourth in the nation in receiving yards last year. Running back Demario Brown, only a sophomore, is explosive. Another good back in the conference is **North Texas'** Hut Allred, who rushed for more than 100 yards in five of the last seven games of 1996. Seven of 11 games on the road this season will keep the Eagles on the wrong side of .500. **Idaho** coach Chris Tormey must replace three starters on the offensive line, as well as graduated quarterback Ryan Fien. Senior Brian Brennan, who was outstanding in his freshman year, may finally be recovered from a shoulder injury that hampered his play the past two seasons. New **Mexico State** is hoping new coach Tony Samuel, a former player and assistant at Nebraska, can bring a little Big Red magic to the Aggies. Samuel has hired five former Nebraska players as assistants, instituted a rigorous weight-training program and installed Husker-like offensive and defensive schemes. Of the 24 Division IA openings for head coach posted during the off-season, Samuel was the only black man hired. Houston Nutt takes over at **Boise State** for coach

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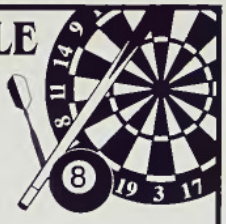

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Pokey Allen, who lost his battle against cancer in December.

CONFERENCE USA

East Carolina	7–4
Louisville	6–5
Southern Mississippi	6–5
Cincinnati	6–5
Houston	4–7
Memphis	4–7
Tulane	3–8

Already established as one of the preeminent powers in basketball, Conference USA is adding schools to ensure its viability in cleats. Powerful **East Carolina** comes on board this season. Army enlists next season and Alabama–Birmingham the season after. East Carolina will waste no time making its presence felt. The Pirates return Scott Harley, the nation's leading returning rusher last season. Dan Gonzalez, who stepped in for injured Marcus Crandell in the seventh game, will start at quarterback. **Louisville** is improving under third-year coach Ron Cooper, but a hellacious schedule that includes nonconference opponents Penn State and Oklahoma may not allow the Cardinals to show it. Louisville's star of the future is quarterback Chris Redman, who last season set every school passing record for a freshman. However, the best part of the Cardinals team is the defense, which returns five starters from last year. **Southern Mississippi**, reigning conference co-champion, returns 15 starters, including junior quarterback Lee Roberts. Most of the losses were along the front lines, and how well coach Jeff Bowers rebuilds there will determine how high the Golden Eagles finish. **Cincinnati** has depth at quarterback but little proven ability at wide receiver. Chad Plummer, who started every game behind center for the Bearcats last season, will likely get the nod from coach Rick Minter again this year. Cincinnati's secondary may be vulnerable early, with lots of new bodies filling in for graduation losses. Conference co-champ **Houston** will have a tough time duplicating last season's success because of heavy losses to graduation on offense, especially at quarterback. Coach Kim Helton's hopes for sustaining the dramatic turnaround he has engineered since taking over a dispirited Houston program four years ago hinge on the experience and depth of the defense. Third-year **Memphis** coach Rip Scherer is recruiting bigger and better players for the Tigers, including DeCoryre Hampton, a 6'7", 325-pound *Parade* All-American offensive tackle. But for now, Memphis remains undermanned, particularly on defense. New **Tulane** coach Tommy Bowden, son of Bobby and brother of Terry, will quickly find out if he too has the Midas football touch. The

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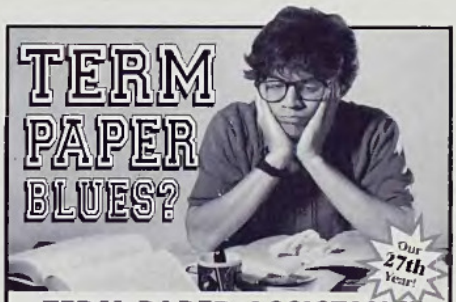

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THE ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE AWARD

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement in the classroom as well as on the playing field. Nominated by their colleges, candidates are judged by the editors of PLAYBOY on their collegiate scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The winner attends PLAYBOY's preseason All-America Weekend, receives a commemorative medallion and is included in our All-America team photograph. In addition, PLAYBOY donates $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete is Daryl Bush from Florida State University. A linebacker for the Seminoles, Bush is a two-time Butkus Award semifinalist. He had 101 tackles in 1996 for the nation's top rushing defense. He was also a member of the first-team GTE COSIDA Academic All-America Team and won the Seminoles' Golden Torch Award for the highest GPA among all male athletes. His undergraduate major was finance, and he had a cumulative GPA of 3.86.

Honorable mention: Jeremy Lindley (Southern Mississippi), Peyton Manning (Tennessee), Matt Stinchcomb (Georgia), Patrick Tillman (Arizona State), Cory Wedel (Wyoming), Mark Schultis (Texas), Patrick Stephen (Northern Illinois), Michael Reeder (Texas Christian), Grant Wistrom (Nebraska), Brian Griese (Michigan), Barry Gardner (Northwestern), Ryan Olson (Colorado), Jarrett Grosdidier (Kansas State), Stephen Phelan (Virginia), Terry Jackson (Florida), Dan Gonzalez (East Carolina), Eric de Groh (West Virginia), Matthew Reischl (Iowa), Nate Kvamme (Colorado State), Jason deGroot (Houston), David Patterson (New Mexico State), Cory Sauter (Minnesota), Derrick Bridges (Northeast Louisiana), Mark Fischer (Purdue), Jeff Pankratz (Idaho)

Green Wave has won only a handful of games in the Nineties.

•

Once past Notre Dame and the resurgent Army and Navy programs, football life among the Independents is harsh. Lack of media exposure makes recruiting difficult and keeps resources sparse. Scheduling is a nightmare, with most indies forced to play a disproportionate number of road games, often against powerful opponents who are looking for an easy out-of-conference victory. And yet, spirited competition and a sprinkling of premium players keep these games intense. Watson Brown, brother of North Carolina coach Mack Brown, is working hard to raise the bar at **Alabama–Birmingham**, just entering its third year of IA competition. Brown has a solid defense, rare among the small independents. Now he needs to find a starting quarterback and figure out how to negotiate a schedule that includes Virginia Tech, Arizona and Kansas. **Southwestern Louisiana** pulled off the biggest win in school history last season when it upset Texas A&M. Coach Nelson Stokley has lost standout players at quarterback, running back and in the secondary from that team. Best player on this year's team is Stokley's son, Brandon, a wide receiver.

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	10–2
Navy	9–2
Army	7–4
Alabama–Birmingham	5–6
Southwestern Louisiana	5–6
Louisiana Tech	5–6
Arkansas State	3–8
Northeast Louisiana	3–9

MID-AMERICAN

EAST DIVISION

Marshall	8–3
Miami	7–4
Ohio	7–4
Bowling Green State	5–6
Kent State	3–8
Akron	3–8

WEST DIVISION

Toledo	7–4
Ball State	7–4
Central Michigan	5–6
Eastern Michigan	3–8
Western Michigan	3–8
Northern Illinois	3–8

The always-competitive MAC adds two teams, Marshall and Northern Illinois, and divides into East and West divisions. Marshall, 15–0 last season and Division IAA champion, is an unknown quantity at this level of play. But the Thundering Herd has enough talent to make everyone jittery, and the first conference championship will be played on their home field in December. Miami and Ohio are also strong teams in the East. A more politically correct **Miami** (the school dropped the Redskins nickname) returns three-year starting quarterback Sam Ricketts and a solid offensive line. Sophomore running back Travis Prentice has a chance to surpass 1000 yards this season. MAC player of the year Kareem Wilson returns to run **Ohio's** option offense from his quarterback spot. Steve Hookfin has lots of potential at fullback. Over in the West, it's doubtful that **Toledo's** Wasean Tait, who gained a conference record 1905 yards in 1995, will be able to play this season after missing almost all of last year with a knee injury. Coach Gary Pinkel also has to replace four-year starting quarterback Ryan Huzjak. Last year's conference champ **Ball State** goes into a rebuilding mode after losing almost all its skill-position players, including everyone's all-American punter, Brad Maynard. **Central Michigan** coach Dick Flynn switched several offensive players to defense after the Chippewas allowed opponents to average more than 420 yards a game last year. Fifth-year quarterback Tim Crowley finally gets his shot as a starter.

PAC TEN

Washington	9–2
Stanford	8–3
UCLA	7–4
Arizona State	7–4
USC	7–4
Arizona	6–5
Washington State	5–6
California	5–6
Oregon	4–7
Oregon State	3–8

Washington and Stanford should dominate the Pac Ten this year, with UCLA and Arizona State ready to challenge. Time may be running out for USC coach John Robinson. **Arizona** would at least like to regain the stingy defense that became its trademark in the early Nineties. The Wildcats' best weapon of the moment, however, is sophomore quarterback Keith Smith, who has a strong arm and quicker feet. The defense got a boost when the NCAA awarded another year of eligibility to tackle Joe Salave'a. **Washington State's** defensive line was hit hard by injuries this spring, though most of it should return for the season opener. Coach Mike Price thinks this is the year Ryan Leaf will emerge as one of the top quarterbacks in the nation. At 6′6″ and 238 pounds, Leaf already has the attention of NFL scouts. Former assistant Tom Holmoe becomes **California's** fourth coach of the decade, taking over for Steve Mariucci, who moved across the Bay to the NFL's 49ers. Tarik Smith, recovered from a knee injury that put him out of action last year, is a good one. JC transfer Justin Vedder will take over Pat Barnes' spot at quarterback. The Bears need to improve a defense ranked 105th in the nation last season. **Oregon** coach Mike Bellotti brought in nine junior college players, including highly touted quarterback Akili Smith. The Ducks are thin on both offensive and defensive lines. New **Oregon State** coach Mike Riley, former offensive coordinator at USC, will gradually eliminate the Beavers' option offense, a

scheme that never quite flew under coach Jerry Pettibone.

SOUTHEASTERN

EASTERN DIVISION

Florida	10–1
Tennessee	10–1
South Carolina	7–4
Georgia	6–5
Kentucky	4–7
Vanderbilt	3–8

WESTERN DIVISION

Louisiana State	8–3
Alabama	8–3
Auburn	8–3
Arkansas	5–6
Mississippi State	4–7
Mississippi	4–7

The SEC championship game won't be played until December 6, but the champion will be determined on September 20, when Tennessee faces Florida. Will Peyton Manning be rewarded for deferring NFL millions another year so he can lead his teammates to victory, a conference championship and a possible national title? Probably not. Tennessee couldn't beat Florida last year in Knoxville, where the Vols are always tough. Even though Danny Wuerffel is gone, Steve Spurrier's teams always generate offense. And Tennessee's defense may still be suspect. **South Carolina's** overall talent continues to improve under fourth-year coach Brad Scott. The Gamecocks must replace running back Duce Staley, who rushed for more than 1100 yards last season. The offensive line is solid, and junior quarterback Anthony Wright should improve after a good season last year. Carolina's defense is fast and deep. Turnovers and inconsistent play prevented **Georgia** from attaining a winning record in coach Jim Donnan's first season. Quarterback Mike Bobo, who passed for more than 2400 yards and led the conference in interceptions (16), is key. Linebacking is the strength of the defense. New coaches have taken over at both **Kentucky** and **Vanderbilt.** The Wildcats bet on unknown Hal Mumme, whose previous job was at Division II Valdosta State. All eyes will be on quarterback Tim Couch, who was the leading passer in high school football history a couple of years ago. Woody Widenhofer, who once coached Pittsburgh's Steel Curtain defense in the NFL, takes over at Vanderbilt. The Commodores have a big-time talent in linebacker Jamie Duncan.

Louisiana State, Alabama and Auburn will grab the top three spots in the Western Division for the second straight year. **Arkansas'** fortunes depend on how well several players come back from last-season injuries. Madre Hill, who set a school rushing record of 1387 yards in 1995, is rebounding from a knee injury, while defensive tackle Geno Bell should be recovered from back surgery. **Mississippi State** and **Mississippi** are both shorthanded because of probation-related scholarship restrictions.

WESTERN ATHLETIC

MOUNTAIN DIVISION

Utah	9–2
Brigham Young	8–3
Rice	7–4
Tulsa	5–6
New Mexico	6–5
Texas Christian	4–7
Southern Methodist	4–7
Texas–El Paso	3–8

PACIFIC DIVISION

Colorado State	8–3
Wyoming	8–4
San Diego State	6–6
Air Force	5–6
Fresno State	4–8
San Jose State	3–8
Hawaii	3–9
UNLV	2–9

The great WAC experiment proceeds, testing whether a 16-team conglomerate that spreads from Texas to Hawaii can generate competition, market share and quality football. One thing is for certain: It's difficult to build rivalries, or even familiarity, among schools that sometimes don't play one another for three seasons.

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WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 22, 32, 36, 84–89, 116–117 and 179, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

TRAVEL

Page 22: "Road Stuff": **Leather travel tray** by *Eximious of London*, 201 Northfield Road, Northfield, IL 60093, 800-221-9464. **Expense log and organizer** from Savvy Traveller, 310 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL 60604, 312-913-9800. **Steambrush** by *Rowenta*, 196 Boston Avenue, Medford, MA 02155, 617-396-0600. **Batteries** by *Panasonic Electronics*, 2 Panasonic Way, Secaucus, NJ 07094, 201-392-4675.

WIRED

Pages 32, 36: "New Wave Radios": **Two-way radio:** By *Motorola*, 800-353-2729. By *Cobra*, 6500 West Cortland Street, Chicago, IL 60707-4093, 773-889-3087. From Radio Shack, 800-843-7422. "No-Brainer Surround": **Home theater equipment:** By *Bose*, 800-444-BOSE. By *Cerwin-Vega*, 555 East Easy Street, Simi Valley, CA 93065, 805-584-9332. By *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. By *JBL* and *Harman Kardon*, 800-336-4JBL. By *Aiwa*, 800-289-2492. By *Denon America, Inc.*, 222 New Road, Parsippany, NJ 07054, 201-575-7810. By *Onkyo*, 800-225-1946. By *Pioneer Electronics*, 800-PIONEER. By *Sansui*, Santa Clara, CA, 408-988-2831. By *Sharp Electronics*, 800-BE-SHARP. "Scan Artists": **Computer scanner and software** by *Visioneer*, Fremont, CA, 510-608-0300. **Computer scanner** by *Hewlett Packard*, 800-752-0900. **Software** by *Eastman Software*, Billerica, MA, http://www.eastmansoftware.com/imaging. **Business card scanner** by *Corex Technology*, 800-942-6739. "Wild Things": **Wireless modem** from 3Comm, 800-527-8677. **Wireless service** from Wynd Communications, 800-549-9800. **Computer peripheral** by *Fujifilm*, 800-378-3854. "Multimedia Reviews and News": "Cyber Scoop": **Dictionary** by *Hard Wired*, 800-401-6515. **Software** by *Cyberdreams Inc.*, 888-357-4337.

BACK TO CAMPUS

Page 84: **Jacket** by *Mossimo*, at Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores. **Sweater** by *Diesel*, NYC, 212-308-0055, San Francisco, 415-982-7077 and Washington, DC, 202-625-2780. **Pants** by *DKNY*, at Marshall Field's and select Bloomingdale's stores. Page 85: **Car coat** by *True Grit*, at Fred Segal, Santa Monica, 310-458-3557, Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000 and Ketchum Dry Goods, Sun Valley, ID, 208-726-9624. **Sweater** by *26 Red*, Santa Monica, 310-399-4491 and at Nordstrom stores. **Jeans** by *JNCO*, at Fast Forward, Dallas, 214-631-1582. **Hat** by *Mossimo AXS*, at Dillard's, Gilbert, AZ, 602-503-5555. Pages 86–87: **Sweater** by *Nicole Farhi*, at Charivari, NYC, 212-333-4040. **Jacket** by *Guess*, at Hecht's, Steven's and Famous Barr stores. **Sweater** by *525 Made In America*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Jeans** by *Jeans Dolce & Gabbana*, at Traffic, Los Angeles, 310-659-4313. Pages 88–89: **Peacoat** by *Polo Jeans*, at Bloomingdale's, Macy's and Lord & Taylor stores. **Denim jacket** by *Polo Jeans*, at Dayton's, Filene's Basement and Burdines stores. **Jeans** by *Todd Oldham Jeans*, at Dayton's, Hudson's and Neiman Marcus stores. **Boots and field jacket** by *Diesel*, NYC, 212-308-0055, San Francisco, 415-982-7077, and Washington, DC, 202-625-2780. **Sweater** by *Guess*, at Dillard's, Bloomingdale's and Guess stores. **Jeans** by *Polo Jeans*, at Polo Jeans Co. stores.

DRIVE TIME

Pages 116–117: **Watches:** By *Eberhard*, from Kenjo, 800-548-TIME. By *TAG-Heuer*, 800-321-4832. By *Omega* and *Momo Design Competition*, 800-348-9159. By *Chopard Watch Corp.*, 800-CHOPARD. By *American PD Co., Inc.*, 800-521-5152. By *Cartier*, from Fred Repass' Ferrari Memorabilia, 3215 Gables Drive NE, Atlanta, GA 30312-4184, 404-261-5645.

ON THE SCENE

Page 179: "Grandstand Play": **Two-way radio** by *Motorola*, 800-353-2729. **Binoculars** by *Bushnell*, 800-423-3537. **TV with AM-FM tuner** by *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. **Waterproof camera** by *Minolta*, 800-528-4767. **Wool blanket and flask**, from Holland & Holland, 50 East 57th Street, New York, NY 10022, 212-752-7755. **Backpack** by *Bri Designs*, P.O. Box 1649, Kauai, HI 96714, 808-826-7005.

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MOUNTAIN DIVISION

With no proven quarterback at the helm, Brigham Young may be vulnerable to an improving Utah team. **Rice** will win its share of games thanks to superior coaching from Ken Hatfield and to the Owls' wishbone attack. The rest of the Mountain Division is mediocre. John Fitzgerald, who started for **Tulsa** as a true freshman in 1994, is number one on the depth chart again this season. The Golden Hurricane must improve run defense to break .500. The **Texas Christian** offense is deep at quarterback but nowhere else. That's bad news because the Horned Frogs' defense will surrender points. Tailback Lennox Gordon, who rushed for more than 1000 yards despite being injured last season, should roll up big rushing numbers for **New Mexico** this year. The Lobos upped their interceptions from three in 1995 to 12 in 1996 by using five players in the secondary. What if the opposition decides to run? **Southern Methodist** loses three starters off an offensive line that gave up 33 sacks in 1996. Best player on the defense is linebacker Chris Bordano. **Texas–El Paso** has five quarterbacks on the roster who have never played a down at the major college level. The Miners have a decent defense if it doesn't spend most of the game on the field.

PACIFIC DIVISION

Colorado State, Wyoming and San Diego State appear to be a three-horse race in the Pacific, with the Rams holding a slight talent and scheduling edge. **Wyoming** won ten games last year, only to drop the conference championship to BYU in overtime (28–25) and then get hosed on a bowl bid. Dana Dimel, who takes over as coach for Joe Tiller (now at Purdue), has to replace quarterback Josh Wallwork and receiver Marcus Harris. He has Marques Brigham, who could be an outstanding running back, and Wendell Montgomery is the heir apparent to Harris at wide receiver. The defense will be quicker than last season's, and the Cowboys have the strongest kicking game in the nation with Playboy All-America placekicker Cory Wedel and punter Aron Langley. **San Diego State** returns 14 starters from last season's 8–3 team, including standout offensive tackle Kyle Turley and wide receiver Azzahir Hakim. The Aztecs' biggest obstacle to a banner season is a murderous schedule. With the graduation of Beau Morgan, **Air Force** has no proven quarterback to run its option game. Morgan's younger brother, Blane, will give it a try. The quality of football drops precipitously from here, with the bottom four teams of the division (**Fresno State, San Jose State, Hawaii** and **UNLV**) combining for only ten victories last year.

(continued from page 128)

Purdue University
WABASH YACHT CLUB

Rutgers
OLDE QUEENS TAVERN

San Diego State University
THE PACIFIC BEACH BAR & GRILL

St. Louis University
HUMPHREY'S BAR

State University of New York at Albany
WASHINGTON TAVERN

State University of New York at Buffalo
THIRD BASE

Syracuse University
44'S

Texas A&M University
THE DIXIE CHICKEN

Texas Tech University
BASH'S RIP ROCKS

University of Akron
THE SUN BAR & GRILLE

University of Alabama
THE IVORY TUSK

University of Arizona
O'MALLEYS ON FOURTH

University of Arkansas
GEORGE'S MAJESTIC LOUNGE

University of California–Los Angeles
MADISON'S GRILLE

University of Cincinnati
UNCLE WOODY'S

University of Colorado
THE SINK

University of Dayton
TIMOTHY'S PUB & GRILL

University of Delaware
THE STONE BALLOON

University of Georgia
LOWERY'S TAVERN

University of Idaho
MINGLES

University of Illinois
KAM'S

University of Iowa
THE UNION BAR

University of Kansas
FREE STATE BREWING CO.

University of Kentucky
TWO KEYS TAVERN

University of Maryland
CORNERSTONE GRILL AND LOFT

University of Massachusetts
TIME OUT

University of Miami (Florida)
TAVERN IN THE GROVE

University of Michigan
TOUCHDOWN CAFÉ

University of Minnesota
GRANDMA'S SALOON & GRILL

University of Mississippi
PROUD LARRYS

University of Missouri
HARPO'S

University of Nebraska
THE BRASS RAIL

University of Nevada Las Vegas
TOM & JERRY'S GRUB & PUB

University of North Carolina
PLAYERS

University of Northern Iowa
DIAMOND DAVE'S

University of Notre Dame
COACH'S SPORTS BAR

University of Oklahoma
BROTHERS EATERY & PUB

University of Oregon
TAYLOR'S BAR & GRILLE

University of Pennsylvania
SMOKEY JOE'S

University of Pittsburgh
THE ATTIC

University of Richmond
COBBLESTONE BREWERY

University of South Alabama
SOUTHSIDE

University of South Carolina
SHARKY'S AT FIVE POINTS

University of South Dakota
THE PRESS BOX

University of South Florida
BAR TAMPA

University of Southern California
JULIE'S TROJAN BARREL BAR

University of Tennessee
CHARLIE PEPPERS

University of Texas
COPPERTANK BREWING CO.

University of Texas at El Paso
HEMINGWAY'S ALE HOUSE

University of Toledo
THE MAIN EVENT

University of Vermont
CLUB TOAST

University of Virginia
BILTMORE GRILL

University of Wisconsin
THE KOLLEGE KLUB

University of Wyoming
THE OLD BUCKHORN BAR

Virginia Polytechnic
ARNOLD'S

Washington State University
SHAKERS

West Virginia University
THE SPORTS PAGE

Wichita State University
THE FIELDHOUSE

Wright State University
W.O. WRIGHTS

Xavier University of Ohio
TAVERN "INN THE WOOD"

TÉA LEONI *(continued from page 125)*

O.J.'s got a horrible, disgraceful swing. The last thing I want to do is help his game.

think thin lips bob better for apples, since the bee-stung variety just pushes the apple out of the way before the rest of the mouth gets there.

7.

PLAYBOY: If you were a meal, what meal would you be?
LEONI: Lobster. Nobody eats lobster when they're sad. Nobody eats it just because there's nothing else around. They have to be excited for lobster. There's a hard shell and pincers, but there are tools for getting past that. It's easy to crack if gentle pressure is applied to the right places. And then you get into every bit of the body and all this great meat, and you dip it in butter. And no lobster bib. You don't want to miss a drop.

8.

PLAYBOY: You're a diehard golfer. Would you play with O.J.?
LEONI: No. I don't even have a sense of humor about it anymore. We all did once, but it's become exhausting. In interviews I'm asked, "What's your opinion about the O.J. thing?" Not that you asked it, but that's not a smart question. What are you looking for? Do you want me to impress you with something different, like "He didn't do it"? That'll never happen. But tell you what. Here's the last thing I'll say about O.J.: He's got a horrible, disgraceful swing. I've seen it on camera. I don't want to help him, mind you. The last thing I want to do is help his game, but I will be arrogant enough to let you believe that I could teach him a few things about golf. His legs are too far apart, he's off-balance. He leans off at every finished swing. He is always off-balance. You could push him over.

9.

PLAYBOY: What's your tactic when you play with guys and you're better?
LEONI: I need one. For some reason I can really drive the ball, and I'm getting better. So I've played with men I've outdriven. A great way to suss out their ego status is when I say, "Well, I had about a 40-yard advantage off the tee." If they don't correct me, because it was actually only five or six yards, then I know the size of their ego. In fact, I'll always add an extra 20 yards to my advantage. If I hear, "Well, yeah, I guess that's right . . ." then I know.

10.

PLAYBOY: Describe the moment when a tomboy discovers that she has power over real boys.
LEONI: The first time you fight one and win. [*Pauses*] Oh, not that kind of power. I was still a tomboy when I had my first kiss, which I guess means you could pretty much call it a homosexual experience. [*Smiles*] I remember he got all gooey and excited, certainly physically in a way that I didn't, and I knew I had him. I knew he'd never punch me again. We used to fight all the time. Play dates were easy to get after that.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's more stressful: expectations of success in TV or expectations of success in love?
LEONI: Love. The question I always ask myself is whether or not I'll be good enough. I have an issue with being good enough. But if I'm not good enough on TV, it doesn't hurt that bad. Not being good enough in love would be harder to take. That said, I'm not sure what good enough is in the first place. I suppose it's not a place you get to; it's more like a state of being. It's not *there*, it's *here*. Now, how pretentious does that sound? I suppose if I had been good enough in love before, I'd be married and have kids, a house, a picket fence and a Volvo. [*Belches and smiles*] Sorry. Just in case you need to spell that, I think it's "hhhrrrfffpppp." Anyway, I've spent a healthy tax return on therapy for this issue and I just want to say that I intend to keep going until every one of my shrink's kids has gone to college in Europe.

12.

PLAYBOY: You've lived in various parts of the world. What has that taught you about life that you might otherwise not have known?
LEONI: OK, time to get kind of weird. I saw other cultures and met people with different life experiences, and I realized that while not everybody has known great happiness, almost everybody has known pain. It just was an odd thought. One would need a conversation to know if someone had ever been as in love, been as happy, felt as much glory or as much suspense and longing. But no conversation is necessary to know that someone had definitely been sad. Sometimes when I see a grumpy character I'll try to picture that person at the age of five, under a Christmas tree, with no presents. It's an easy way to remind myself that there's pain everywhere and a lack of compassion, in myself as well. And yet just the act of expressing this publicly intimidates me. This began to happen when I gained a certain degree of celebrity. I guess I'm afraid people won't be sure I mean it. They'll think I'm just being pretentious. I sometimes get angry when I hear other celebrities talking like this. I don't want to regret having a compassionate philosophy, or being vocal about it. I'd like to be heard with a kind ear. I think we have to extend a piece of our hearts to the world. Just do it. If a bum wants a dollar, give it to him. Let's not waste our time wondering why, or if someone's being sincere. If they're asking, that's all that matters.

13.

PLAYBOY: If you could be named after a country, which would it be?
LEONI: I think probably Tonga. It'd make me sound like I was feisty and had rhythm. There's something sexy about Tonga. So: Tonga Leoni. It works, doesn't it? Actually I'm not nuts about Téa Leoni. One night my dad, my mom, my brother and I—we have a whole lot of fun together—were a little tipsy and were laughing about what would be a good stage name. This was just as I was beginning to need one. We came up with some of the funniest names: Peá Tanta, Téa Panta, Lea Pea, Lea Pea Tate. Three names are good, but that's usually reserved for presidential candidates and serial killers, neither of which I see myself becoming in the next five years. But I love Tonga Leoni. What's interesting is that I went to school with Masasu Talingalonguwa, who was the son of the "big man" in Tonga. Masasu's father kept saying he wasn't the king of Tonga, and in fact he wasn't. But when you asked him anything about the educational system, he'd say, "Well, as head of the educational department for Tonga, blah-blah-blah." I'd say, "Aside from tourism, which is limited, how do you make money in Tonga? Do you work only with Tongan coin?" He'd say, "Well, as head of the chamber of commerce for Tonga, what we try to do is. . . ." I'd say, "Do people get sick in Tonga? What kind of disease is in Tonga?" "Well, as chief medical advisor at Tonga International Hospital. . . . " It was hysterical.

14.

PLAYBOY: During the show's first season your character was a tabloid photographer. Write your own tabloid headline along with the first couple of sentences.
LEONI: Oh, no! Not that one. OK. It would be something like: LEONI FOUND NAKED ON GOLF COURSE. I'm dying to play golf naked, but I don't see it happening in the near future. It's hard to get 18 holes clear of everybody else, and it would have to be clear of everybody else. So, maybe just LEONI FOUND SEMINAKED ON 18TH HOLE. Then, the first sentence would be: "Téa Leoni, after having shot the best round of her life, was discovered in panties, cheering, on the 18th hole."

That would be a good story. I'd like to read that. I'd like to do that.

15.

PLAYBOY: During *The Naked Truth*'s move from ABC to NBC, the peacock network's entertainment president, Warren Littlefield, said that you "just feel like NBC." What does NBC feel like?

LEONI: [*Giggles*] I *so* can't answer that. The only thing that comes to mind is Warren groping *Friends* stars. In my fantasy, that must be what the quote is about. I know that he has never groped me, and it's highly unlikely that he has ever groped anybody else. Honestly, I have no idea what he was talking about. Or what you're talking about.

16.

PLAYBOY: You've admitted to fantasizing about being a tollbooth attendant. What would make us switch to your lane?

LEONI: I would be the best toll collector. Let me expand on that so you don't think I'm just odd. When I was six years old my family used to drive back and forth between New Jersey and New York over the George Washington Bridge. And every time my dad would hand money to this guy in the booth. I used to think, Look at all these cars—and this is just one moment in the day. By the end of the day, everybody's given you a buck-fifty—or a buck, depending on how accurate I want to be about my age. You'd make thousands of dollars being in that booth. And it was warm in there, and butt-cold outside, and you had music. What more did you need for a job? You'd say "Hi" to everybody and they'd say "Hi" back, unless they were jerks. It seemed idyllic.

17.

PLAYBOY: What piece of infomercial exercise equipment wouldn't you be caught dead with at home?

LEONI: I wouldn't be caught dead with any of them. We had Suzanne Somers on the show with her bun-warper or whatever it's called. No, it was the Thigh Master. I nearly knocked myself out with that. All I remember is this thick blue foam heading into my face at around 80 miles an hour. And when I woke up I was watching, from a ground view, Suzanne Somers demonstrating the correct way to use her product. I was humiliated. I'll never go back. P.S., I order off the TV all the time. I love CDs like *The Best of the Seventies*.

18.

PLAYBOY: You went to the exclusive Brearley School. We know what they say about Catholic girls, but is it true what they say about Brearley girls?

LEONI: Let me tell you right now that the school mascot is a beaver. Help me. Why? I don't think you have to be that hip to put two and two together. It's an all-girl school in New York and the mascot is a beaver. Busy beavers. The Brearley Beavers. I never recovered from that. Needless to say, I don't own a school ring.

19.

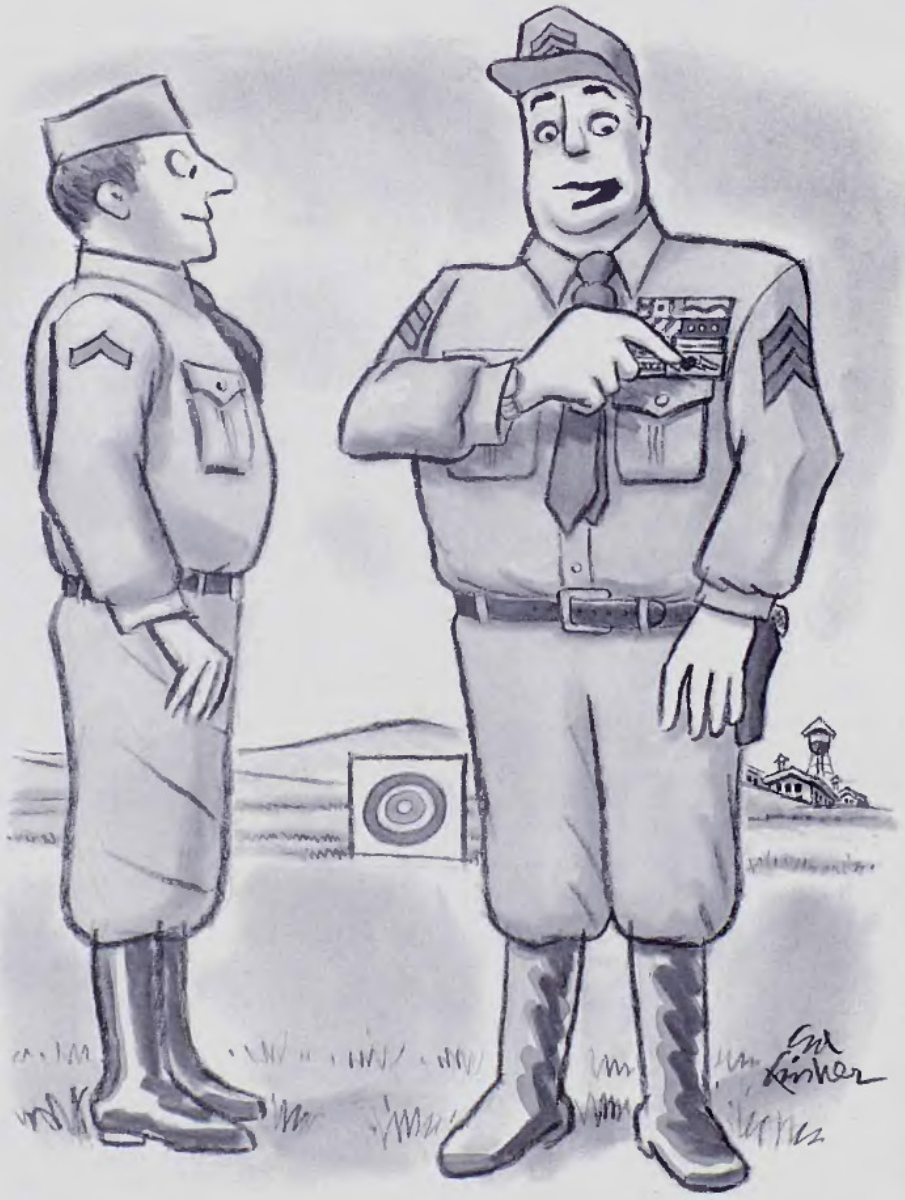
PLAYBOY: What part of your wardrobe do you pay the least attention to?

LEONI: I honestly don't care about any of it. It's probably because I'm not any good at it, so I keep my wardrobe simple. I probably have 20 white shirts, buttondown, and 20 blue ones. And a couple of white-and-blue striped. I have probably 20 pairs of pleated pants with a wide-cuff bottom. And I always wear a cardigan wrapped around instead of buttoned, and my pearls. You might say I like uniforms. I like the idea that I can go into my closet and not have to think. I just grab a white or a blue shirt; if I'm really feeling crazy, I grab one of the striped ones.

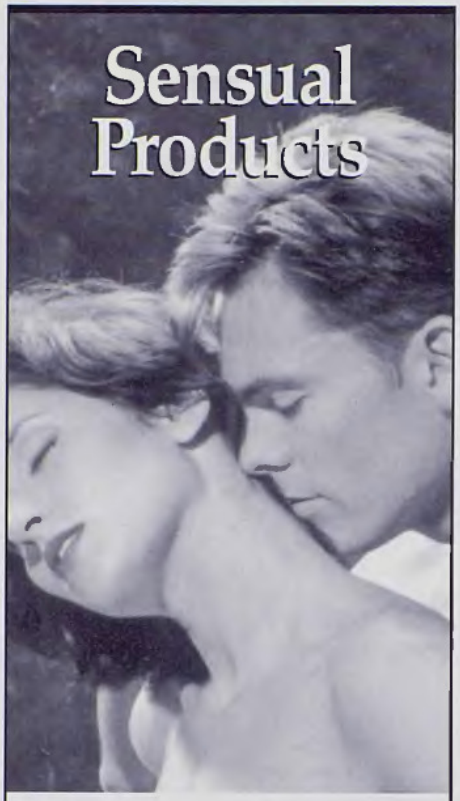
20.

PLAYBOY: What's your nervous tic?

LEONI: If I'm in bed for the first time, so to speak, I squish my feet around a lot. My feet get cold and I try to warm them, and that's from when I was a kid and had footsie pajamas. When I couldn't sleep I always put my feet on the wall and raced them back and forth. Now I don't have a wall, or footsie pajamas. P.S., Here's how weird it gets: I like to sleep in my Vans tennis shoes. I don't know why; sometimes I just don't want to take my shoes off. And while we're on the subject of being in bed, I hate a tucked-in top sheet. I have to pull it up. When you go to hotels that do hospital corners, you lie in bed and your toes are slammed forward like a ballerina's. It drives me nuts. I like everything untucked.



"And this one's for sexual harassment."



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CRUDE, DUDE!

(continued from page 142)

brawlers—assemble to slap backs and joke and talk up the inevitable party. Already, the fiesta is being hyped as the weekend's main event. Now Kraft advises one Hilltopper on the best way to care for cauliflower ear. Conn straight-facedly tells another Hilltopper what a difference it makes to play sober, arguing in favor of abstinence. And then that same Hilltopper tells me why he's changed into flip-flops.

"You get so sore," he says, "it's hard to bend down and mess with your shoes. You shower and you can hardly touch your head, you've got so many lumps. Probably that's how the sport got associated with partying. Before they had ibuprofen they had ale."

THE THIRD HALF

"In rugby there are three halves, and you have to show up for all three or you're not really playing."—KRAFT

More drinking. Another house party. This one, I'm assured, will be the biggest and best. Why? The answers, in the minds of the players, are too evident to explain. "Because, dude, we'll get crazy," or "WKU and us, it's like gas and flames."

The rookies throw down flattened cardboard boxes, wall to wall, to protect the upstairs floors. Team president, Andy McPeak, who lives here, padlocks the door to his room. Steve, a second-stringer recovering from knee surgery, cages his giant iguana. A few players, unable to wait for kegs, carry around cases of beer in a manner that lets you know they intend personally to drink every last can.

As day slides toward night, the revelers pack in—no concussions, blown knees or cracked collarbones this week, but quite a few fellows sporting contusions or wincing as they descend the stairs. The kegs—six barrels of Milwaukee's Best, a.k.a. "the Beast"—sit in the basement. Once the kegs are tapped, the festivities shift gears. Rookies run to fill cups for veterans. Rosko, an old load, takes out his glass eye. Liza, the women's player-coach and Conn's longtime girlfriend, announces she has a nude picture of every rugby guy.

"You've also got camel-toe," Kraft informs her, pointing to her crotch. He's wearing a baseball hat that says SMARTASS WHITE BOY.

"Well, you're ugly," Liza fires back.

"Ugly, maybe, but at least I don't have that. What do you got, a vibrator in your pants? Let me hook you up to my car battery and rev the engine." This time Liza laughs. In the past, she's punched Kraft in the mouth. Conn meanders over. Unlike Kraft, he has showered and changed into a dark sports coat with an

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SIU rugby patch safety-pinned to the breast. "Trying to change the image of rugby," he says, winking. "What's up?" Liza touches his cheek, smiles, looks my way. "You know, I let him give my beaver a haircut once," she says. "And I shaved his balls. I won't have hair in my mouth when I go down."

We mill near the kegs. The basement is the sort of dim, subterranean space the players don't seem to mind trashing, and every now and then, one of them will turn to a corner and urinate or blow chunks. The floor is a slippery mess. Exposed pink insulation hangs overhead. On the stairs, a crotch-level peephole opens, discreetly, into the bathroom where the queens go to pee.

By now, it is widely known that I, the journalist, am here. And so I'm constantly approached. Over and over, I'm assured that if I just travel with the team to Memphis for next week's annual Jacques Strappe Tournament, or if I return to Carbondale in April for the All Fools' Classic, or if I make it down to Kentucky to take in the Banshee Tournament, I'll find other teams doing zanier stunts, including, for example, the naked elephant walk, in which players parade in the buff, arms linked through legs. Or like the practice whereby road-tripping players piss into plastic bags and launch them out the windows of speeding cars. Occasionally, too, I'm told stories with details that really stick. I am told about the naked-rookie beer chug where the last rookie, unable to hold down his final brew, was forced to keep at it, in accordance with the rules. Either that or his girlfriend could blow him, then and there, which she did. And I am told about the former rugger who "dated" or "pissed on" every girl who passed out at his house. Dated? The storyteller shrugs. Pissed on? "They'd pass out on his couch so he thought that seemed fair."

WKU has started to sing. These are traditional rugby songs, musical drinking games that, like the Zulu—a requisite show of nakedness after your first rugby score—have spread from generation to generation, coast to coast. Fumble a lyric and you must shoot a boot (chug a shoe filled with beer) or, in some instances, do a crack shot (chug a shoe filled with beer filtered through another player's ass). "Isn't it all a bit much sometimes?" I ask Conn, who has also gone upstairs, where it's quieter.

"I don't like the hazing myself," he says carefully, rearranging a shelf of team trophies made, in part, of beer cans so that the first-place ones stand in front. "There used to be a lot more of it, guys making people drink piss, gross stuff like that. You have to understand, though, that rugby's the only college sport where guys get torn up for no scholarships, for nothing but pride. I think that with some of the violence and the abusiveness toward women, there's probably some latent homosexuality there. And a lot of these guys just want attention, however they can get it. As for the camaraderie, it's like you bare your soul and go through hell. You want to talk about it afterward and have beers."

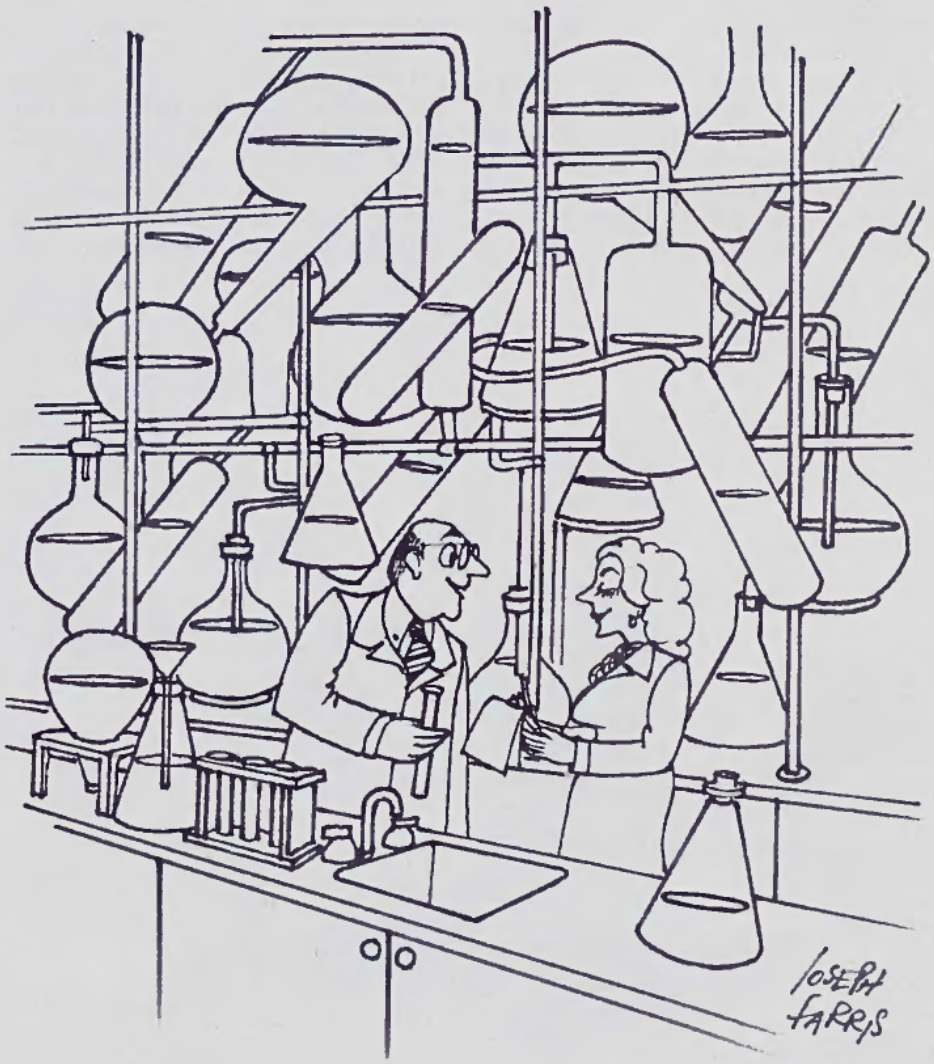
The songs resume:

Who can take a glass rod,
Shove it up his cock,
Lay it out flat and smash it with a rock?
The S&M Man, the S&M Man,
The S&M Man, 'cause he mixes it with love
And makes the hurt feel good (huh!), the hurt feel good (huh!)

By early evening, the basement is jammed and noticeably warmer from all the bodies. I see a WKU alum called Junior passed out against a wall. And then I see a WKU freshman fetch him a beer and gently wrap Junior's limp hand around the cup. I run into SIU social club president Jay Ferris, who says—apropos of nothing—"I don't know why, but there are a lot of hootchy mamas ready to spread their legs for the team." I run into Siouxsie, a female rugger who concurs: "All the women players say they hate the guys, but they're sleeping with half of them. Rugby's so violent, it's a turn-on. What can I say?"

She stands beside a young Hilltopper—still in his jersey—who's exhibiting a perma-grin and half closed eyes. "So is that why you play?" I ask him. He shakes his head. "Nope. I think guys play because it's like riding a Harley, it's like having a tattoo. You're a badass and that sets you apart."

Another thing that sets them apart is the nakedness. An impromptu rookie beer chug has started up. The rookies, stripped and dangling, form a line, doing their blushing best to avoid eye contact. The crowd presses in. The queens snap pictures. "Look at those dicks," they shriek, "look at those balls. Isn't rugby great?" Beer after beer is thrown back for speed. First to finish wins. Each round's losers chug again. After several rounds—maybe five 16-ounce cups in five minutes—one of the rookies tries to bow out. His eyes water. His cheeks blush. He minces several steps back. "No way," scolds a nearby veteran. "We all had to do it. Drink, motherfucker,



"If it were up to me, Miss Sutton, I'd award you the Nobel Prize for your chemistry!"

drink." Several rookies vomit but play on. Brown, who didn't make the field today because he couldn't wake up, eventually stands alone. It is decided then that he must streak the two blocks to a liquor store. Brown sighs. And streaks. The team hounds him, shouting, "Run, rook, run."

•

The thing that ends the party this time, aside from the drained kegs, is a fight. I don't actually see it, but the story goes like this: A slender young woman, a pitcher on the SIU softball team, attacked one of the Hilltoppers. Opinions differ on who's to blame, who spit beer on whom first. But what's clear is that at some point, the pitcher, attending her first rugby event, got mad. The response from the male ruggers was uniform, almost practiced. They doused her in beer, and then, while Andy dragged her up the stairs and out, sang, "Na-na-naa-na, na-na-naa-na, hey hey hey, goodbye." Now Andy shows off his wounds—deep, raw gouges to his hands—while the pitcher sobs on the back lawn. "I want my respect," she screams. "You fucking animals. God." Conn grimaces in the doorway, looking out, while Liza smooths the girl's hair. "Don't let them get to you, honey," Liza coos. "They're just like that, they're assholes. You have to know that when you go in."

As before, the players storm to a bar. Kraft and Conn make the walk, but then Kraft gets distracted by his sometime girlfriend and Conn veers toward home. Almost immediately there is trouble. An underage player attempts to sneak in using a borrowed ID. The doorman isn't fooled, and he holds the rugger for the police. But he doesn't want to be held, and after a brief scuffle, finds himself bent over a handrail, struggling to break an evil-looking full nelson. The rail cuts into his middle. His face flushes red. He gasps, "Get—off—me," as if he can't breathe. The rest of the team yells obscenities. Lorne House, the Salukis' sole black player, seems particularly upset. "Just back the fuck off of him, dude. Why you got to be like that? Just take his ID." More bouncers arrive, and these are the big ones they keep in back. They wear white tuxedo shirts and bow ties and they make something close to minimum wage. Somehow, the player manages to throw his weight so that he and the doorman lurch backward. Now one of the bigger bouncers steps in, and together they slam him facedown onto the floor, leveraging their knees against the back of his neck.

This thing with the knees is a problem for Lorne. "Naw, fuck that," he says, and with a few brutal jerks, throws the doorman clear, then grips the bouncer by his shirt and runs him through the front door, lowering his shoulder for max impact. Lorne bounces the bouncers. Then he returns—huffing and wild-eyed—and disappears into the crowd until he and Bull Frog, a rotund, pink-faced Hilltopper with a harelip, start to bump chests. Why this chest bumping is anyone's guess. They were supposed to arm wrestle—Bull Frog has a habit of flexing his right biceps and mumbling, "You want a shot at the title?"—but somehow that challenge spun out of control. This time it's Lorne who gets bounced, though he doesn't struggle and his departure coincides with a bit of comic relief: Two female ruggers do a "tit smash" in the window to distract the police who've parked out front. "Watch this," they say. Breasts meet glass. Giggles of glee.

The night drags on. The acting out and one-upmanship continue—tokes from a one-hitter, the random kissing of random girls, more flies unzipped, more shots and beers. But when the place finally empties and the weekend's festivities near their close, it's not clear what the future will hold—not for the evening, nor the team, nor the sport itself. What's obvious is that this college rugby club serves as a sort of refuge for the dispossessed, the non-Greek, the unlettered, the kids from broken homes who speak of "brotherhood" and "family" and "stress relief." Many feel confident they'll go on to land jobs from rugby alums. Many share a distinctly primal code of conduct, a code one might come to expect from ruggers in their element, among their own. But when WKU's Bull Frog, bedecked in shorts, beer-soaked T-shirt and horned Viking helmet strays into the middle of the street, a public space, all bets are off as to what will take place. Will he do something funny? Will he hurt himself or someone else? Should everyone brace for a bad collision?

A few oglers keep an eye out for passing cars. Most of the ruggers move on. Some return to the scene of the basement party, where porn plays on TV upstairs and where Chad Barclay, a senior Saluki, smashes furniture and yells, "This is my house." Meanwhile, another Saluki senior, Ray, ducks into Jimmy John's sandwich shop and accosts the late-night clerk, tackling the clerk behind the counter. He squeezes the clerk's neck and noogies his skull and demands a large meat sandwich, pronto, which the clerk rushes to produce. "That guy," Ray says, leaving with his food, "I love that guy." And in the next few days, Kraft and Conn will begin planning the team's final road trip, when they'll load Kraft's 1987 Tempo with a case of Black Label and an *Erotic Film* magazine and bomb toward Memphis for three games in two days. But for now, with Bull Frog straddling the center line, straining for balance (making strange noises before a cluster of nonruggers), who can say? Here's a large individual in horns, stumbling down a busy street, raising his hands to stop traffic, looking even at this distance like some strange creature from another world you can't understand.

"What about fishnet stockings? Now that's sexy! Sexy, sexy, sexy! But hard to find in larger sizes."

(continued from page 72)

have anybody else. Except Herbie Handcock," Kat says.

The band—whose members include PJ, one of Jen's current flings, and Matt, the guy Amanda has been scamming with—is butchering Pearl Jam's *Alive*. Kat, Amanda and Liz leave the table to do a lap around the bar. Jen stands at the edge of the dance floor and stares google-eyed at PJ playing guitar.

It's Michelle's turn for true confessions. She describes how she and Brad got together. "I met Brad through a friend. We started hanging out and getting totally wasted. One night we were mashing in a bar and I ended up staying over at his place. The next day I was like, 'Don't call me. I have a boyfriend.' We didn't talk for two weeks. But then we shacked again. I realized I was not happy with Sam if I was cheating on him. Everyone laughed when Brad got a girlfriend because he was such a player. Then he sent me a dozen roses over Christmas. We've been together ever since. I swear to God, you get a man in the working world and things change for the better. He brings me flowers and other stupid stuff. We'll wake up hungover in the morning and he'll be like, 'Do you want some water?' He's completely grown up. Sam hates me now. He used to talk about raising kids. It scared the shit out of me."

For two years Amanda has dated Alex, who recently graduated and moved to St. Louis. She's also seeing Matt, the guy she took to the impromptu Wednesday night. Talk about bizarre love triangles. "Amanda recently started to realize that Alex doesn't make her happy. He doesn't compliment her or anything," Karen says. "But he has a good body, so she stays with him."

"She loves his body," Michelle adds.

EIGHT P.M.

While the band takes a break, Jen rejoins the conversation. "The first time I ever had sex it sucked. But it eventually got better," she says.

A friend of the girls' stumbles over. She's bombed. "Not all college girls have sex. I don't have sex because I'm not ready for the responsibility. I'm 19 and a half and I dated a guy for two and a half years. We had sex once, and we never talked again. He totally dicked me over. I felt like an asshole. But I must say, it's hard being 19 and a half and being a virgin. Very difficult."

"I'm 21 and I've had sex four times," Karen says. The night is taking its toll on her already down mood. "You want to know why? 'Cause I can't get any!"

Over in a corner, Amanda is fighting with Matt. She's using attitudinal hand gestures like a guest on *Ricki Lake*. He does not look pleased. She comes back and takes a swig right out of a pitcher. "I dumped him. The shit."

Liz pulls out a Marlboro. Amanda wants one too, and so does Kat. They can't find a lighter so Liz bums a light off a guy at the next table, Amanda lights hers off Liz and Kat lights hers off Amanda. Ahhh. "Tell us about the time you flashed your tits at Mardi Gras," Amanda says to Karen.

"After I flashed, this woman said, 'Honey, will you show your titties to my husband again? He wants to take a picture,'" Karen says. "But you know what was even crazier? I saw some guy sucking another guy's dick. They were the most beautiful men I've ever seen. It totally grossed me out, but I just stood there and kept watching—I was in awe."

Sara covers her face in disgust. "Oh, come on, you guys!" Throughout the evening, she has sat saucer-eyed and closemouthed. She's clearly uncomfortable talking about sex, even when it involves her boyfriend, Dave.

Karen keeps going. "One guy was dancing and the other guy was on a stool. The second guy leaned back, lifted up a towel, and there was his huge dick!"

NINE P.M.

Last Monday around midnight, according to Jen, while she was studying for an exam, PJ and Matt stopped by to see if she wanted to go out. "I didn't go," she says. "Around three A.M. I hear my door creak open. PJ is crawling into my room, and he goes, 'Mind if I just pass out here?' I go, 'PJ, you live across the street.' He goes, 'I know.' His head hit the pillow and he started snoring instantly. I couldn't believe it. Later he tried to pull open the door, but my door opens the other way. He's banging and he can't get out and I'm like, Shit! He's gonna piss in my closet! The whole time, I had no underwear on. I never wear underwear to bed."

"Never?" Liz asks. "Don't you get scared that spiders will crawl up there?"

"I thought that once, but a premed student told me the pH level in a vagina is not good for insect growth. I'm like, 'Oh my God, so what does that mean? They're gonna drop dead?'"

"The pH level in your vagina is not conducive to insect survival," Kat says, laughing.

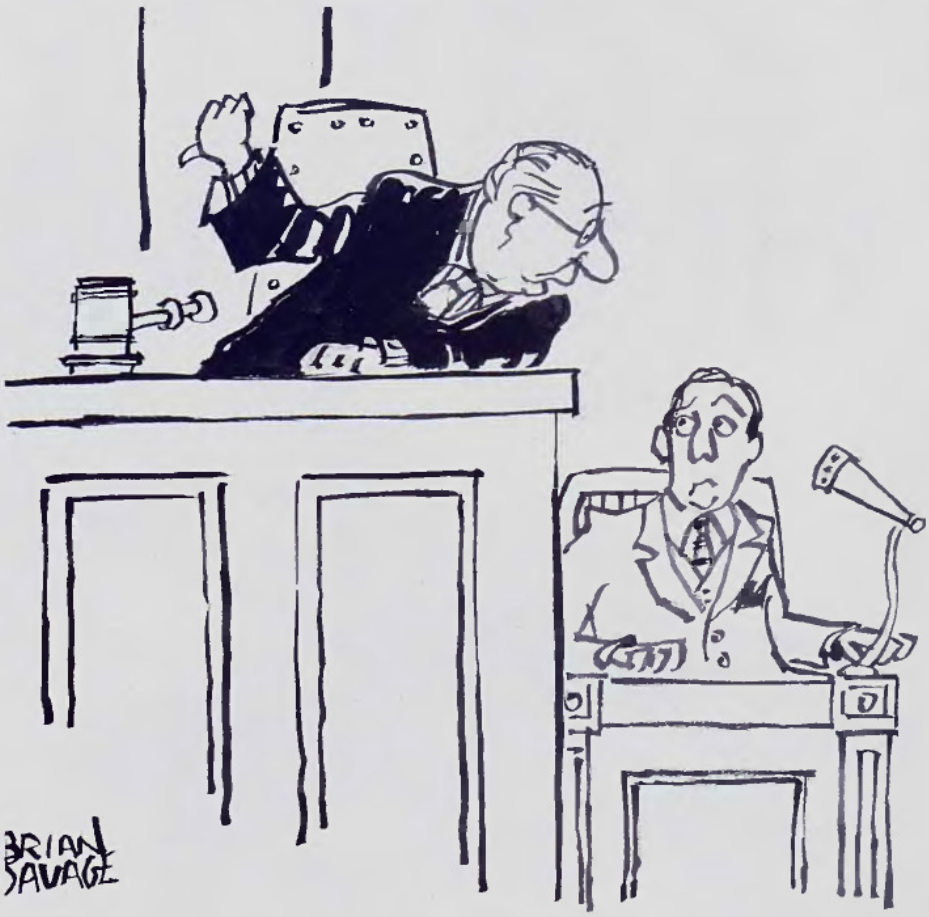
Liz: "That's like when Jen had a yeast infection and she decided not to use Vagisil so she could have sex. She was like, 'I still itch but I want to have sex.'"

Jen: "That's why it kept recurring."

Kat: "Can guys get yeast infections?"

Jen: "They get penile irritation."

"Did Karen tell you guys that the



"If you're so innocent, why do you need these high-priced lawyers?"

other night Chuck didn't have on any underwear?" Liz asks.

Karen is quick to defend the potential man in her life: "What's wrong with that? I don't wear anything."

"You wear jeans without underwear? Doesn't your hair get stuck inside the zipper?" Christine asks.

"No, I cut mine," Karen says.

"Yeah, she trims it down," Liz says.

Kat: "I need to pay more attention to my bikini line. It's all shaggy."

The 11th pitcher arrives, the cups are refilled. Kat stands up and makes a toast. "This weekend my grade point average and my blood alcohol content are at competitive levels." Everyone clinks their cups, and Kat goes to the center of the room. She shimmies from the customer side of the bar to the employee side. Time for work.

ELEVEN P.M.

The night is young. The local superband is playing at a bar across town, so Jen, Christine, Sara, Amanda, Karen and Liz hop into two cars. Kat stays behind to bartend. Brad and Michelle head home for a quickie. The most sober of the six, Christine and Sara, are the designated drivers.

It pays to have connections. With Jen's name on the guest list, the $6 cover charge is waived for the Big Poppa girls. Miller Lite bottles in hand, they beeline to the outdoor tent. The band has started. Jen and Sara run hand in hand to plant themselves in front of Vic, the sax player and Jen's sometime paramour. It's high-energy blues and jazz that makes the crowd bop around. Jen, it seems, loves those music men.

After a few songs, PJ, who arrived with Amanda's Matt, slides up behind Jen and puts his arms around her waist. A look of panic crosses her face until she realizes Vic's eyes are closed and he can't see her anyway. And if slobbering all over each other is a sign of reconciliation, Amanda and Matt are an item again. The breakup lasted three hours.

MIDNIGHT

The next bar they hit is an upscale joint with mosaic tables and smooth cherry-wood floors. Christine works here—it's where she met John. He's been dubbed Roller Coaster Boy by her roommates because he's so wishy-washy about their relationship. One day he's into her, the next day he's not. Christine doesn't seem to care if she has a boyfriend. She's thin and witty, with pool-blue eyes. She could get lots of guys if she wanted. Liz, Sara, Christine and Karen belly up and order a round of Miller Lites. "There's Roller Coaster Boy. See if he'll give us free drinks," Karen says. He won't. Dick.

"Ooh baby! Mmmm. Oh, yeah. . . ." A girl in the middle of a group of guys is moaning and sucking on the end of her beer bottle. It triggers Liz' memory, and she straightens up to tell a story.

"Michelle and her ex-boyfriend Sam were at a ski lodge once. They were being really loud," Liz says as she eyes the glass blower. "The next morning, their neighbors were like, 'Oh! Sam!' making fun of them. Michelle was clueless. 'What are they talking about?'"

Karen: "Amanda says Michelle is loud with Brad too."

"I was loud with my boyfriend because I was comfortable with him," says Liz. Last summer, Liz and her ex-boyfriend Tom stopped having sex. Liz was worried about getting pregnant, but she didn't want to go on the pill.

It's time for John's break, so he and Christine sit on one of the couches. Rocky, a great-looking bartender with a chiseled face and pearly whites, comes over with another round. "What are you guys talking about?" he asks.

Karen: "Blow jobs."

"We were?" Sara asks. Karen gives her a just-go-with-it look.

"I prefer the nonteeth variety myself," Rocky says. "You don't have to swallow, just don't stop."

Karen: "When I'm in the mood, there's nothing better. But I don't like being forced down there." She pauses. "Does it hurt when we stop?"

Rocky: "It's not the pain factor. It's just that you're getting excited, things are going all right and then . . . brrrr."

Karen: "Yeah, but I always feel like it takes forever. The guy is wasted and it takes a long time to get him off. I end up getting a sore mouth or lockjaw or something. At least when you're giving a hand job, you can switch hands."

Rocky laughs. "And another thing: Do not start the lawn mower."

"What do you mean? Don't pull it?"

"Yeah. Actually, no hand jobs, period. Because we can do it better, and we can do it any time we want."

"So your tip for a blow job is once you start, don't stop?" Karen asks.

"What if something comes after? Can't you start a blow job and then have sex?" Liz asks.

"Oh, definitely." Rocky nods.

Sara is, of course, uncomfortable. "I'm not going to talk about this," she says.

A male eavesdropper comes up and announces, "In my experience, three out of ten girls do not like to receive oral sex. Why not?"

Karen: "I've never done it with someone I felt comfortable with. I always feel self-conscious. When you think about it, it's pretty gross. And guys don't know how to do it right." She turns around to confer with Sara, but Sara's gone.

ONE A.M. SATURDAY

"This is the last call for alcohol!" Couples are dropping like flies. Jen and PJ are back at the Big Poppa. Amanda and Matt haven't been seen since the slobberfest. Kat and Jack will undoubtedly end up together after work.

"Try not to smile, Miss Fisher. This joint is therapeutic, not recreational."

"Shit!" Liz says, noticing that Vic and the band have entered the bar and are on their way over. "Slight problem. What if Vic asks about Jen? I have to call her and tell her to send PJ home."

"Hey guys. Where's Jen?" Vic asks, not five seconds later.

Her roommates scramble for an answer. "Oh, uh, she went to get a burrito. She's meeting us back at the house because we're . . . uh, having after-hours and she had to clean up," Liz says.

Christine picks up on the story. "God, I hope we have enough beer for everyone," she says, with a fake smile.

TWO A.M.

Crisis averted. Jen is alone on the couch, watching TV. Her hair and clothes are intact. PJ is gone. As the rest of the roommates arrive for after-hours, everyone has a job. Liz distributes cans of Bud Light, Christine orders two large pizzas and a double order of breadsticks, Sara uses another phone line (they have seven) to call Dave. She hasn't seen him all night. Jen gets up and pulls Karen into the bedroom. "I'm so glad you called. PJ knew I didn't want to get in trouble with Vic, so he left. It's not like much is going on with either of them."

Karen: "I freaked out when they walked into the bar—I had to call you."

Jen: "Vic asked if he could sleep over tomorrow night, and I said fine."

THREE A.M.

Vic and his friends leave. Christine and Liz go upstairs to pass out. Karen calls Chuck. No answer. She goes to bed in her clothes. Jen goes into Sara's room, where Sara is putting on her pajamas.

"You know the weird thing?" Jen asks. "Vic's really good to me. He'll take me out for a nice dinner with appetizers and wine and good food and stuff," she says.

Sara: "That's so rare for a guy. So many guys think they can get away with just meeting us at a bar at midnight—that's so lame!"

When Sara goes to bed, Jen runs across the street to PJ's house to see if his lights are still on. A few minutes later, she's back. "No lights," she says.

End-of-the-night body count: six. Amanda and Kat are shacking.

10:30 A.M.

Amanda tiptoes through the front door, wearing the jeans and green cardigan she had on the night before. She finds Karen in the kitchen and slides onto a stool. "I wanted to go home so badly last night, but Matt wouldn't drive me. I told him at eight A.M. I wanted to leave. He was like, 'Five more minutes. . . .' I said, 'Five minutes will turn into five hours.' I don't even remember how I ended up at his apartment last night."

"Jen and PJ dropped you off there," Karen says, not letting Amanda play the victim. "You wanted to stay."

Amanda pauses. "I'd rather put up with Matt's shit than break up with him and be without. I understand what Kat's going through with Jack."

Karen: "Yeah, Jack calls the shots. It doesn't matter what Kat wants. When she starts to get fed up, then he'll do something nice."

Sara walks in. Amanda looks at her and asks, "Do you realize you're the only 100 percent faithful girlfriend out of all of us?" Sara shrugs.

1:30 P.M.

Kat wobbles through the door. She reeks of smoke, looks like hell and, like Amanda, is wearing the same clothes from last night. She can barely contain herself: "I swear to God, I want to have sex with him. I won't, but I want to." No one says a word.

Later, when Karen and Kat are in the car on their way to buy a keg for their party, Kat's still thinking about it."If I have sex with him," she says, "then I'm always going to want to have sex with him. I might get more attached than I already am, and I won't get anything in return. Or he'll be like, 'I'm done with you.' This morning was fun though. We did just about everything. Don't you hate hand jobs? I finished him off that way, though. Like the whole morning-breath, cotton-mouth thing. I started with oral sex but it hurt my throat because my mouth was so dry. So he came, and I wiped it on his jeans and he goes, 'Don't. I have to wear these to work tonight.' So we have to ask him what he spilled on his jeans. 'Toothpaste?' I'm really sore today. He will finger you for four hours in a row if you let him. Now I'm all loose and flappy," she says.

"Did he stop?" Karen asks.

"Yeah, for like a minute, and then he started again. I don't know what to make of him. Last night I could've been the only woman in the world. On other nights, I'm the last person on his mind."

FOUR P.M.

According to Amanda, Vic is in love with Jen. "He told Matt that he's head over heels. He wants to make you fall in love with him," she says.

Jen smiles. "I've told him a million times that this is senior year and I don't want a boyfriend. He knows. Maybe if I get a job in Chicago after graduation it will be different. I like him, and I've never had anyone treat me so good."

"By the way," Amanda asks, "why did you leave me at Matt's last night?"

"Leave you? You wanted to stay. You told us to leave, you fool," Jen says.

SIX P.M.

"This is fucking heavy!" Kat yells. She and Karen are trying to carry the keg into the house. A car stops, and two nerdy frat boys hop out. "Hey, y'all need some help?" The boys run up and grab the

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keg. It's inside and tapped in a minute flat. "We're having a party tonight if you guys want to stop by," Kat says with an I-hope-we-never-see-you-again look.

Karen is trying to decide when she should call Chuck about the party.

"Call him at like seven," Amanda says.

"No, call him once the party is going," Sara chimes in.

"But what if he's gone out already?"

"You don't want to seem too desperate," Sara says.

Disregarding the advice, Karen slips into her room and shuts the door. She returns a few minutes later. "I called him and left a message to come over at eight. I told him to bring his friends." She starts jumping around. "I'm nervous! I don't call boys. I hate calling them!"

EIGHT P.M.

Amanda stumbles through the door. She and Matt just came from dinner at a Japanese restaurant. "She drank two big glasses of sake," Matt says nervously. Five minutes later, they are upstairs in Amanda's room, making out furiously.

"Oh fuck!" Liz yells, running into the dining room, where the rest of the girls are drinking. "I called Mike's answering machine. At the end I said, 'I hope to see you soon' instead of 'I hope to see you there.' Does that sound too anxious?"

"You know Amanda and Matt are totally going at it upstairs," Michelle says, changing the subject.

Kat: "This weekend, I've caught Sara having sex, I've caught Michelle having sex and I've caught Amanda macking with Matt. And by the way, Sara is loud!"

Sara turns bright red. "I didn't think anyone was home this afternoon. I thought Kat was sleeping."

The doorbell rings. It's Mike. Liz coyly walks to the door. "What's up?" Liz asks. They go into the kitchen to fill up his cup. Karen asks if he's heard from Chuck. Mike says he's at work and can't come. Karen is crushed.

NINE P.M.

Out on the porch, Kat lights a smoke. "I know my roommates don't like my situation with Jack," she says. "I don't like Amanda's situation with Matt, but I support her. Guaranteed, if Karen saw Chuck tonight, everyone would be like, 'Go for it!' but with me, they're like, 'Stay away from him.' This morning was crazy. I'm so sore. He's got this new trick: While he's fingering me, he tries to touch my asshole. I'm like, 'Don't even! If you stick your finger in my ass, you'll start doing it to your brother, your dog, everyone." Liz and a crew of people come bounding onto the porch.

"Oooh—let's talk about anal," Liz says.

"I'm scared of it," Michelle blurts out. "I will not partake." She pauses. "All right, I might, but I won't like it."

"I did it once but it was an accident," says a new girl, a recent arrival.

"How can that be an accident? Were you drunk?" Liz asks.

"No. Swear to God, when it happened it was an accident. I thought I broke something, that's how much it hurt."

Kat: "Thank you. I agree."

Jen: "I've had a guy stick his finger up my ass before, and I just felt uncomfortable. All I was thinking the whole time was, OK, this is my ass, and there's shit up there. What are you going to do when you pull your hand out of there?"

Michelle: "For me, that's not even it. It's the pain factor."

Jen: "It doesn't hurt."

The new girl: "Don't tell me it doesn't hurt. After we did it accidentally, I was like, 'Don't ever do that to me again.' I was in pain for two days. I was scared that I wasn't going to be able to shit. I thought something was wrong."

Kat: "And you don't want to go to the doctor and be like, 'All right, I had anal sex, and now something's wrong.'"

Michelle: "I've heard from some other people that the first time's bad, but the second time's good."

Amanda and Matt walk in. "Where have you been, orgasm girl? You changed your clothes and everything!" Liz yells. Amanda just smiles.

ONE A.M. SUNDAY

Kat slips past the bouncers at work. Jack's at the bar, pouring drafts and smoking a Camel. Kat jostles up. "Hey," she says. He smiles. She looks down at his leg. "Is that toothpaste on your jeans?" "Ha-ha," he says. "What are you doing after work?" she asks. He shrugs. He gets paged over the loudspeaker. "Listen, I'll talk to you later, all right?" he says and walks away. She waits for ten minutes and leaves. "I guess I had my share last night," she says.

2:15 A.M.

Jen, Vic, Kat and Karen are back at the Big Poppa, trying to stomach a few more drinks. "I hate wasting all this beer," Jen says, referring to the three quarters–full keg. Karen checks the answering machine. No Chuck. Amanda staggers in with Matt and PJ.

"I need to pass out," Amanda slurs and half smiles. Matt rolls his eyes, chuckles and drags her upstairs.

Two pizzas and many breadsticks later, the night is officially over. Sara and Dave are fast asleep. Michelle and Brad are in Michelle's room. Jen and Vic, Christine and Roller Coaster Boy and Liz and Mike head for bed.

At the honk of a car horn, Kat grabs her coat. Jack has come to pick her up for a shack. "Don't wait up," she says.

"I won't," Karen says. She dumps out her beer into the sink and heads for bed.

"I'm really pissed! No one's come forward to claim responsibility."

(continued from page 108)

I would flex my shoulders and pecs and just growl in her face—*ruff ruff ruff, grrrr*. Melanie asked me to be nicer to her mom. I said, "For you, Melanie," and I brought my hips up closer to her chest and slid a leg across her cushiony body.

Melanie liked to come in my room when our parents were making up. She would kneel in the dark in front of my pullout sleeper making sexy breath noises in my ear while her fingernails skated across the rips in my abs. We couldn't hear the words our parents were saying on the other side of the wall, but we knew from their voices what they meant. If the TV was on, that was a peace sign. It meant the grown-ups had gotten in a better mood, and they'd be fucking the creaks out of the bed frame soon. Their starting in was like the sound of rails splitting to me. Their voices hush, Liz' legs spreading, coochie-coo, and you could feel the jolting of the headboard. Melanie and I would stop what we were doing, sit up in the shadows of each other's bodies, me hating her mom, her hating my dad, and crack up to ourselves about the way grown-ups were until she was sucking on her lower lip and I was holding whatever parts of her were closest to my hands.

Melanie started spending less time at home. She was getting more involved with Chris the contractor, who was 27 and had a mustache. She was skipping school and going sailing with him. She kept telling me how mature he was. She would tell me this like I should be jealous. Her mom didn't know about this guy. When she got Ds in geometry and U.S. history, Liz asked her if she needed a tutor. Melanie told Liz her teachers hated her. Liz believed her. At dinner my dad told Melanie her problem was laziness. He asked her if she planned to graduate. Then Liz cleared her throat and made my dad look at me.

"Living at home, almost 19 years old, flunks his first exam at community college and decides he's just going to drop out. I think before you criticize someone else's child, you ought to take a good look at the one who belongs to you. Speaking of laziness, not to mention a future."

"I'm saving for a car," I said. I wanted to call Liz a bitch. A nasty bitch with a slut daughter. "And a better set of speakers."

Liz wouldn't talk to me. She wouldn't look at me.

"You're not buying a car until we talk about it," my dad said.

He was trying anything he could think of to bond with Liz.

"I'm getting a Testarossa when I'm 21," Donny said.

"And you're taking me to the beach," Melanie said.

"If I feel like it."

•

One night, Donny knocked on my door when Melanie was inside with her fingers on my balls. He said he had to use the dictionary for a school paper. The lights were off, and I was wearing just a pair of sweatshorts. Melanie had on a plump white undershirt and dancing tights. I was warm and stiff and I dragged the sheet up over myself.

"I don't care," is what he said.

I turned on the lamp. Donny was a porky little brown-haired dude in an Italian-striped racing shirt and colored underwear.

"You don't care, what?" his sister said.

"Anything."

"Donny, are you just going to stand there half naked or are you going to get whatever you came in here for and leave?"

"I don't have to listen to your ass," Donny said.

I checked out Melanie's rolls in the light by the bookcase. I wondered what her and Donny's father looked like. Who'd mated with Liz and produced these two?

"Just wait till you need me," Melanie said.

"For what?" Donny said.

"Wait till you're trying to get a girlfriend. I could say whatever I want to them about you. Just remember that."

Donny made a pathetic muscle and showed it to me.

"When I do my curls, I keep my back straight," he said.

"You're getting there," I said. "Now you got to gradually increase your sets. And remember your breathing. But don't overdo it. You're just a kid."

"Why don't you go work some of that baby fat off right now, Donny? I don't think anyone invited you into Vince's room," Melanie said.

Donny looked at me.

"You heard her," I said.

Melanie sat back against the wall on my sleeper. My dad shouted out to us to get in our own beds. Melanie made a face. There were sea-grape leaves and hibiscus bushes outside shaking from the long, whistling gusts of wind.

•

That Saturday we were supposed to have brunch as a family at 11 o'clock. It was already storming when I woke up, the big raindrops popping against the shutters and bushes. We waited at the table for Melanie, who I knew would be hungover. At three in the morning she had shown up in my room wasted, in heavy mascara and a pink net blouse, blubbering "Chris is an asshole" onto my leg. She smelled like puke and rose citrus. I didn't want to see her cry. I lifted her into her own bed.

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At 11, Liz was walking through the kitchen in her quilted robe like she had something to say and she wasn't saying it. I was sitting at the table across from Donny. In a paper-thin jogging suit, my dad was flipping French toast and singing "Rain, rain, go away." He put out the napkins and the silverware. None of us could hear Melanie moving in the back of the house.

"I'm going to count to ten, and I promise I will not lose my patience," my dad said.

I turned around, and Liz took a hard look at me.

"Do you know what time she got in last night?"

"What are you asking me for? Didn't you sleep in this house last night?"

"Don't answer her like that, Vince," my dad said.

"I don't know when," I said to my dad. "Maybe Donny knows. Donny knows all."

Donny had wandered out onto the patio floor, which had puddles all around the edges of the pool. He was barefoot with his head down, punting up little splashes of water with his toes. He was moving away from us. The sliding glass door to the patio was open, and it was moist in the kitchen and loud from the rain.

"Do you know or don't you?" my dad said.

"I don't know," I said.

Liz walked to the back of the house. My dad put the oval serving plate of French toast in the middle of the table next to the syrup, the jam and the margarine. Everyone had a cut grapefruit on a plate.

"Now!" my dad called to Donny.

Then he lowered his voice and leaned down to me.

"I'm asking you not to push Liz."

We ate brunch without Melanie. Liz kept giving me looks in the silences. My dad finally asked about Melanie's status. Liz said she wasn't going to make it to the table, and my dad said that was obvious. He took Melanie's grapefruit and put it on his own plate. Then he realized he was about to start another fight, and he asked Liz if Melanie was feeling OK. Liz said she thought Melanie had a fever. My dad put his fist in his teeth and looked at his wife with puffy eyes.

After brunch Liz was going to take Donny to Cutler Ridge Mall, but Donny couldn't find his money. He whimpered about how he'd put a twenty right next to his bed yesterday. Liz said they'd find it later, she wanted to get out of the house now. My dad said, after they left, "Let's just take a drive."

We ran out to the driveway with our hoods over our heads. He turned the ignition, but he didn't shift into gear.

"Do you think we should just move out?" he said to me. He was staring at the flat-tile roof of the house.

"I didn't marry her," I said.

Above my dad's head I could see the patterns of rainwater beating down on the T-top. His gold chain was outside the zipper of his jacket, and he had deep lines across his forehead that looked like ripples of muscle to me.

"I won't get anything," my dad said. "I'll get half of nothing. It'll all be hers."

"It was all hers to begin with," I said.

"That's not what marriage is supposed to be," he said. "It's supposed to be half and half."

"It was never equal. Her last husband was loaded."

"But we've bought a lot of things together," my dad said with a crack in his voice.

"Well, we'll take them," I said.

"If we do leave," he said, "you have to treat Liz with dignity."

I looked at my father. I didn't know what he was talking about. I knew Liz had some kind of control over him, and once he told me he was in love with her. I felt sorry for him. I wondered what it was like to be forced to still care about someone like Liz six years later. I clicked the garage door closed and looked in one more time at my bench and free weights. I could picture Melanie lying on her back with stuffed animals and messed hair all around her, winding the curly phone cord across her bed, talking on the phone with some other guy.

•

The next day when my dad got back from a long run, he told me the plan for how we were going to move out. He sounded scared, but like he was going to do it. Tomorrow he would make a deposit on a two-bedroom apartment in the complex with the sauna and all the females. Since Liz worked three days as a hygienist, 8:30 to 4:30, my dad and I would both take a day off work one of those days, rent a van and move out as much stuff as we could while she was gone. We could probably make it with all our stuff in three trips.

My dad set the date for a week from Wednesday. It was in the middle of the workweek, in the middle of the month, so Liz would never suspect.

"This is the best way," he said to me more than once, confidentially, that week. "Because I want to be fair, and at the same time I know that if I sat down with her and tried to reason out a separation, there'd be fireworks. You've seen how unreasonable she's been getting the past few months."

Now my dad was telling me every reason he had ever thought of why it was a good idea to move out of Liz' house. What a temper she had, how bossy she could be, how moody. He busted on Melanie. She was proof that Liz was a bad deal. Melanie was an overweight, out-of-control delinquent, and Donny a spoiled child. If Liz had ever really cared

about their marriage, she'd have put him before them once in a while.

Alone in my room, I practiced how many clothes I could carry in my arms at one time. How many magazines, lamps and porcelain figurines of Liz'. The move on Wednesday was making me feel like I was leading a two-man adventure quest. I stood on the thin foam mattress of my pullout sleeper and struck Mr. Universe poses. "Can our hero safely liberate the palace treasure before the dragon witch returns and starts breathing down spears of fire?" I asked out loud.

I consoled Melanie about Chris. She told me her problems, and I listened to them. If she wanted to give me a blow job afterward, I let her. I rested my head back on my hands and let her get to work. I was out of there. I didn't give a shit.

•

The morning of the move, all of us wound up in the kitchen at the same time. Liz was wearing her all-whites, and she had her wiry hair up in barrettes the way she always wore it to the office. Melanie had on a large football jersey from our high school with a lineman's number on it. Tight-ass jeans and plenty of lip gloss. She was pouring two glasses of Five Alive by the sink for herself and Donny. My dad was next to the refrigerator, chugging coffee.

"I'm leaving," Liz said. "Be good."

"Love you, Mom," Melanie said. "We will."

"All right, Larry," Liz said.

"I'll see you," my dad said, like he was about to cry.

Liz kissed Donny on the forehead. Donny had pretty much stopped talking to me, too, lately. He picked up his things and walked to the bus stop.

In a few minutes Melanie went out the front door to wait for her ride. I went down the pathway after her. Her tight jeans were looking good.

"Is number 61 Hector Villanueva?" I said when our feet were on the edge of the street. I used to play some JV cornerback.

Melanie was looking up the block to see if anyone was turning our way.

"Uh-huh," she said.

"I know that guy."

"Yeah, he said he knew you."

"That guy can squat," I said. "Especially for a Cuban."

Melanie wasn't saying anything about him.

"How much is he squatting now?" I asked her.

"I only just started hanging out with him," she said. "I can just tell you he's built."

A car came up our street, but it wasn't Melanie's ride. Already the sky was blue like the middle of the day, with a sun you couldn't put your eyes near, and all the

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big white clouds were whizzing by over other people's houses.

"Are you into him?" I said.

I checked out Melanie from the side. She shrugged and pushed out her lips.

"Doesn't he have a black Trans Am?" I said.

"Stick."

"I bet it's nice inside."

"Leather interiors."

"When were you guys hanging out?"

"Why are you asking me all this shit?"

"I don't know. I'm just trying to remember what the guy's like."

"He's hot," Melanie said. "He's fuckin' hot is all I can say."

Melanie had her fingers combing through the back of her hair and her curvy ass sticking out in my direction. She was wearing Wayfarers and looking upward slightly. I was standing there taking her in and not just her body. Her face. What it really looked like in the daylight, the shape of it around the sunglasses. The way her mouth would smile and perk up when she saw Villanueva in the parking lot before school.

"That guy's on 'roids, isn't he?"

"Excuse me?" she said.

"I knew it."

I wanted Melanie to look at me, at my arms, the color of my tan and the definition. Then I said to her, "You're going to be late." I said it twice.

"Could you write me a note, please? Daddy?"

"Funny," I said. "Nice mood today."

"I'm just kidding."

"That's cool," I said.

A bunch of girls pulled up in a white Rabbit on the other side of the street, and Melanie got in the far door with her books against Villanueva's jersey. I walked back into the house past the banyan tree with its long mossy branches set up along the gutters of the roof.

My dad started getting panicky in the garage, but I calmed him down. We got a van with a luggage rack on top.

"All right," he said in the driveway with the garage door open. "I just want you to get our stuff. I don't want you even touching anything that belongs to Melanie or Donny. You understand me? We're going to do this completely fair and square. You carry, I'll load. Then I'll go do a check inside and make sure we got everything."

My dad kept stopping and catching his breath.

"What about stuff that's both of yours?" I said. "Like the bedroom TV. And what about the gas grill? That stuff?"

"Anything we bought while we were married, we'll deal with that at the end. Just get all the stuff that's only ours first. That's going to take at least two trips by itself."

I had on my brace for lifting. The first thing I grabbed was my dad's exercise bike. Then all the other things of his that took two hands. Most of what was in my dad's bedroom belonged to Liz anyway—the bed, the artwork, the chest of drawers. I emptied his half of their walk-in closet and laughed at how lopsided it looked. I gathered big clumps, stretching my arms around them.

We took the first load over to the new apartment complex around 11:30. Our unit was on the second floor. We unloaded the van and stacked everything in a mixed-up pile right inside the front door. A shoe falling in a blender, a jump rope around a jockstrap. I was bolting up and down the stairs about three times as fast as my dad, leaping from a few steps up and landing on the run.

"You got to pick up the pace," I said. "Don't get beat by the heat."

We were both sweating like animals when we got back to the house. No shirts. My dad was bouncing on the tips of his shoes on the hot driveway, waiting while I cleared more stuff out of the house. He kept looking around the crazy trunk of the banyan tree to see if anyone was coming. He told me to go faster, just get the important stuff. He was starting to get worried that Liz would come home before we were finished, think that we were stripping the house and lose her mind.

The more worried my dad got, the rowdier it made me. I was starting to want to do everything he had instructed me not to. Just take random shit from everywhere and throw it in towels and load it up. I had the air conditioner down to a nice moving temperature. A rolled bandanna around my forehead, cutoff blue jeans, the leather brace and steel-toed work boots. I felt wild.

In front of Donny's room, I plotted what kind of damage I could do and how quickly. What could I take that would piss Liz off the most? I jumped up and slapped the hallway ceiling, straight vertical, ten times in a row. The idea that I was never going to have to look at Liz' face again was making me feel like anything was possible for me. I did 20 clap push-ups and ten more on fists.

With my chest out as far as it could go I flung open the door to my room. I didn't own much. What I had didn't even fill up the van. My dad said don't forget the rest of his kitchen stuff, and living room stuff and patio stuff. While I was back inside, I started doing some rearranging. I tucked Liz' diaphragm under Donny's pillow. Then I dropped one of her silver rings in the toilet tank in the master bathroom. After that I turned over all the photographs of her and my dad together.

A few more trips, and I wasn't satisfied. So I began taking. I wanted Liz to know that she hadn't gotten away with the last six years. I took all the quarters out of her change tray in the pantry, dumped them in a pillowcase with some other things she would notice were missing, like her two-liter plastic bottles of Diet Coke, and carried the whole package out to my dad in a paper grocery bag. I took Donny's ten-pound dumbbells, wrapped in one of my sheets. I wanted more, so I went for Donny's baby teeth that Liz kept in a little lined box in her bathroom. I put the clasp box in my front pocket until I could decide if I really wanted to take it.

By 3:30, the second load was at the new apartment, and my shoulders were getting pooped. Now my dad had to make the big decisions. What to do about the three major items he and Liz had acquired as a couple: the Sony color television in the bedroom, which had remote and a better picture by far than the living room TV; the gas grill, which he had gotten the deal on from knowing the floor manager at Service Merchandise; and the Chinese screen that Liz had picked out at an art fair on Key Biscayne, and which my grandparents had bought for them as an anniversary gift.

My dad wanted to discuss these three items with me. He said, "Disregard all the money I've spent over the years on repairs and improvements to the house."

I said no question, the gas grill was ours. My dad did all the grilling, replaced the canister. Liz would not miss the grill. My dad agreed.

The other two items were a different story. Liz was attached to that television, and she had a possessiveness about the painted bamboo screen, too. We were going to have to pick one or the other.

I uncabled the TV and hoisted it with my elbows. My dad wanted to make a final sweep of the house while I packed up my weights and gear from the garage. We would roll out the gas grill together as the last thing, close up the house and stop for subs on the way over to the new apartment.

In the doorway leading out to the garage, with the sweaty TV almost slipping in my fingers, I practically knocked into Melanie and Donny. Melanie had a fat new hickey. Her breasts were shapes of hills coming up out of the six and one of Villanueva's shirt.

"You really think you're taking my mom's TV?" she said.

I was looking at her neck. I could feel the weariness in my arms.

"I know you didn't take anything out of my room," she said.

"I'm just doing what my dad told me to," I said.

The garage smelled like a swamp. I tried to let the two of them by, but they didn't want to move.

I kept waiting for Melanie to do something extreme. Grab the TV, beg me not to leave. Maybe wrestle me down and have Donny pile on.

"What, did you and Brainiac just skip work and try and get whatever you could out of the house when my mom

wasn't looking?"

My dad came around the front of the garage, gesturing to me in confused hand signals. Melanie shot a repulsed look at him, and she and Donny took off past me for the back of the house. I felt a cool little rush of breeze from Melanie. I held the scent of it in my nose. I let it wash across my face.

"I think we probably ought to get going pretty quick," my dad said. His gold chain was swinging against his chest of hair. His work slacks looked tight around the middle.

"No shit," I said, walking the TV to the van.

I started hating the van. I started hating everything that was going on the whole day. The bags in the back, everything I'd switched around. I threw my brace into the van and shut the doors.

"What time is it?" my dad said. "I got to make sure that I get everything I need out."

"I'm not leaving without every single one of my weights."

"First you're helping me get the grill."

"I'm telling you, Donny is not going to get those weights."

"I'm telling *you*, she's not going to walk away with two out of three."

I followed my dad to the back patio, and we started rolling the gas grill across the Chattahoochee floor. The sound of the squeaking and rolling made me want to kick something hard. Donny opened a door from the bathroom and shut it right away. I could picture the expression on his pudgy white face when he realized his little curl bar was gone. His box of baby teeth kept rubbing against my thigh. I was walking backward. He saw my eyes.

My dad and I were pulling the grill across the grass to the driveway when Liz showed up. My dad's arms clenched. His mouth was a straight line.

He walked slowly toward the van, and I stayed put on the grass. Then I walked behind the van on the other side of it from my dad and her. I didn't know the plan. I stayed at the back of the driveway behind the van, almost on our next-door neighbors' lawn.

"You are shit," Liz said to my dad from in front of the garage. "You are so full of shit I can't believe it."

They were less than three yards from each other, and Liz was standing, guarding the inside of the garage. My weights were behind her. She had taken out her barrettes, and she looked as though she had a black-and-gray terrier lying across her head.

"Where are my children?" she said.

"They're in there," my dad said.

"So what are you going to do now? Pack up the grill, call it a day? Huh? That's not your grill, partner. *Not*."

Liz waited. My dad didn't talk.

"God help you if you took one single thing out of this house that doesn't

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belong to you."

Liz waited again for my dad to say something.

"You just stay right where you are," she said.

"This is my home as well as your home," my dad said. "And I'm going to go in there and get the rest of what's mine."

"Don't threaten me, Lawrence. Bad idea."

Liz went inside. Her white hygienist outfit made everything feel more serious. My dad stepped back toward me, and I came up close to him.

"I'm not taking any chances with her," he whispered. "I want you to go call the police. I mean it. I'm not taking any chances. I'm going to try and settle this with her the peaceful way, but I want them here just in case. There are still things I need to get out of the bedroom—and we're taking that grill."

The way the sky was, and the sun, it felt like it had been the middle of the day all day.

•

I took my dad's car up to Old Cutler Road and called the police from a gas station. I said there was a domestic situation. The whole time the lady on the other end was talking to me, I was thinking of Melanie's bedroom. Me with my knees on her comforter and Melanie doing her nails over the carpet, telling me things in private.

I drove back to the house about ten miles an hour. I kept punching the buttons, looking for anything decent that wasn't love songs or talking. I parked a ways up from the driveway and walked very slowly across the front lawn toward the garage.

I didn't have to see her to know Liz was on the warpath. My dad had apparently done something to piss her off royally. And not just my dad. Vince is a lying thief, Vince is a bully, Vince thinks he can bluh bluh bluh bluh bluh bluh bluh. Talking about marijuana and a $20 bill and bullshit from five years ago that I didn't even know what she was talking about. I got up closer so I could see her. She was standing with her knees in position like an ogre in dentist-office clothes ready to defend its cave. She said if either one of us touched another thing that belonged to her, she was going to go into that kitchen, get her sashimi knife and cut him up.

Now I had my boot against the back fender of the van. All five of us again. The dumb faces of Melanie and Donny on the steps at the back of the garage. Our parents between us. My dad wanting to whisper something in my ear, but I wouldn't lean in to hear it.

"Well, I guess she told us," I said pretty loud. I was ready to go toe-to-toe with Liz. Once and for all. I was ready to pick her up by the hair, swing her around the garage a couple times over my head and whack her up against my bench set.

Melanie *pfffed* like she was so disgusted about something, she couldn't take it. I gave her a look. I let her know she wasn't all privileged and special now that she was letting some 'roid-freak lineman suck on her neck.

My dad told Liz he had only wanted to divide things up the fairest way. She didn't need to overreact like this. "The marriage has run its course," he said. "We can both agree on that."

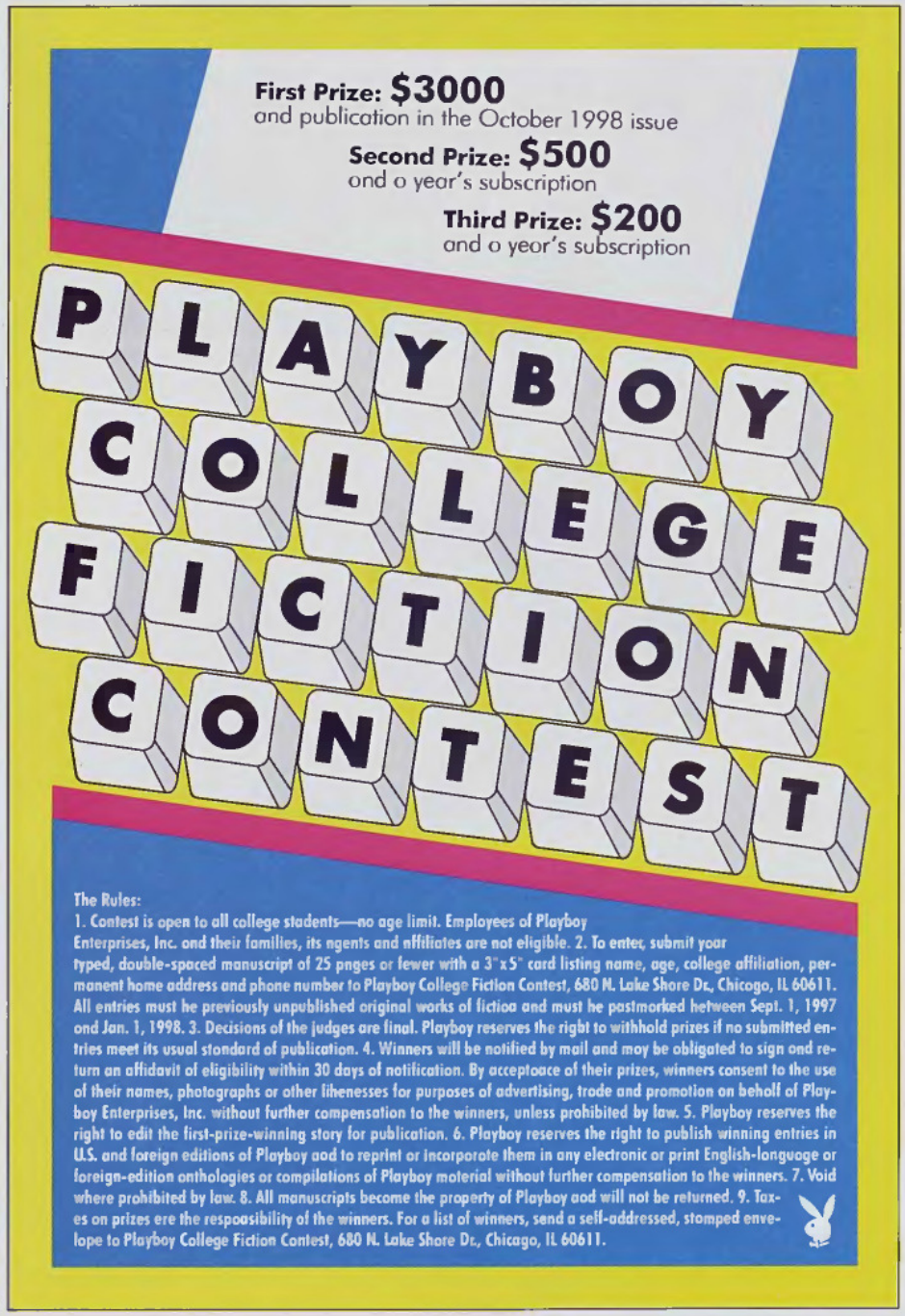
He said to Liz, "I just want to get some papers from the bedroom. I'm not even going to discuss the grill right now, OK? We'll let the lawyers do that."

"Just get out!" she said. "Leave. And don't you dare stand there and tell me I'm overreacting. Goddamned coward. You and coward junior slinking around my house all day with a moving van while I'm at work. How the hell do I know what the two of you took?"

Liz was turning pink and red. I was just standing back, checking out my triceps, letting my dad do all the work.

Liz waved Melanie and Donny back inside the house. Donny looked at me the way I raised him to look at me, like he better respect me or keep his fucking head down. Melanie I wondered. What she might start saying about me now when I wasn't around.

I could see the green-and-white sheriff's car pull up in the front yard under the banyan tree while Liz was still screaming her lungs out about dignity-her-ass. One big old flappy-cheeked Dade County sheriff behind the wheel with a writing pad and a shotgun right there next to him.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Liz saw the car on the lawn and started patting herself all over, nervous. She put a barrette between her lips, then pinned back one side of her hair. I waited for her to pin back the other side, but she didn't, and by the time the sheriff was walking up to us, she looked even battier than she did before.

My dad didn't bother to put on a shirt. I didn't either.

"Folks," the cop said, pacing toward my dad. He was about my dad's age, nicely shaven, with a big, beige patrolman's hat on, and uniform pants tucked into knee-high black boots. "Came to check on a disturbance. This the proper residence?"

"Yes it is, sir," my dad said.

Three of Donny's friends came by on motocross bikes, saw us, checked out the sheriff's rifle and his V8 Caprice, and walked their bikes into the house through the front door. It was the first time all day I noticed anyone on the block even being around.

I had my eyes on the cop, his mirrored sunglasses hanging off his shirt pocket. He was nodding and sweeping his eyes around. Taking notes.

"I don't see any disturbance," the cop said.

"Actually, sir, my wife has stated that I am forbidden to enter my own house."

"You let your wife talk to you like that?" the cop said.

"Not usually," my dad said. "No. But she's been getting a little rough around the edges today. You know."

"This your residence?"

"It is my residence. My son and I live here, and we want to be able to go into the house peacefully and get the rest of what belongs to us."

We all looked at Liz. She had a face like she was choking on ideas.

"Officer, I can't believe what's going on here."

The sheriff stood there and gave Liz the once-over. Chewing on his ink pen, jotting down notes.

"Officer, that man and his son went into my house while I was at work today and put things in that van that do not belong to them. The definition is stealing. Stealing is what that is. That grill belongs on my patio, and that television belongs to me too. And my son is missing things. Valuable things. You can put that in your report. And there's going to be other things, except I haven't even looked around yet to see what else. You know, if the chicken liver wanted to move out so much, nobody was stopping him. Do you see me stopping him from moving out now? I'd prefer it if he left."

"Lady, let's get this straight. I am not the judge."

The cop paused to make sure we were all listening. His radio was steady, the static over the dispatcher's other calls.

"Festivities are over. End of round one. Going to be nothing else going, nothing else coming. I'm working on 16 hours straight, and I've seen all the trouble I'm going to see for today."

My dad was starting to get mopey now—drooping his eyes, hanging his face, holding himself like you'd think someone was forcing him to stand up on his own two feet.

"And there's been plenty of it," the sheriff said. "First thing this morning took a dashboard out of a baby's sternum. Going to be half the right side of that kid's face. Bloodbath. Perfectly avoidable, too. Vehicle trying to pass on a two-lane across a double-yellow. So I spent all morning with the kid in emergency, spent the rest of the day helping out on a kook with a hostage, and my work isn't done yet. Got to stop at Eckerd's after this, pick up some vapor rub for the mother-in-law, or no one's letting me in the front door when I get home. See, it's trouble and a mess out there, but so easily avoided. You gentlemen have another place to sleep tonight?"

"Yes, sir," my dad said.

"Suggest you lay it down for today."

I'd never taken my eyes off the sheriff. His bulletproof upper body, the knife on his belt. He had a legitimate chest. I was judging from his upper arms.

"Excuse me," I said. "I just have one request."

I looked the sheriff in the eyes. I wanted him to know I was different from my dad and Liz.

"What if there's one thing of mine, right in the garage, that I could just load up in about five minutes? It's all it would take. Anybody can watch me."

"Son, how's your hearing?"

My dad muttered that we were on our way. He said we would get the court to give us the rest of what was ours.

Liz was still standing in front of the garage, waiting for us all to take off. I looked in behind her at my 180-pound bar on the bench stand. I could picture her throwing the iron wells one by one against the floor of the garage after I was gone, or clearing out everything that was mine in there and promising to buy Donny a whole new set of weights.

The sheriff nodded to us and got on his radio. Then we drove toward the new apartment complex in a kind of procession. First the sheriff, then me, then my dad in the rental van. When we got to Dixie, the sheriff turned left. I honked goodbye and waved out the T-top. The sheriff flashed his yellow roof lights, and I honked some more and blasted the speakers.

•

The rest of the week I called in sick. I kept going for swims and taking showers. I used Liz' quarters on video games. I set up my stereo, but that was it.

My dad kept bellyaching how much worse this was. He ate frozen enchiladas by himself on the carpet. He asked if I

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thought things were really over with Liz. I put on some trunks and went down to find the sauna.

I had never actually been in a sauna before. It was just a wood-slat stall with a wood-slat bench. I shut the door behind me and stripped naked in the room. I found the heat dial on the wall and turned it up to the max. I was thinking about that baby that lost half its face.

I tightened my abs and let them go. I pretended I lost half my own face. With my fingers like a cutting knife, I cut myself down the line of my nose and all the way down the middle of my skin. I kept one eye shut the whole time I was cutting. Then I cut the base of my belly in half. Then halfway diagonal across my chest. I cut an X where my sternum made the center. I made squiggle cuts all over my flesh.

Afterward I took a Jacuzzi and let the water swirl around in the net of my trunks. It was Saturday afternoon, and there were bodies galore. The whole scene outside the community building was blowing me away, the landscaping of the walking paths, the vanilla smell of lotion, the row of green coconut palms in the turf around the pool. The place was loaded. I approved. I could hear Jimmy Buffett playing on somebody's tape deck. Guys at the hibachi were getting high. There were girls with loose bikini strings getting rid of their tan lines, rubbing their shoulders down with cocoa butter and tropical oils.

I had my left arm at ease along the edge of the tub. Across from me, a couple of stewardesses were dipping their toes in the steaming water, talking about their hectic flying schedules. Now they were laughing about the bubbles and climbing in. They had one-piecers on but some action underneath.

As soon as they were sitting, one reached into her shoulder bag and pulled out a cold bottle of pink champagne. "We've got to celebrate, Julie," she said.

Behind me, in the rush of the water jets, I could feel Melanie's excited hams around my ass, the pulse from her body streaming under my legs. I felt the grip of thighs, the press of breasts to my back.

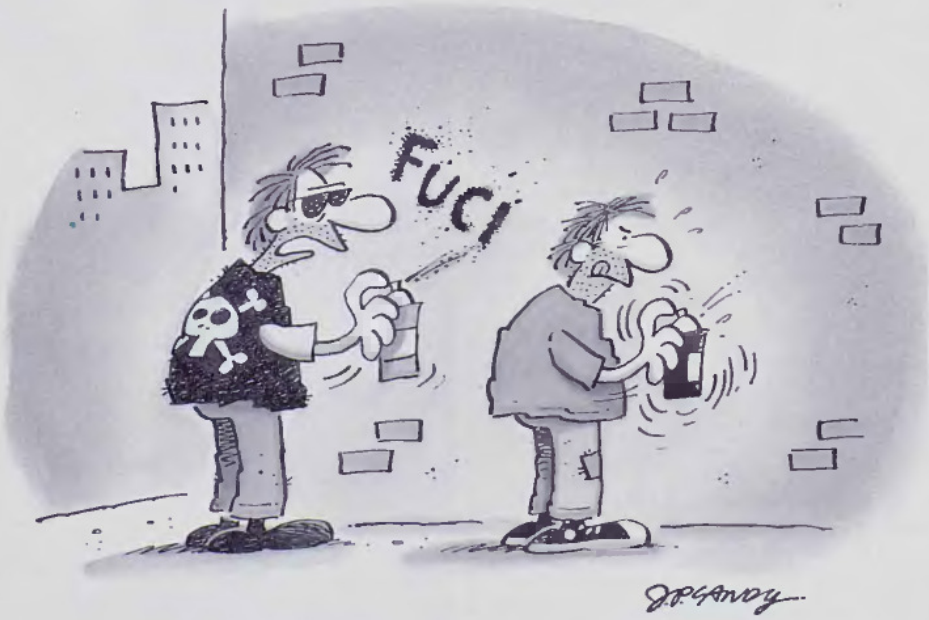
The stewardesses raised a toast. They clicked their cups as if they were about to sail off on a cruise.

Now I could feel Melanie beside me, and I tried to think of some way that all of us could get acquainted. We live in the Palm Springs apartments, too, I rehearsed in my head. Personally, I work construction, and Melanie here's still in school. We used to have a house together not far from here, but it didn't have the kind of luxuries we felt we deserved.

On the other side of the tub, Julie was pinching herself about her new promotion and tipping some champagne on the other one's hair. "Par-*ty*," they said together.

I still couldn't get over the landscaping job. I stretched an arm a little farther around Melanie's shoulder and asked her if she could believe all this was ours. I was pretty sure she was starting to feel more at home in the Jacuzzi. Just the way she was biting her lip and not saying anything, moving in closer like nobody was watching.

Second place was won by Bonnie Jo Campbell of Western Michigan University. Third prizes went to Kevin Brockmeier of the University of Iowa, John Warner Fulton of the University of Michigan and Josh Pryor of San Francisco State University.



"That's deodorant, dummy!"

TOMMY HILFIGER

(continued from page 68)

HILFIGER: I'm in the process of building a collection for men, and later I'll do one for women. The men's line will be in our Beverly Hills store this fall, and the women's will be out a year from fall. It's a small business, but we have a lot of customers who need it and want it. I get pleasure doing it because I want to make hand-tailored suits for myself. My uniform during the day is usually khakis and a white or blue shirt. But when I go out at night, I like elegant, tailor-made clothing in luxurious fabrics.

PLAYBOY: Your path in fashion is almost the opposite of most designers.

HILFIGER: Yes. I thought of designing an upper-crust, expensive collection at the beginning, but it was such a risk. Having it fail would have put me out of business immediately, as opposed to having this strong platform underneath. Even if I have a cold season or two, even if I make some mistakes, I could never fall to the ground because the platform is so secure—I shouldn't say never because it could always happen, I guess. But the chances of us hurting financially because of bad colors one season aren't good. It wouldn't put us out of business. A lot of people go out of business when they hit a chilly season.

PLAYBOY: Your women's designs don't look all that different from your men's.

HILFIGER: In the beginning we talked to people and everybody said that women like feminine clothes. They don't want logos. They don't want the bright-color stuff. It has to be more subtle, different, more fashionable. So we came out with our first collection, which didn't explode. It sold, because of the name, but it didn't explode. That was last fall. We found that women wanted the male-looking stuff with the logo. They wanted the name with the patches, the real preppie, classic, true-blue Tommy Hilfiger sportswear. They didn't want anything feminine or dressy or fashionwise.

PLAYBOY: What do you make of that?

HILFIGER: The power of the brand stands for something. The woman wants to buy into that, but she can't find it from anybody else. The feminine, dressy, nonlogoed, subtle stuff she can find from a thousand people. But she can't buy my signature from anybody else. By Christmas we had changed the line and we had an unbelievable season. Now in women's casualwear, in most stores, we're in the number one slot.

PLAYBOY: What happens when an idea you love doesn't sell?

HILFIGER: I go to the next. I don't try out a group. I usually try out one item at a time.

PLAYBOY: Most designers would say, "Of course it's taking a while to catch on. That's because it's new, it's radical. It's genius."

HILFIGER: That thinking, in my opinion,

is antiquated. It's not logical.

PLAYBOY: How do you balance what your older customers want with the desires of the youth market?

HILFIGER: By feeling the pulse of America. I know what a 70-year-old wants, because that's not hard to figure out. He wants classics, great quality, affordability. And he wants a certain amount of subtlety in design. But it has to be a little new and a bit fresh. He likes to golf. He likes vacation stuff. The college kid likes preppie, oversize, affordable, cool. The hip-hop kids like bright, athletic, oversize. They like jeanswear. Girls like a lot of the same things. Little boys like the logos, the colors, the same things street kids like. Europeans like the American look, as do the Japanese. Some South Americans like it a little cooler. Canadians like it a little warmer. It's a formula I have worked on for a long time, and I understand it fairly well.

PLAYBOY: The original chain of stores that you started as a high school student went bankrupt. What happened?

HILFIGER: I had two partners in People's Place. One left after the first year and moved to Canada. The other stayed. Eventually I wanted to leave the business and design, but I really couldn't do it because I didn't know how to get into the design world in New York. Then my accountants came to me and said, "You owe more money than you have." I said, "Well, let's go to the bank and just borrow some." They said, "No, you've already done that. And if you don't pay your bills, you'll have to file Chapter 11." So that was a big wake-up call.

PLAYBOY: How many stores did you have at that point?

HILFIGER: About eight. We filed Chapter 11. It was a terrible embarrassment to my family. I wanted out, so I split the business with my partner, closed a bunch of stores. He ended up with one store, I ended up with one store. I sold my store. Later, he sold his. I moved to New York and got into the design world.

PLAYBOY: Would people have known that you were the one designing the clothes?

HILFIGER: No. My wife and I got married in 1980 and went to India. We designed a collection for an Indian gentleman who owned factories there. We called it Tommy Hill. Later, I found out someone there had already registered the name Tommy Hill and I couldn't use it.

PLAYBOY: And then you were hired by Jordache.

HILFIGER: Jordache had one pair of jeans that really propelled the business. The change was the back pocket—whether it was a horse's head or a circle or a line. They thought, and we thought, that they needed a whole collection of items. After I designed the collection they decided they didn't need it. My wife and I did that as a team. So they fired us. They said they didn't need designers.

PLAYBOY: Then you met Mohan Murjani, who financed Gloria Vanderbilt Jeans.

HILFIGER: I told him I liked the classics, but I wanted to make them hip. I wanted to make them different. I said I'd do oversize shirts and relaxed trousers and all this other stuff. So he agreed to back me. We went into business officially under the name Tommy Hilfiger in 1984.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the advertising blitz that made your career in 1985 lost you credibility in the fashion world?

HILFIGER: George Lois and Murjani dreamed up the scheme. At first, I was apprehensive, but I thought it was clever and I didn't have a lot to lose at that point. So I figured I would go with it. It was difficult at first. People were a little pissed off. I'm sure they still are.

PLAYBOY: At the time, Jack Hyde of the Fashion Institute of Technology was quoted as saying, "Tommy Hilfiger is not a designer, he's a creation. I have never seen an ad campaign so arrogant and tasteless. Everyone else has done well with those looks, so why shouldn't he? But why not just come out and say we're marketing a successful line? Why all this song and dance about a great new designer?" How did that make you feel?

HILFIGER: The first time I read one of his quotes in *The New York Times* I was devastated. I thought, Oh my God, he really doesn't know me. He doesn't know I'm a hardworking person who has as much business being in this business as he does. But I'm sure there are a lot of cynics, still. I'm sure there are a lot of people just waiting for it to fail. Last week the stock took a bit of a hit. So it really made me think. It's easy to make a costly mistake.

PLAYBOY: You meet a lot of beautiful women in your travels—supermodels, movie stars. How do you resist such adulterous temptations?

HILFIGER: Some people are born with certain values or are taught certain values. If you live by a certain code or standard it's not hard to decipher what's right and what's wrong. It's simple: I have a conscience. I have to live with myself. I don't want a mistress or a girlfriend. It would be a horrible feeling to think I was deceiving my best friend and wife of 17 years. I know a lot of men who have mistresses, but I just couldn't do that. I also feel I'd be betraying my children and my reputation and everything. Everybody who cheats gets caught. So why even bother doing it? And how can you possibly live with yourself knowing that you are doing something that's illegal? I mean, the most illegal thing I ever did was speed, or steal a pack of gum when I was a kid, or skip school. Or smoke pot. But to do something devious and well thought out gives me the chills. I also have little tolerance for discrimination. It makes me sick to see the way some white people treat black people. The way some people treat Jews, gays—it doesn't make sense to me at all.

PLAYBOY: Was religion important to you growing up?

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May 1997
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HILFIGER: We were brought up Catholic. I hated going to Mass. It was a real pain. But now Susie and I practice because we want to at least give the children the opportunity. And now it means something much different, something spiritual, wholesome, good. But sitting in church with my eight brothers and sisters between my father and mother wasn't a fun Sunday for me.

PLAYBOY: Are you politically oriented?

HILFIGER: No, I wouldn't want to get caught up in politics. It's a false world. I don't know if there's a politician I really trust, who is in it to help this country. I've met the Clintons. They're nice people. I know they work hard. I think their hearts are in the right place. Bill Bradley is a fine gentleman and I think his heart is in the right place. But I don't know. To me it's a big complicated saga. And my life is complicated enough.

PLAYBOY: Why does the idea of wearing a designer's name on the outside of one's clothes appeal to so many people?

HILFIGER: It has to do with status, which is very much a part of all of our lives, young or old. The name Tommy Hilfiger became important to young people, so they wanted to show others that they were wearing it. Some people wanted to show others that they could afford it. Some wanted to show they were cool.

PLAYBOY: What about the oversize logos?

HILFIGER: We had shops in some department stores, but others just had our clothes on racks. Some stores put up your sign and some don't. So I thought, The hell with stores if they don't want to put up my signs. My signs will be in the form of clothes. When I first showed these clothes to my partners and people on my team, the response wasn't positive. Generally the response was, Who the hell would wear that stuff? And I said, "Well, some people will wear it, but it'll also serve as signage in the stores." So it began to go up on mannequins as signage in the stores, but it also flew off the shelves. All the street kids started picking up on it. Fashion is not about going to Paris and stealing an idea from one of the couture designers and making it here in the States. It's about the street. It's about real people.

PLAYBOY: How did American men become so fashion conscious?

HILFIGER: We've had the greatest teachers in the world. Women have taught us how to shop, and how important it is to buy new items all the time, to freshen either our look or our wardrobe. They have taught us to be status conscious and to get rid of something if it looks the least bit tattered or worn. Also, advertising and the media have addicted us to consumerism, which is great for me.

PLAYBOY: What do you know about the working conditions overseas where your clothing gets manufactured?

HILFIGER: I'll talk about company philosophy and how it relates to that. When Silas Chou and [Tommy Hilfiger director] Lawrence Stroll taught us how to think big, they also taught us that the only way to succeed in a big way is to surround yourself with professionals. And if you have a choice between an A player and a B player, always go with the A player. So it costs you more. It doesn't matter. You're going to get further ahead. So our lawyers are the best lawyers in the industry. Our accountants are the best. Our Wall Street bankers are the best. We put our people in the best hotels. We choose the best buttons for our garments. We take the high road. Always. So we've aligned ourselves with manufacturers who are the most prestigious and expensive in the world. They control all their production, whether it's in Malaysia or Taiwan, Korea, Jamaica or the U.S. And we buy packages from these people. We don't own our own sewing machines. We don't own our own factories. At the same time, this child-labor topic has been so hot we have been perhaps overly cautious in avoiding it. In a factory in Bangladesh, for instance, we have a team of people who sit there and watch. If they find something that isn't right they report it to us immediately. If we've been in factories where we've found that there are 24-hour illegal shifts going on, or child labor, we'll pull out. We don't want to be put on the grill like Kathie Lee Gifford and Nike were. We can't afford that. Will it ever happen that somebody walks into one of the factories in the middle of the night and finds a 13-year-old? Maybe, but if we can control it in any way, we will. And we're willing to pay higher prices to do that.

PLAYBOY: You have more money than you'll ever need, and last year you were named menswear fashion designer of the year. Is success still an issue?

HILFIGER: You always want to make success an issue. Once you make it a nonissue you become complacent. And I don't want that to happen. I always want to look at success as being an important issue in my life. I never want to sit back and think I've made it.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your friendship with Mick Jagger.

HILFIGER: Well, we just know each other. Susan and I own a house next door to his on Mustique. And prior to buying our home, we stayed in his.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever talked with him about marketing and fashion?

HILFIGER: I've learned a lot from Mick. Here's a guy who has persevered and weathered many storms. He had this goal, achieved it, has rebuilt and achieved it again. He continues to float into the horizon. I've also had interesting talks with David Bowie about being onstage, being on tour and making music, stuff like that.

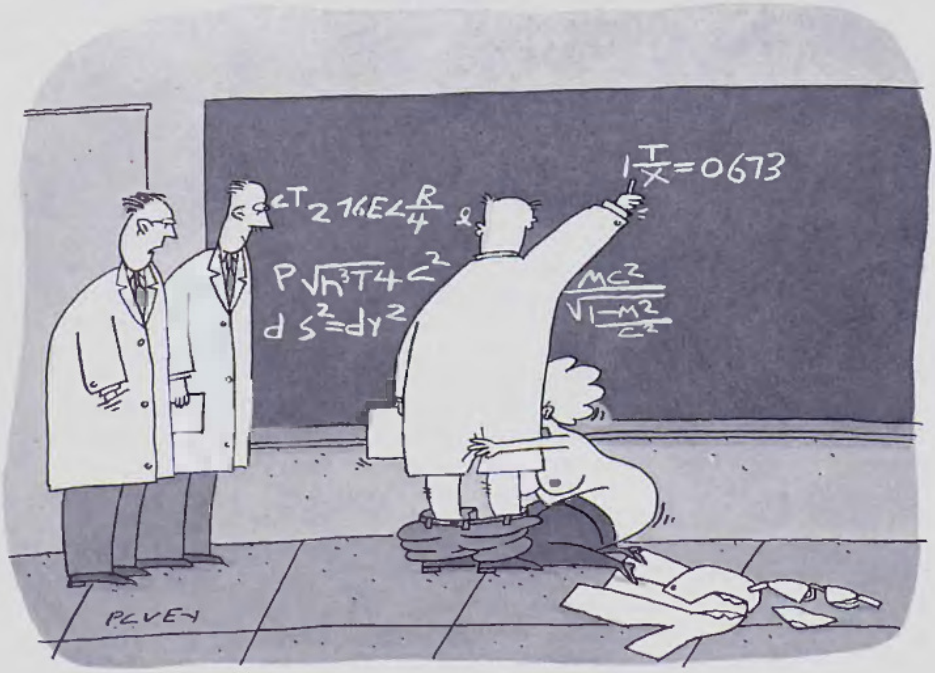
PLAYBOY: David Bowie is as much an image maker as he is a musician.

HILFIGER: It is about marketing. But it's also about talent and intelligence. I've talked with him a lot about that. It's not too different from what fashion designers do. The only difference is that they make records and I make clothes.

PLAYBOY: Can everybody be hip?

HILFIGER: No, but everybody doesn't want to be hip. Only a small percentage of the population wants to be hip. It's very odd in Cleveland or elsewhere outside New York City. The ratio, outside places like Soho, is probably 99 percent classic or traditional, one percent hip.

(concluded on page 177)

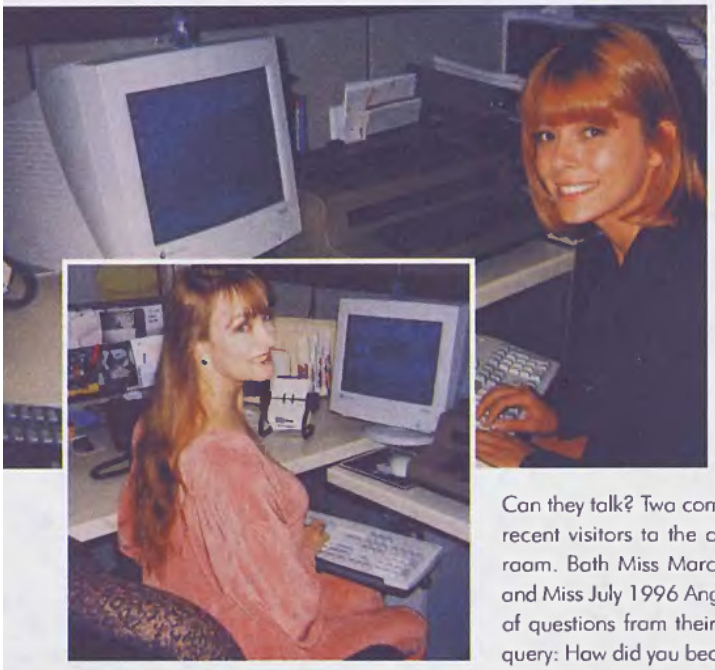


"They say he'd be nowhere without his assistant."

PLAYMATE NEWS

PLAYMATE CHAT ROOM

If you've never made it to Glamourcon or been invited to the Mansion, your chance to talk with a Playmate has been limited to her public appearances. No more. Now you can subscribe to Playboy's Cyber Club and visit with a different Playmate every day. Ask her all those personal questions you've always wondered about: How did her parents react when she became a Playmate? How has her association with PLAYBOY changed her life? The older Playmates are especially fascinating, since they can reminisce about the days when the magazine was young and Hef was still a bachelor. Other chat rooms are available to subscribers, too. In the newsgroups you can submit questions to the Playmates and talk with other fans who share your interests. A moderator keeps things moving along, and there's plenty of trivia to spice the chat. Did you know that before he made his name as a movie director, Russ Meyer photographed Miss July 1959 Yvette Vickers? Or that Miss February 1959 Eleanor Bradley chatted up Carl Sandburg and Lenny Bruce on *Playboy's Penthouse*? Or that when Miss December 1981 Patricia Farinelli had her date with actor Burt Reynolds she was wearing a hair extension and he was wearing a toupee and neither touched the other's hair? These are the tidbits waiting for you.



Can they talk? Two computer-savvy Playmates were recent visitors to the online Cyber Club live chat room. Both Miss March 1973 Bonnie Large (left) and Miss July 1996 Angel Boris (above) faced a sea of questions from their faithful fans. One popular query: How did you become a Playmate candidate?

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — OCTOBER

Penny Baker—Miss January 1984 will be 32 on October 5.
Neriah Davis—Miss March 1994 will be 25 on October 12.
Martha Smith—Miss July 1973 will be 45 on October 16.
Avis Kimble—Miss November 1962 will be 53 on October 18.
June Blair—Miss January 1957 will be 64 on October 20.

VICTORIA VALENTINO:
"I appreciate my connection with PLAYBOY so much more now than when I was young."

DEAD SOLID PERFECT

Celebs, golf pros and Playmates showed up on the greens in June to support Fore Play '97: The First Annual Celebrity Golf Tournament, in Tarzana, California. Proceeds from the outing will benefit AIDS Project Los Angeles, an advocate for fair HIV-AIDS legislation that offers free services to Los Angeles County residents living with HIV-AIDS. This is how the day's events shaped up: 28 golf teams, each featuring one celebrity, played 18 holes in a five-person scramble format. Cohosts Stephen Baldwin, Jason Gedrick and PGA Tour professional Robert Gamez were among Fore Play's media sponsors. Unlike his character in *Tin Cup*, Cheech Marin didn't caddy here. The day's schedule included a cocktail reception, a silent auction, a buffet dinner and trophy presentations to the winning team. Fore Play '97 was way above par.

SWINGERS: At Fore Play '97 Laurence Fishburne had every man's dream foursome with (from left to right) Miss December 1992 Barbara Moore, Miss June 1996 Karin Taylor, Miss August 1986 Ava Fabian and Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens.

PLAYMATES 101: FIRST TIMES

First Playmate photographed for the magazine: Miss December 1954 Terry Ryan.
First Canadian Playmate: Miss March 1962 Pamela Anne Gordon.
First Bunny to be a Playmate: Miss August 1962 Jan Roberts.
First two-sided centerfold: Miss January 1974 Nancy Cameron.
First Playmate born when the premiere issue came out: Miss February 1975 Laura Misch.
First (and only) Playmate to be photographed with the Pope: Miss April 1980 Liz Glazowski.

Jan Roberts

PLAYMATE NEWS

MODELS TURNED PLAYMATES

"Many of our models pose for the Newsstand Specials in the hope of becoming Playmates," notes Newsstand Specials Designer Jodi Vander Woude. And, in fact, many do. Our latest count yielded 23 models who went on to become centerfolds. The list includes: Jennifer Allan, Angel Boris, Rachel Jeán Marteen (middle), Cynthia Brown, Elisa Bridges, Maria Checa (top), Traci Adell, Becky DelosSantos (bottom), Neriah Davis, Jennifer Lavoie, Cady Cantrell, Tylyn John, Christina Leardini, Lorraine Olivia, Tina Bockrath, Petra Verkaik, Reneé Tenison, Gianna Amore, Erika Eleniak, Tawnni Cable, Monique Noel, Jennifer Jackson and Laurie Wood. This is obviously not a coincidence.

FAN MAIL

The Associated Press ran an item about *The Ruby Wax Show* from England, which premiered on Fox Television last June. Ruby Wax said her most bizarre experience as a celebrity interviewer was with Pamela Anderson Lee, who wanted the world to know "her favorite sexual position in the back of a limo." Hey Pam, watch out for those power windows. Mark Tomlonson, tomlonson @wmich.edu

PLAYMATE TRIVIA

Beauty and the beasts: Playmates have appeared in their pictorials with dogs, horses, cats, cows, chickens, an elephant, geese, goats, an iguana, pelicans, pigs—and rabbits, of course.

At a horse show in Memphis, as we stood for the national anthem, a woman a few rows up caught my eye. It was July 1994 Playmate Traci Adell. There was no mistaking those eyes. So keep an eye out for Playmates wherever you go. —Travis Hill, trjh@juno.com

I spotted August 1995 Playmate Rachel Jeán Marteen at the Electronic Entertainment Expo in Atlanta. She was demonstrating Nintendo's newest game. I introduced myself. Rachel is intelligent, funny and one of the friendliest people I've ever met.—Lawrence Ekberg, ekbergb@mindspring.com

DEVIN DE VASQUEZ:
"PLAYBOY opened the door to the entertainment industry for me and made me feel like one of the most beautiful women in the world."

QUOTE UNQUOTE

"I met Hef at a party in Los Angeles and he asked me to pose. It made me think highly of myself because he had confidence in me. I heard I had been accepted while taking a bath. I went underwater and blew bubbles. I was excited until I heard that I couldn't wear any underwear. I was hesitant to show my behind. But I was one of the first Playmates to show any behind."—JEAN CANNON, Miss October 1961

"I was studying acting and needed head shots. The photographer submitted them to PLAYBOY. I thought about it and then decided, What the hell. I'm glad I did because PLAYBOY helped me bloom. I enjoyed making the *Playmates in Paradise* video. My favorite scene is the one where Miss June 1989 Tawnni Cable and I roll in the waves."—PETRA VERKAIK, Miss December 1989

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Shannon Tweed, PMOY 1982, has landed roles in the Warner Bros. network series *The Tom Show* with **Tom Arnold** and in a TNT movie, *Shadow Warriors*, which may become a series. . . . Miss August 1982 **Cathy St. George** did the makeup for a wildlife preservation special starring **Cliff Robertson, Harry Hamlin** and **Jonathan Taylor Thomas.** . . . Miss July 1987 **Carmen Berg** promoted Hollywood Memorabilia with **Dwayne Hickman** from the old *Dobie Gillis* TV show. . . . Miss July 1985 **Hope Marie Carlton** is building a health-oriented dude ranch in Moab, Utah, to open in the spring of 1998. . . . PMOY 1986 **Kathy Shower** can be seen on

Stevens and Wills party

Showtime's *Miami Beach Tango*. . . . Miss October 1978 **Marcy Hanson** was invited to christen the *USS Ross*, a Navy destroyer. . . . *Playboy* editors invited the literati to cocktails during Book Expo. Above, Miss June 1997 **Carrie Stevens** gives writer **Garry Wills** her 500-watt smile. . . . Miss May 1989 **Monique Noel** went to Montana last summer to learn the art of cattle-cutting for a rodeo to benefit St. Jude's Hospital. Her fan club address: P.O. Box 232058, Leucadia, California 92023. . . . Miss February 1990 **Pamela Anderson Lee** has joined screenwriter **J.F. Lawton** (*Pretty Woman*) to package a syndicated series, *Fashion Force*. Lee heads an elite but scantily clad security force that guards the rich and famous. Pam and Lawton hope to have cameo appearances by real celebrities.

TOMMY HILFIGER

(continued from page 174)

The population in general leans toward the look I have on, conservative and classic versus black Prada or Gucci. That said, we are the hip of this traditional look, which is a good place to be. If young people are going back to school, back to college, they want our clothes. Urban, athletic kids want our clothes. Asians love our clothes. The girl who's buying her boyfriend something chooses our brand. The Gap and Banana Republic are also great concepts, but they don't have the designer name.

PLAYBOY: Armani Exchange?

HILFIGER: I don't think Armani Exchange has the right product.

PLAYBOY: Who else, besides Ralph Lauren, is your competition?

HILFIGER: Calvin is in the fragrance, underwear and jeans business in a big way. I'm in the fragrance and jeans business in a big way, and my underwear business is growing. So, yes, we're definitely in competition. But I don't see myself as being in competition with Donna Karan. Maybe the DKNY line crosses. Nautica does a nice job. I don't think they're original, though.

PLAYBOY: What is the story behind your signature—the green buttonhole in the upper corner of the shirt pocket?

HILFIGER: The green buttonhole was originally found on the uniforms of workingmen, gas-station attendants and mechanics. It was a place for a pen. I wanted my clothing to be more workingman oriented from the beginning.

PLAYBOY: What about the crest?

HILFIGER: I wanted a more regal label for the exterior, so I designed that. My father's lineage in Bavaria and Switzerland had something to do with that, but I simply developed one based on what I thought mine should look like. At that point, I didn't like the idea of putting initials on a shirt, or an animal, but I thought the crest was Ivy League, regal, more upscale.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting—the contrast of working-class with regal.

HILFIGER: I like contrasts.

PLAYBOY: What about the flag?

HILFIGER: I love nautical flags. And then it's a cross between a T and an H semaphore. I love red, white and blue. That, to me, is a strong, global, modern, clean corporate logo I will have forever.

PLAYBOY: In the end, what does going to rock concerts and dropping acid have to do with today's Tommy Hilfiger?

HILFIGER: You had to experience all that stuff at that time and place in order to understand the culture. And a lot of what I do today revolves around understanding pop culture.

PLAYBOY: How?

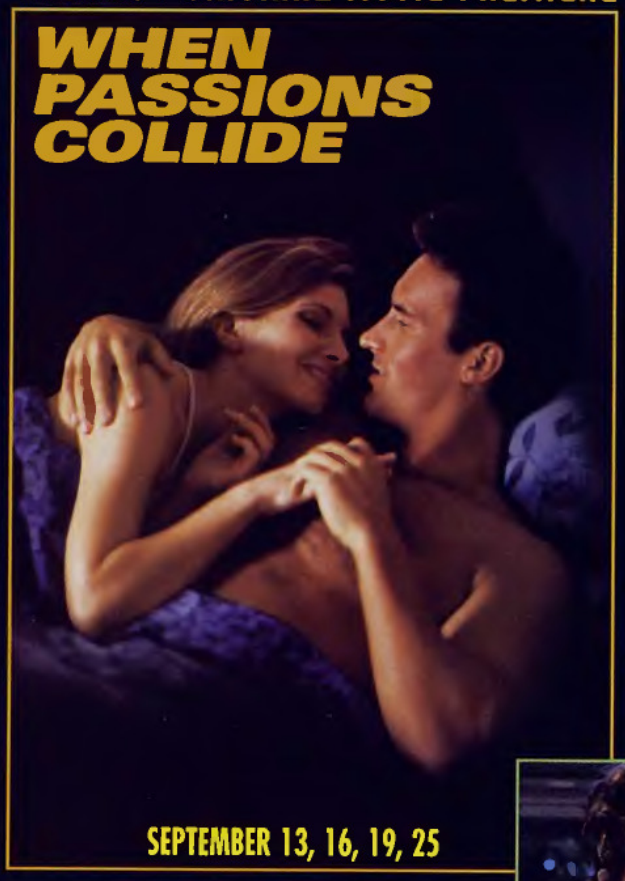
HILFIGER: We live in a world that has become a small village. We live in a specific region—the United States of America—that is all about people from different walks of life and the cultures they've brought with them—from China, or Africa, or Germany, or France, or England. If we put them all into a blender we get what is and should be popular culture today. Look at African Americans, what they've brought to this party. Think about if John Lee Hooker and Muddy Waters and Bo Diddley hadn't played their music. English rock and roll never would have had the spin it has. Think of the Japanese. We wouldn't have Sony TVs. Look at the Latins—the music, the dancing. Look at the Olympics, the sports we've been able to enjoy as a result of so many incredible athletes around the world. And then look at the heritage that the English brought. We'd be wearing buttondown-collar shirts if it weren't for the English. And the French, the sensuousness. Then the American Indians. The Navajo—turquoise jewelry, rugs. All these things are a result of us living in this melting pot. Now, if we can enjoy all those things as opposed to looking down on them, it enhances all of us. Artists take culture and make it pop culture. David Bowie. Andy Warhol. Keith Haring. Bruce Springsteen. The New York Dolls. Jimi Hendrix. Mickey Mantle. Marilyn Monroe. We live with all this great popular stuff that forms our culture. Now we're listening to LL Cool J rap about a certain lifestyle. We're listening to alternative bands out of Seattle screaming about their lives. And then U2 goes on tour and begins to put a different spin on it. We're almost infected with all this culture, and if we view it in a positive way, it can be helpful. If we view it in a negative way, it can be detrimental because negativity is infectious.

PLAYBOY: It seems like all this has exceeded your wildest dreams. What have you not done yet that you would like to do?

HILFIGER: Well, that's wrong. It has not exceeded my wildest dreams, because I'm a dreamer. What I want to do next is set up a separate division here and do television, Internet, videos, books, records, CDs—I want to do a whole multimedia thing. My mind wanders and goes way, way out in front. And I know everything I imagine will happen because I have their support and I know that they believe in my ideas. It's the best feeling in the world to have the possibility—strong, in this case—of your dream coming true. But even if it does, I will not be satisfied.

"Oooooooh!"

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE PREMIERE



PLAYMATE HOSTS

Nikki Schieler
Miss September

Layla Roberts
Miss October

more than you ever imagined...

Playboy TV delivers the picks of the season in September. Join Naomi for an all-out, all-off photo session in Playboy's adult movie, *A Vision in Ebony*. See who's zoomin' who in the neighborhood in *Naughty Amateur Home Videos Special*. And get a grip on your arm-rest when danger stalks a sexy mountain getaway in the Playboy Original Movie, *When Passions Collide*. Where in the cell is an inmate to hide when everyone wants a piece of her? Find out in Playboy's adult movie, *Bad Girls: In the Cage*. Then shift gears when *Playboy's Fast Women* takes to the road with the tightest curves and fastest action ever. So as the days get shorter and the nights get longer, Playboy TV's 24-hour programming keeps up the pace.

ORIGINAL PROGRAM

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL

ADULT MOVIES

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

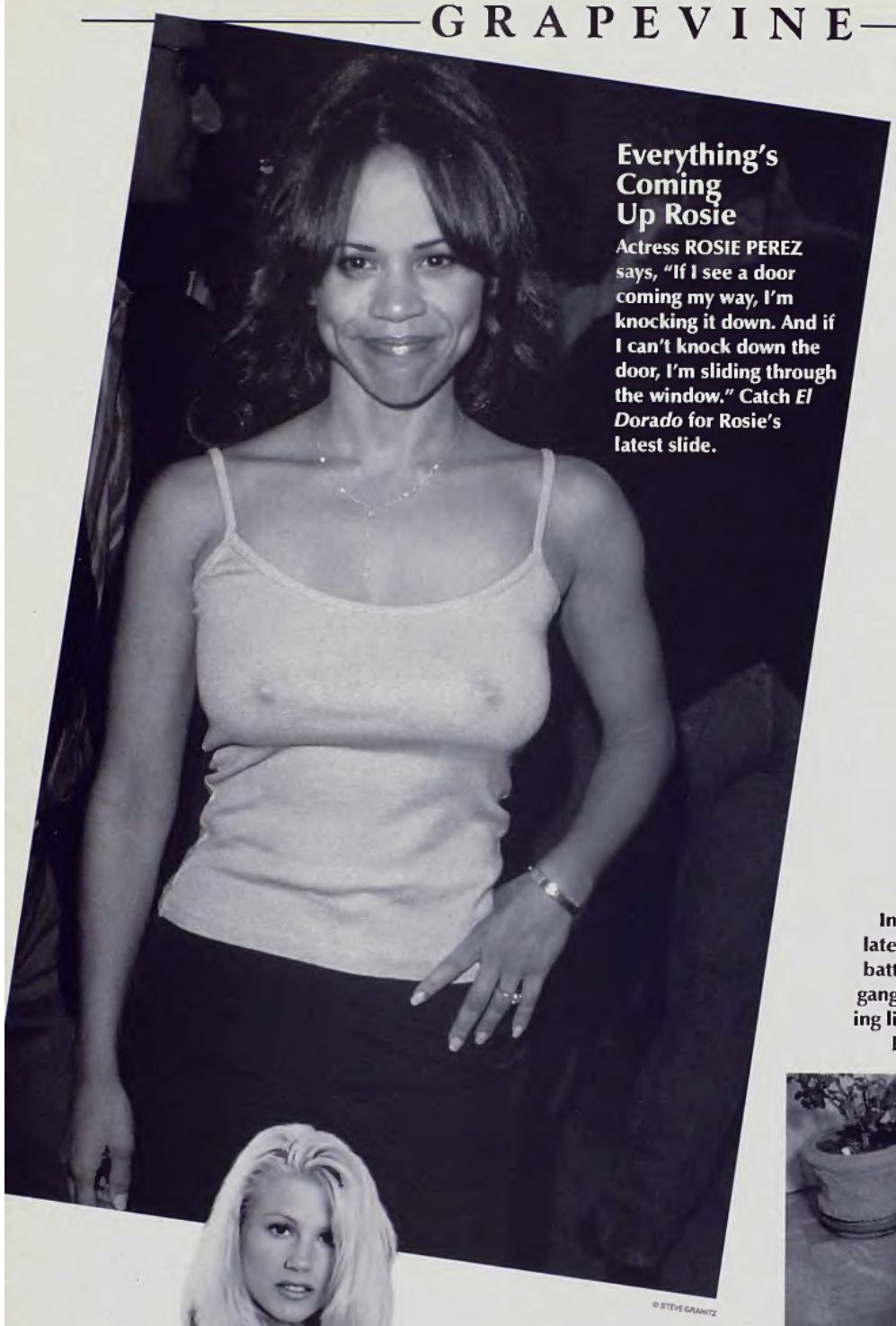
GRANDSTAND PLAY

A wool blanket and a flask of scotch remain the twin indispensables for stadium survival. But pint-size portable TVs to catch instant replays have become almost as popular as pints. (The one by Sony pictured here has a 2.2" screen.) Plus, there are now ultraclear walkie-talkies for keeping in touch with the gang still tailgating outside. (See *Wired*: "New Wave Radios" on page 32 for more information on this format, which has a surprising range for the price.) The weather-resistant binoculars and waterproof Advanced Photo System camera shown below are tough guys designed to brave the nastiest elements. We've even included a Cordura Plus backpack with leather appointments and room to stash all your stuff—plus a built-in seat for back support.

Clockwise from top left: Motorola's Talk About Plus walkie-talkies have a two-mile range ($179 each). Bushnell's neoprene Spectator Series binoculars feature 7x35mm lenses and roll-down rubber eyecups ($111). The neck strap on Sony's Straptenna LCD color TV with AM/FM tuner doubles as an antenna ($170). Minolta's Xtreem Vectis GX-4 waterproof APS camera has an arm strap for easy portability ($175). The wool plaid blanket ($225) and the antique flask ($640) are from Holland & Holland. The Original Backseat backpack is by Bri Designs (about $80).

JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.



Everything's Coming Up Rosie

Actress ROSIE PEREZ says, "If I see a door coming my way, I'm knocking it down. And if I can't knock down the door, I'm sliding through the window." Catch *El Dorado* for Rosie's latest slide.

© STEVE GRANITZ

JAMES BEVINS/GALELLA LTD.

Obsessed With the Dress

Sports Illustrated swimsuit model and PLAYBOY cover girl AMBER SMITH has appeared on the big screen in *Faithful*, *The Mirror Has Two Faces* and *Private Parts*. Amber made the cut.

New Shaq Attack

In SHAQUILLE O'NEAL's latest movie, *Steel*, he battles an evil street gang, which is nothing like crashing the boards. Or is it?

© JAY BLAKESBERG/BAKER PICTURES LTD.

JEFF HYMAN

Samantha's Escape Net

Body beautiful SAMANTHA KELLEY was the February 1997 cover girl for *Ironman* magazine, and she carries the ring cards for Marriott Fight Night in Irvine, California. The woman really packs a wallop.

Beck Hits Rare Air

BECK is fresh off last summer's H.O.R.D.E. tour and is still flying from *Odelay*'s platinum fling on the charts. About his music, Beck says, "It's just me getting up there and speaking my mind." He can keep talking the talk.

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Strapless

SARA KUDRANSKY has been in commercials and videos (including two shown on Playboy TV) and on posters and calendars. Cheers for the off-shoulder look.

© WERNER POLLEINER

Wet T-Shirt, No Contest

Actress JULIE RANDAZZO has appeared on TV's *Married With Children*, *Baywatch* and *Silk Stalkings*. She also promoted Sauza tequila. After a quick gaze at Julie, we've decided to drink to that.

TIM JARVIS

ON THE HOT SEAT

Who would you like to see in skimpy lingerie? Do you prefer front- or rear-clasp bras? What drink makes you a "mean" drunk? Nothing about your personal life is sacred in the game of Hot Seat, "the ultimate exciting, get-to-know-ya, socializing, things-could-get-out-of-control, guaranteed-fun-in-a-box" party diversion from TM Entertainment in Farmington Hills, Michigan. "The game focuses on one of the most popular topics in America—relationships," says Joe Hafner, who, along with his buddy Mark Lipowski, created Hot Seat. If you're in the hot seat, you'll be bombarded with probing questions about relationships and deep desires by the rest of the players. Answer or use a "rebound" card to send a question back to the inquirer. Price: $20. To order, call 888-660-6566. They're on the Web at hotseatgame.com.

THE TOBACCO ROAD LESS TRAVELED

Amid the multitudes of cigar aficionados is Philip Collins, a puffer who loves stogies but sees the humor in their trendiness. His photo book (with captions), *Cigar Bizarre*, shows smokes in improbable situations, including as "couch cigars" and attached to the *USS Cigarship Enterprise* (below). Our favorite? The one in which a condom-wearing cigar sits atop *The Playboy Advisor on Love and Sex*. Price: $16.95. Call 888-225-5474.

THE BEST OF BETTIE

You know Bettie Page as the pin-up queen of the Fifties, but you've never seen her like this. Now, the legendary beauty comes to life in three color movies (shown above) from Something Weird Video Inc. The first, *Striporama* (1952), includes Bettie's "daring bubble bath scene." *Teaserama* (1955), a 69-minute film, is described as "the Holy Grail of girlie flicks." And Bettie steals the show as a dancer in *Varietease* (1954), a dazzling burlesque film produced and directed by Irving Klaw. Price: $24 each. These videos (and many more rarities) are available in *Something Weird*, a $5 catalog published by Something Weird Video. To order the catalog or the videos, send a check to the company at P.O. Box 33664, Seattle, WA 98133 or call 206-361-3759.

FIRST-CLASS RIBS

Cincinnati's Montgomery Inn, the "number one rib restaurant in America," is making house calls. Dial 800-USA-RIBS, and from two ($39.95) to 16 ($239.95) slabs of precooked pork ribs will be delivered to your door, packed in dry ice and ready for the grill. For a complete feast, go whole hog and order number 101: four slabs of ribs, four bottles of sauce, Skyline chili and oyster crackers, and Graeter's ice cream. Price: $99.95.

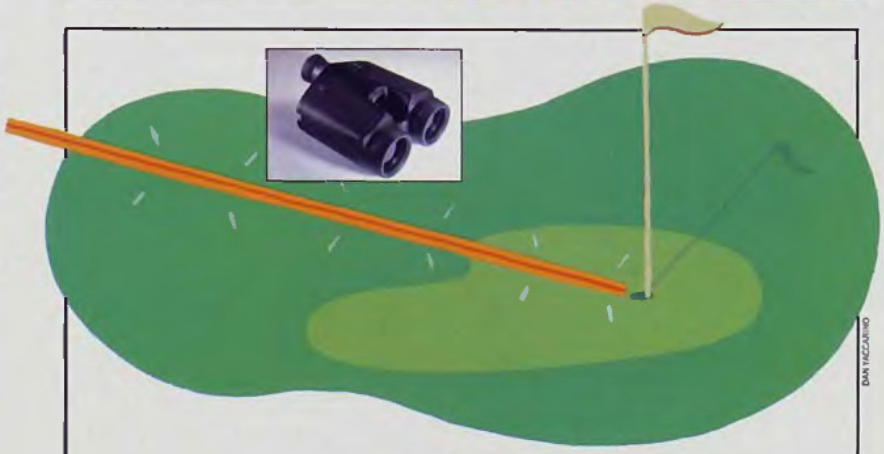
ABOE SENNETT

VINO VESSEL

The Spirit of Endeavor sets sail this fall for five-day, four-night "wine experience" cruises from San Francisco to the heart of wine country, Napa Valley. The small but luxurious ship takes you to the Carneros Wine District, Old Town Sacramento and Sonoma to explore wineries and such historical sites as the Cakebread Cellars. At night, experts offer wine presentations. Prices begin at $799 per person. For more info, call 800-426-7702.

THE LAST SUPPER

Just hours before the *Titanic* sank on April 14, 1912, first-class passengers dined on an elegant 11-course meal that included roast duckling, oysters à la Russe and nine wines. *Last Dinner on the Titanic*, by Rick Archbold and Dana McCauley, recounts the story of the ill-fated fete, complete with invitations, menus and recipes. Stories of some of the ship's passengers and pictures of its dining areas add a poignant touch. Price: $24.95 in bookstores.



DAN MACCARINO

THE LASER'S EDGE

Golf is a mind game, but you don't have to use your brain to calculate how far bunkers or water hazards are from your ball. Leave that to Bushnell's Yardage Pro 400 laser range finder, a lightweight and water-resistant binocular-like device. Just point and click a button, and the range finder tells you exactly how far you need to hit your next shot. As you probably guessed, it's not legal in tournaments. Price: $349. Call 888-276-5945.

COCKTAIL COUTURE

In homage to two great liquors, Stoli vodka and Bombay Sapphire gin, designer Nicole Miller has created a line of silk ties and scarves adorned with the brand-name products. The Bombay Sapphire print features gin bottles, martini glasses and olives, while the Stoli version shows the ingredients of the company's flavored vodkas, including peaches and raspberries. Ties cost $60, scarves $85. Available at Nicole Miller, Bloomingdale's and Nordstrom.

DEATH BECOMES YOU

These four latex full-head masks from Death Studios aren't for the faint of heart. Mad Jack-olantern, top center, is the pumpkin from hell and only $72. Proceeding clockwise, there's Death Rat 2000, who's available with sewer brown, cadaver gray or fright white hair for $127. The Vampyre ($82) has evil eyes only for you. And finally, there's Exterminon ($92), a night creature we'd all like to say goodnight (and goodbye) to. All the masks are available from Death Studios at 219-362-4321 or 431 Pine Lake Avenue, La Porte, Indiana 46350.

NEXT MONTH

DRIVING MISS NOVEMBER

GOOD VS. EVIL

THE FORTIES

SEXY SCREEN STARS

SEX IN CINEMA—THINK *THE PILLOW BOOK*, COURTNEY LOVE, *PRIVATE PARTS* AND *KAMA SUTRA*. RECALL WHAT A FABULOUS YEAR IT'S BEEN AND THEN RELIVE THE STEAMY HIGHLIGHTS IN PLAYBOY

BRETT FAVRE—THE LATEST LEGEND FROM GREEN BAY IS A COUNTRY BOY ADDICTED TO PRANKS—SUCH AS PUTTING HEET OINTMENT IN TEAMMATES' JOCKSTRAPS. IN THIS MONTH'S INTERVIEW **KEVIN COOK** HUDDLES WITH THE NFL'S HARD-LIVIN' GOLDEN BOY

HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION—THE FORTIES WERE ABOUT PIN-UPS, DEAR JOHN LETTERS, KINSEY AND FILM NOIR. **JAMES R. PETERSEN** RECAPS THIS FASCINATING ERA WITH PICTURES AND POSTER ART

THE X GAMES—WONDER WHY SELF-STYLED JOCKS JUMP FROM PLANES ON SNOW BOARDS OR FLY DOWN PAVED STREETS ON A LUGE? IS IT FOR FUN OR THE MONEY? **MICHAEL ANGELI** FINDS OUT

SNOW—WARM UP WITH OUR HOT TOYS. CHILL OUT WITH THE LATEST GEAR. FIND OUT WHICH CELEB IS AT WHAT RESORT. OUR TRIBUTE TO THE WHITE STUFF

ROBERT WUHL—THE STAR OF *ARLISS* SPOUTS OFF ABOUT ITALIAN GABARDINE, HATING THE BEACH AND ACCEPTING COMPLIMENTS FOR DAVID KEITH'S WORK IN A NIMBLE 20Q WITH **JULIE BAIN**

TERRY NICHOLS—TIM MCVEIGH'S ARMY BUDDY FOLLOWED A DEADLY PATH TO OKLAHOMA CITY. EXCLUSIVE DOCUMENTS REVEAL WHAT NICHOLS DID—AND WHAT HE SHOULD PAY FOR. AN INVESTIGATION BY **BEN FENWICK**

KELLER ON THE SPOT—IT'S BAD FOR BUSINESS WHEN A HIT MAN GETS INVOLVED WITH THE FAMILY OF A HIT. A FICTITIOUS TALE OF GOOD AND EVIL BY **LAWRENCE BLOCK**

MANTRACK—DON'T MISS THE DEBUT OF OUR NEW FEATURE DESIGNED FOR YOU, THE DISCERNING MALE. THINK SEX, GOLF, CIGARS, BARS, TRIPS, SPEED, ENTERTAINMENT, CARS—YOU KNOW, THE GOOD STUFF

PLUS: THOSE BIG, BAD V-TWIN MOTORCYCLES, GREAT COATS FOR FALL AND WINTER, ROCK-AND-ROLL QUEEN **BEBE BUELL** AND A SMASH PICTORIAL SURPRISE (HINT: FLIGHT ATTENDANTS)

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